Presented to
Thomas Hastings
by his friend,
Judge J. G. Kimball

Wash. D.C.
May 27th 1914

RECOLLECTIONS FROM A BUSY LIFE

1843 TO 1911

BY

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Judge Ivory G. Kimball, 1909

Mrs. I. G. Kimball

PREFACE

To my children, who by long continued urging induced me to write these recollections, they are lovingly dedicated.

Had they not been written for them many things personal in their nature, and that sometimes seem like self-praise, would have been omitted.

I have included many events of rare interest to every one, which occurred within my personal observation, and which, as generations pass, will become more valuable as the testimony of an eye-witness.

D. G. Kimball

Washington, D. C.,
December 18th, 1911.

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RECOLLECTIONS FROM A BUSY LIFE

CHAPTER I.

My Ancestry.

I am a descendant of Richard Kimball, who with his brother Henry sailed from Ipswich, Suffolk County, England, April 10th, 1634, on the ship Elizabeth, William Andrews, Master, and landed at Boston. From there they both went to and settled in Watertown, Mass. Richard being a wheelwright, removed to Ipswich, Mass., in 1637, at the request of the inhabitants of that town. All the Kimballs in the United States are believed to be descendants of these two brothers.

Richard Kimball became one of the prominent citizens of Ipswich, being frequently mentioned in its records and dying there in 1675.

The earliest record of the name of Kimball in the town of Wells, Me., was that of Caleb Kimball, who on June 15th, 1704, married Susanna Cloyes. It is believed that he was a descendant of Richard Kimball of Ipswich, who had a large number of children and grandchildren, whereas his brother Henry had but one child, and for several generations there was but one child in each generation and none named Caleb, whereas Caleb was a favorite name in the Richard Kimball branch of the family.

Caleb had nine children. His second son, Richard, was baptized March 25, 1706-7, and his will probated June 13th, 1781. He was my ancestor. Richard was very prominent in the town and church, being frequently mentioned in the records of both. His grave is in the church yard connected with the First Church of Kennebunk, of which he was a deacon.

He had eight children. The seventh, named Israel, was born in Wells and baptized April 29th, 1750. He is also buried in the same church yard in Kennebunk. He had ten children; the third was named Wilbraham and was my grandfather. Wilbraham, was born September 18th, 1778, and married Deborah

Bourne December 6th, 1804. He was always called Major Kimball, as he was a Major in the State Militia under a commission from the Governor of Massachusetts, of which Maine was then a part. They had ten sons, of whom my father, Wilbraham, born March 24th, 1814, was the fifth. The ten sons were born and reared on a farm in Wells and received the common school education provided by schools of the town. Two, Ivory, after whom I was named, and Israel, worked their way through Bowdoin College, the first to become a minister, and the second a teacher, until 1862, when he was appointed to a position in the Internal Revenue Bureau of the Treasury Department in Washington, and filled a very responsible position in that bureau until his death, December 10th, 1890, at the age of 78 years.

Stephen and my father were farmers. John, Benjamin, Samuel and George were carpenters, but after removing to Fort Wayne in 1854 or '55, Samuel gave up his trade and devoted himself to teaching music. William was a tinner; Isaac gave up his trade as a ship-carpenter and was for many years an officer on the police force of South Boston.

As there were no daughters, grandmother took each boy into the kitchen to help her, until he was old enough to go out to work, when the next son was taken in his place. As a result of this training, each of them was a good cook, and in case of need could get up a meal equal to any his wife could prepare.

As far as I have been able to trace them, my ancestors were earnest, God-fearing, sober, industrious men, men of whose records I am proud. All were members of Evangelical Churches and active in church work except Uncle Isaac, who in the latter years of his life went off into spiritualism.

From my grandfather and grandmother down to the youngest of the Kimball descendants now living, all were musical. I can remember grandmother Kimball singing with mother and father at our home in Fort Wayne after she was seventy, and I wondered at her clear, strong voice for one of her age. Whenever and wherever the Kimballs met there was sure to be music. It is no wonder that my children are musical, for they inherit their love for music both from my father and my mother. Mother sang in church choirs and in church concerts all her life, and retained her clear alto voice up to the time of her death, at 72 years of age.

During the years after the sons first left home there were several reunions at the old homestead, at which were gathered the sons, their wives and children. At the reunion in August, 1847, at the dinner table set in the orchard back of the house, Samuel, next to the youngest, who was one of the four referred to in the poem read by Israel, as unmarried, surprised them all by getting married then and there, and I suppose the ceremony was performed by his brother, the Rev. Ivory Kimball. After the ceremony, resolutions were unanimously passed that at each reunion thereafter one of the unmarried brothers should get married, commencing with the oldest until all were married, and that if they could not find partners to suit them, a committee of the married brothers should pick out wives for them. Whether this resolution had any effect I do not know, but in a letter Uncle Israel wrote to my father, April 16th, 1848, he said that at the reunion to be held the coming August at Woburn, Mass., William, the oldest unmarried brother, was to marry his beloved Mary.

At the reunion in August, 1847, Israel read the following poem:

Dear Parents, now we come to you,
  As we ne'er came before.
You sent us forth the number ten.
  We bring you sixteen more.

Our wives, your daughters, here you see
  Just six; there will be more.
We all are married and are sires
  Except the youngest four.

Though scattered up and down the earth,
  We're doing what we can
To honor those who gave us birth,
  And to aid our brother man.

The eldest is ordained to be
  A minister of grace.
We trust he preaches faithfully
  In his appointed place.

The second is a robust man,
  Inured to care and toil.
He loves his farm as few e'er can,
  And cultivates the soil.

The third in former days was thought
  Expert to handle saws,
But time has proved him better made
  To guard the city's laws.

The fourth, a nondescript shall be.
  We'll hasten to another.
'Tis harder to describe one's self
  Than to describe a brother.

The fifth, poor soul, what can he do?
  Oft as he courts the breezes,
And spreads his sails for a distant port;
  He's thwarted by the wheezes.

The sixth, behold, an artist rare
  In works of iron and tin.
In outward form and feature fair,
  But better far within.

The seventh son, in rhyme can I,
  A portrait true perfect.
In one short line I can but try,
  An honest architect.

The eighth good soul, in youthful days,
  Had designed to be a preacher,
But Providence directs our ways.
  He's a joiner and a teacher.

The ninth, an honest, open face,
  Read by a single look.
In him deception finds no place.
  No, not the smallest nook.

The tenth, and last, as you will see,
  Not yet quite twenty-one;
'Tis hard to tell what he will be.
  We hope a Washington.

The following poem, found amongst my father's papers was also written by Uncle Israel for the annual reunion at Kennebunk, June 18th, 1845. It was sung by the ten brothers at that reunion.

We meet this day, a happy band,
In this, our ancient Fatherland.
And we will raise our voices high,
That we yet live while others die.
Then shout aloud, swell the chorus,
Heaven's banner still is o'er us.

We love the woods that gave us birth.
The dearest spot of all the earth.
And though our footsteps far may roam,
We'll ne'er forget our woodland home.
  Then shout aloud, etc.

We love our Parents, though they're old.
Their worth to us can ne'er be told;
For in the days of wayward youth
They trained us to the paths of truth.
Then shout aloud, etc.

We love each other; yes, we do.
We love our wives and children, too.
Say, have we not a happy band?
United thus in heart and hand.
Then shout aloud, etc.

We love our country and her cause,
Her honor, welfare and her laws;
And while the spark of life shall burn,
The tyrant's sceptre we will spurn.
Then shout aloud, etc.

We love religion's glorious light,
That star of hope to guide aright.
Oh, may it guide us when we die,
To realms of bliss beyond the sky.
Then shout aloud, etc.

There, the Elysian field before us,
With heaven's bright panoply all o'er us,
We'll sing and shout and shout and sing.
And make the heavenly arches ring.
Then shout aloud, swell the chorus,
Heaven's banner still is o'er us.

With such sons, living in a way to make their parents happy in their declining years, we can understand the joy these reunions brought to all.

In the winters of the early fifties, four of the brothers, Benjamin, John, Samuel and George, travelled through the New England States, giving concerts under the name of the Kimball Brothers. I have recently found the program of two of these concerts, one given at Waltham, Mass., January 17th, 1852 or '53, at which my cousin Laura, a daughter of Uncle Benjamin, a little girl about ten years of age, sang, and one at Portsmouth, N. H., March 9th, 1853, in which Uncle Israel took part. I insert the programs. Knowing the wonderful voices these brothers had, and having heard some of the pieces sung by them, I can understand how such music was appreciated by the hearers:

CONCERT!

THE KIMBALL BROTHERS

B. H. Kimball,
J. P. Kimball,
S. W. Kimball,
G. W. Kimball,

Respectfully Announce to the Citizens of

WALTHAM

That they will give

AN ENTERTAINMENT OF
VOCAL MUSIC,

AT THE RUMFORD HALL,

Monday evening, Jan. 17th, when they will introduce some of their most popular, sentimental, and comic songs, glees, quartettes, etc.

Admittance, 12½ cents.
Doors open at 7 o'clock. Commences at 8 o'clock.

PROGRAMME.

Part First.

Glee—"Will you come to my mountain home, love,
Will you come to the hills with me?"

Song and Chorus—"O, give me a home by the sea."

Song—"The Old Bachelor's Hall."

The Wonneac Serenade—"O, Lilla, sleep no more, but listen to my strain."

Song and Chorus—Gold Digger, or the Enthusiastic Emigrant for California.

Quartette—"O, sing that gentle strain again."

Song—The Main Truck, or Leap for Life—

"His father came on deck—he gasped
'O God, thy will be done;'
And suddenly his rifle grasped,
And aimed it at his Son."

Quartette—The Hungarian Horn.

"It shall mount and dash forward on heaven's wild horse,
Which was caught by a Franklin and harnessed by Morse;
The fire of God's wrath shall its nostrils belch forth,
Till it drives every tyrant and despot from earth."

The Maiden—A Song describing the different changes of a maiden's life.

By Laura A. Kimball.

Part Second.

Song and Chorus—Whoa! Whoa up! or The Good Old Plow.

Eva's Parting—Little Eva about to die, implores her father to give Uncle Tom his freedom.

Ossian's Serenade.

Quartette—The Bonny Blue Eyes.

The Sailor Boy's Last Dream.

"In slumbers of midnight the sailor boy lay,
His hammock swung loose at the sport of the wind."

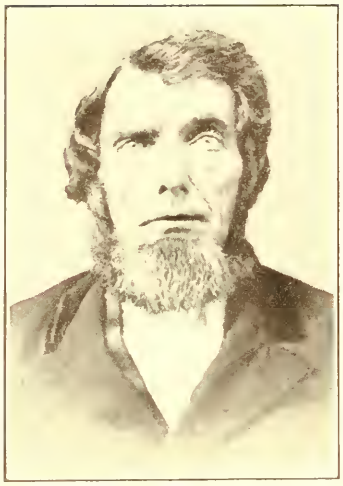
Song and Chorus—My Willie's on the dark blue sea.

The Pesky Sarpent—(A song composed in 1620, and sung in its original style.)

Song and Quartette—Where Shall the Soul Find Rest?

"Tell me, thou mighty deep, whose billows
round me play,
Knowest thou some favored spot—some
island far away,
Where we, poor wretched man, may find
a happier lot."

The program of the second concert, given at Portsmouth, N. H., March 9th, 1853, was virtually the same.



Wilbraham Kimball, Father

Mrs. Wilbraham Kimball, Mother

I. E. Kimball, Brother

Jennie O Kimball, Sister

CHAPTER II.

My Early Life.

My father married Miss Ann L. Hatch, daughter of Edward Hatch of Wells, Maine, in June, 1842. I have the certificate of the Town Clerk, certifying to the due publications of the intentions of marriage required by the laws of Maine in the following form:

"I do hereby certify that the intentions of marriage between Mr. Wilbraham Kimball, Jr., of Jay, and Miss Ann L. Hatch, of Wells, have been published in this town, agreeably to the laws of this State.

Wells, June 4, 1842, Christopher Littlefield,
Town Clerk."

I was born May 5th, 1843, on a farm in Jay, Oxford County, State of Maine, now East Dixfield, Maine. My father, Wilbraham Kimball, and my grandfather, also named Wilbraham, had recently moved to that place from Wells, York County, Maine, but when they went there I have been unable to learn, neither do I know exactly when they left Jay, but from a letter written to my father by my grandfather July 4th, 1844, they were then living elsewhere, and, I believe, moved from Jay in the early spring of 1844. In 1845 father went to Fort Wayne, Indiana, and from letters written by my grandfather to him, my grandfather was then residing in Kennebunk, Maine.

Father was a great sufferer from asthma and the climate of Maine was very bad for him, so he determined to seek some place away from the sea for a home, hoping that his health would thereby be improved. As several whom he knew had settled at Fort Wayne, Indiana, and it was in the interior, he determined to try that climate. When my father left for the west my mother stopped with her father, Edward Hatch, at his home in the town of Wells. This house was still standing in July, 1910, when, with my son Harry, I went to see it.

I remember incidents which occurred during our residence there. One of them was the death of my great-grandfather,

David Hatch, April 22nd, 1845, when I was thirteen days less than two years old. The house in which he died is still standing and on July 7th, 1910, I visited it and the room on the first floor in which he died. I remember the situation of the room and of the bed, and of being lifted up so that he could kiss me good-bye. I also remember incidents connected with the visit of my cousin, Edward A. Hatch, to our grandfather's house while I was living there. Mother told of three things which happened. The entrance to the cellar was through the pantry, the door opening inward. I was very fond of getting my back against the door and making the latch rattle. I did this one day when the latch was not caught and pitched backwards headfirst to the bottom of the cellar and was picked up unconscious, but was not seriously hurt. I had a somewhat similar fall at Fort Wayne when three years old, in which I tumbled head first down cellar while running at the top of my speed. A second incident was that one day mother saw me standing perfectly still in the front yard looking down intently. On going out she found I was encircled by a large black snake which had charmed me and I was just stooping to pick it up. When it saw mother, it ran into the stone wall and I cried because she would not let me have him. I am not sure whether the third incident occurred in Jay or Wells, but think it was at the former. Mother had put a very hot iron back of the kitchen stove. I was in the next room at the time, and crept to the kitchen and reached back of the stove for one of my playthings, my left hand coming in contact with the hot iron was held there by my apron catching on something, until on pulling my hand away the flesh came off to the bone. I have borne the scar from this injury ever since.

Mother and I started for Fort Wayne in June, 1846, in company with Adam McCulloch, of Kennebunk, brother of Hugh McCulloch, who was then cashier of the Fort Wayne branch of the State Bank of Indiana and afterwards President of the Bank of the State of Indiana, First Comptroller of the Currency and twice Secretary of the United States Treasury. We went via New York, the Hudson River to Albany, thence by canal to Buffalo, thence by lake to Toledo, thence by canal to Fort Wayne. It was a long and difficult journey, occupying many days, but now the journey from Fort Wayne to Boston takes but twenty hours.

I have no recollections of this journey, but my memory recalls

incidents occurring very soon after our arrival. Until father could secure a house for us, we boarded with George E. Little, brother-in-law of Mr. McCulloch and teller of the bank, in apartments over the bank and communicating with it. While there I had the run of the bank and remember sitting in the bank vault playing with the gold coins, under the supervision, of course, of the bank employees. I also remember the placing of the large bell in the steeple of the First Presbyterian Church, which was one block away. I do not know how long we remained at this house, but it was not for a very long period. Father soon rented a house on the Bluffton road, owned by Mr. McCulloch.

I do not know how long we lived there, but it was at least a year, for I remember the fine crop of potatoes which father raised there. I remember this house well, although I was but three and a half years old when we moved into it. It was a story and a half frame with a hall running through the middle from front to back with rooms on each side. Mother's brother, Uncle Edward Hatch, spent the winter with us and had a very sick spell. The doctor, as was then the practice, bled him freely, and I was in the room and saw it done. The whole scene stamped itself upon my memory so that I have never forgotten it.

When we went to Fort Wayne the wild Indians of the Miami tribe lived there, but were moved west very soon thereafter. In coming into the town they passed our house and they impressed me very much. I remember seeing them on their way home nights, filled with fire water, just able to keep on their ponies, yelling and racing their horses. It was a great sight for me. The women rode astride like the men. There was always one Indian who kept perfectly sober to care for the others. A little beyond our house was a path made by the deer going to the river to drink; beside it was an oak tree used by the Indians from which to shoot the deer. They had a seat fixed in its branches, which I have seen many times.

At Fort Wayne there had been the largest Indian village known to the whites. It was situated in the bottom lands of the Maumee River at the junction of the St. Joseph and St. Mary's rivers, which form the Maumee, and between said rivers. It was just below the junction and within the limits of the city that the Indians surprised Gen. Harmon and massacred his army, as they were crossing the ford of the Maumee; scarcely any escaped. The Indians were concealed in the thick growth along the banks

of the river. I have a cane made out of the root of a sycamore tree which must have been growing at the time of the battle, cut in 1908 from the place where the Indians lay concealed at the time of the massacre. For many years plows would frequently turn up all sorts of weapons and Indian implements in the fields where the Indian village had been and where the battle was fought, and many have been found in the river where the attack was made.

After Harmon's defeat, Gen. Anthony Wayne, of Revolutionary fame, was sent with another army to subdue the Miami Indians, which he promptly proceeded to do, and then built a fort on the high bank at the junction of the rivers overlooking the Indian village on the other side, and a strong garrison was left there. The fort was named Fort Wayne. Indians made many attacks on it, but failed to take it. In the midst of the bottom lands stood an immense apple tree, which was an old tree when the first white man came to that region. Where it came from no one has ever determined, as it was evidently much older than the time of "Johnny Appleseed," of whom I shall speak later. At the time of one of the periodic attacks on the fort, it is said that an Indian was posted in that apple tree to spy on what was taking place in the fort. Many attempts were made to shoot him from the fort, but no rifle could be found which would carry a ball so great a distance. Finally an old hunter and trapper with his long barrelled gun came into the fort and asked permission to try his gun, and he brought the Indian down with the first shot, and the Indians did not use that tree again for a lookout. This tree and its history is described in an article on "the historical trees of America," printed in Harper's Magazine about 1860. I have climbed into the branches of the tree. The tree finally died from old age.

I remember very well one of the log buildings which had been a part of the old fort. The place where it stood is now a park called Fort Park.

In the eighteenth century a man known as "Johnny Appleseed" travelled through all that Indian country, carrying a bag of appleseeds, and planting the seeds wherever he went. The Indians never molested him, as they believed him to be crazy. Many orchards sprang up as a result of his efforts. There was one of these orchards at Fort Wayne between the two rivers, which was always known as the "Indian Orchard." There were at least

fifty, and perhaps one hundred, trees of natural fruit set out without any regularity and wherever he chose to plant an appleseed. I have often eaten apples from this orchard. Many of the old trees were still standing when I was there in 1908.

I will speak of one other incident when I was four years old which impressed me so much that I have never forgotten it. The Mexican War was in progress and I remember very distinctly hearing father and Mr. McMacken talking about a great battle which had just taken place. I remember the place in the road in front of the McCulloch house, where they stood. I do not know what battle it was. This house, with its large garden and orchard, the McMacken house across the road, the bridge over the creek just beyond, the soap factory some ways up the road and the graveyard between us and town are all clearly remembered. This is all changed now. The house is gone and the city occupies all that region. Captain Asa Fairfield lived about half a mile from us. He was an old sea captain who had retired and moved from Kennebunk to Fort Wayne and taken up one hundred and sixty acres of government land in the early days. His farm is now all in the city and closely built up. How well I remember Grandma Fairfield and her immense brick oven. What wonderful things came out of that oven, not the least of which were baked beans and brown bread. How many days have I spent there during apple picking and cider making time. I had a very happy boyhood. I did not have the luxuries of life, for my father was an invalid and able to do but little work, and many of what are now called necessities of life were lacking I have often wished that my boys and my grandchildren had the free, happy life that I had. Both of my parents were earnest Christians and my very earliest recollections are of going to church and Sunday school and my life was guarded by them and every influence brought to bear to train me for a Christian life.

Although we were poor and had none of the luxuries, we always had plenty to eat and to wear. Mother had learned the tailor's trade and had about all the work she could do, and father stitched boots for shoemakers, so the necessities of life were provided. Had they lived at the present time with its high prices it would have been different. Then beef was five or six cents a pound, butter eight to ten, eggs, six cents a dozen, and everything else in proportion.

We moved from the McCulloch house about September or Oc-

tober, 1847, to what was then known as the Methodist Female Seminary, and kept the boarding house at which the seminary girls boarded. I was still very young, but I remember well two incidents occurring there. One was when I had the measles, mother holding me up to the window so the seminary girls could see how I looked, all broken out. Grandfather Hatch and Grandmother Hatch had not had the measles in their younger days and were so afraid of it that they kept all their children from having it while at home. Mother caught it while at this boarding house and took me into her room so I could catch it from her. I remember the high fever I had and that they gave me elderberry wine to bring out the measles. I remember how good the wine tasted. The only other thing I remember while living there was being taken into the primary room and being seated in one of the little chairs. It was only for a few moments, for I was too young to go to school, as it was before the days of kindergartens, but I remember exactly how everything looked.

We moved from there to the Stapleford house, opposite the building known as Rockhill's Folly. Rockhill was one of the earlier settlers and had become wealthy from the increase in the value of his large holdings of real estate. He attempted to build a large hotel in the western part of the town where his property was situated, but had to stop work before it was finished, not only from lack of funds, but also because the situation was not suitable for a hotel. When we moved there it was an immense building under roof, but going to ruin for want of completion. It remained in this condition many years, but was finally completed and opened as a hotel by a man named Rumsey, but was never successful. It was afterwards turned into a hospital and is still used for that purpose.

My memory of living at this house is much more vivid than of living in the other, for we remained there until the spring of 1850. It was a one-story frame and attic with the long way parallel with the street, and a hall through the middle. We occupied the eastern half of the house. The next house to the west, which was still standing when I was there in 1908, was a large two story frame occupied by the Rev. Charles Beecher, brother to the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. Charles Beecher was the pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church (now the Westminster), which we attended. Mr. Beecher was eccentric, as were all his brothers and sisters. He was tall and slender and walked with long strides,

Second Presbyterian Church, Fort Wayne, Indiana, where Ivory G. Kimball attended as a child and where he was converted and married

without reference to the steps of any one walking with him. My mother was a member of his choir and frequently walked with him to choir meetings. The church was organized by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher while he was preaching at Indianapolis. It was quite poor and had neither piano nor organ. Mr. Beecher was the leader of the choir and after giving out the hymn would leave the pulpit, and, standing in front of the choir, who were seated in the front pews, would lead them with his bass viol. He had considerable talent as a musician and was also a composer. One Sunday all the strings of his bass viol broke except one, but that made no difference to him, for he finished the hymn on the one string. The church was lighted by lamps filled, I presume, with whale oil, for it was before the days of kerosene. There were two pulpit lamps. Mr. Beecher had very long arms and when much in earnest would use them vigorously. I remember one Sabbath that he became very vigorous and, stretching out his long arms, knocked both lamps to the floor, breaking them to pieces; but it did not faze him, and he went on with his sermon as though nothing had happened. What a flood of recollections come over me in connection with this church as I write about it. My earliest recollections are of going there to Sunday school. How old I was when I began I do not know. (My first recollections are of going.) I must have been between four and seven years of age, for just after reaching my seventh year we moved to the country, too far off for me to walk the three miles to Sunday school, and we had no other means of getting there unless we secured a ride with neighbors, and few of them went to town to church. As soon as I was large enough to stand the walk I resumed my attendance there and I was a member of that Sunday school until I came to Washington in 1863. How well I remember my first teacher, Mrs. Antrup, and the advice she gave me when I was promoted to her husband's class. My other teachers were Uncle B. H. Kimball and Cyrus W. Allen. During all the time, so far as I recollect, Elder B. W. Oakley was Superintendent and Dr. Knapp the leader of the Bible Class.

In this church I was baptized, and in 1858 in the great revival, known as the Revival of 1857, was converted there. During this revival our pastor, who was that sainted man, Rev. Dr. Elroy Curtis, was assisted by the Rev. Dr. Little of Madison, Indiana, the father of Rev. Dr. George O. Little, who afterwards for twenty-five years was pastor of Assembly Presbyterian Church of Wash-

ington. I shall never forget the time when I arose in church to ask for prayers. Father sat beside me in one of the wall pews on the right hand side of the church, about a third of the way from the front. I can see my father now, with the tears rolling down his cheeks as I sat down after thus indicating my desire to be a Christian. I want to say that there never was a time from my earliest recollection when I did not want to be a Christian. My great trouble was that I did not know how to start. In every sermon I heard I watched closely for some clew as to how I should commence to be a Christian, but never got the help till that revival. I have no doubt there are hundreds like myself who never have had a wish to live any other life than that of a Christian, but do not know how to start, and ministers and Christians give them little or no help, but preach repentance when they do not need that, but are ready to start when shown how. I joined the Second Presbyterian Church in 1858 with a large number converted at the same time.

In that church I was married, and from that church my father was buried. It is one of the most sacred spots on earth to me.

I must relate a very amusing incident which took place one Sunday morning during the pastorate of Mr. Curtis. There was a large choir seated at the right-hand side, and on a level with the pulpit, in plain sight of the whole congregation. Uncle Samuel was the leader. In the choir were my mother, Uncle Benjamin, and three of his children, and two of Uncle Samuel's children, besides several other singers. Uncle Samuel had just leaned forward to give the piano player some instructions, as Mr. Curtis began to read the morning hymn, "Old Coronation." Just then Uncle Benjamin came in and, seeing the vacant chair, which had been used by Uncle Samuel, took it back and sat down in it, without the knowledge of his brother who, just as Mr. Curtis read the line, "Let angels prostrate fall," sat down where his chair had been with dire consequences to himself, as his 190 pounds made a tremendous crash, and with dire consequences to the risabilities of the congregation who were so convulsed with laughter that they broke out during the whole morning in succession of giggles.

The only member of the choir who attempted to sing "Coronation" was Uncle Samuel, and he never sang better in his life. This incident occurred the Sunday after Mr. Curtis had preached a sermon on "Levity in Church."

One of the great pleasures of the boys was to be permitted to go into the belfry and ring the bell. For many years Mr. Allen or one of his men performed this duty and I was often permitted to do it for them.

According to my recollections I must have commenced going to school while we lived at the Stapleford house. There were no public schools at that time and I went to a private school taught by a man whose school and dwelling adjoined the church. The only thing I recollect about the school is the frequent trips the teacher made into his house to get a drink and the frequent undeserved thrashings the boys got as a consequence. I was not allowed to attend this school very long. Another incident while living at the Stapleford house occurred one Sunday morning. Father and mother started for church and had gone but a little way, when father had an uncontrollable desire to go back to the house. He did not know of any reason for doing so, but the desire to return was so strong he yielded to it, and found me lying on the floor, choking to death, a hazel nut with which I was playing having lodged in my throat. A moment more and I would have been dead, for I was already black in the face. Father ran his finger down my throat and shoved the nut down and saved my life. I remember his doing so and how his finger, which was larger than my throat, hurt me. He could not wait for gentle means, but acted at once without stopping for hurts.

Our house was quite near the canal. Those having horses stabled near brought them there to water. One morning I was put onto one of the horses to ride, and when we reached the place my horse lay down to roll in the sand, for I was so light he did not know he had anything on his back. I was badly frightened, but was off the horse before he touched the ground. While we were living there the first telegraph line was erected and I remember very well seeing the men stringing the wires along the street in front of our house.

Father's health continued very bad. His asthma was severe, so that frequently for weeks at a time he could not go to bed, but spent the nights sitting in a chair, and was unable to do any manual work.

Mr. McCulloch secured for him the position of toll keeper on the plank road running from Fort Wayne to Lima and we moved to the tollhouse two and one-half miles north of the city limits in June, 1850. I remember the trip to our new home in a wagon

The driver showed me a very large rattlesnake which had just been killed and some boys sneaked up behind our wagon and stole my fish pole. Rattlesnakes were very plentiful around our new home and animals were frequently killed by being bitten by them. I have heard them rattle; the sound is like dry peas shaken in a pod. To get rid of the snakes the farmers turned their hogs into their pastures. Hogs are immune to snake bites and are very fond of snakes as food, and they soon destroyed all the snakes.

The region to which father had moved was heavily wooded with original growth—oak, hickory, beach and black walnut, with sycamore along the water courses. The trees were of immense size and of no value to the farmer, who was doing all in his power to destroy them so as to clear the land. In the fall he would kill the trees by girdling them and the next summer when they became dry would set the standing trees on fire. It was a beautiful sight at night to see acres of trees on fire from root to top. It was not an uncommon sight to see a black walnut six feet in diameter thus destroyed, trees that to-day would be of immense value. The sycamore grew to a diameter of eight feet and the big ones, almost without an exception, were hollow. The farmers stood sycamore logs on end and used them for smoke houses.

The wooded condition of the country and the resultant stagnant pools caused immense swarms of mosquitoes. As a protection from these, smoking fires or smudges, as they were called, were built in such a way that the smoke blew towards the houses. Another result was the prevalence of ague, from which no one was free. Quinine was the universal remedy and could not be procured by the druggists in sufficient quantities to supply the demands. Although I have not had an attack of ague for forty-five years, the remembrance of its effects is very vivid. At one time I had it for a year and the doctor could not break it, as it constantly recurred, but finally my mother was told to give me a tablespoonful of table salt dissolved in as little water as possible before breakfast three mornings in succession, then skip three, until I had taken it nine times. I took it three times and was cured and did not have a recurrence for several years. It was an awful dose and I nearly threw up my boots, and have hated the taste of salt ever since.

The houses in the country were built of logs, some only had the ends notched to bring the logs together, others were made flat on the inside by hewing, while others were hewed on both sides,

the cracks in each case being filled with wood and clay. Usually the houses were built in three sections, a square room of logs at each end, far enough apart to leave a room of the same size between, the logs on the upper part of the house being long enough to cover all three sections. One section was usually used for the kitchen and dining room and for sleeping, the section between for storage and general purposes and the third for sleeping. At the end of the kitchen was an immense fireplace built of sticks plastered with clay, and large enough to take in a back log six feet long and two feet or more in thickness, besides an eighth of a cord of wood. The back log would be hauled in on a hand sled and rolled into a big bed of coals, and then hickory or oak cord wood piled on and around it. It would make the room as light as day and what a hot fire it would make. One's face would burn while his back would freeze. On the other side of the room, opposite the fire, there were usually two beds, and if there were small children a trundle bed besides. Frequently the space between the logs was not snow tight, and I have often found on waking in the morning that the bed had quite a sprinkling of snow which had sifted through the cracks during the night. Many log houses had but one room and an attic reached by a ladder. The cooking of the family was done at this fire place. All boiling was done by means of a crane and baking by a cast-iron dutch-oven buried in the coals and hot ashes—and what splendid bread could be baked in that way!

The barns were built after the same fashion, the horses being stabled under the haymow. Cattle were turned out to care for themselves, usually in a field having a large straw stack, into which they would eat, making large holes, where they were protected from the storms.

When a log house or barn was to be raised they had a "bee," to which all the neighbors and their wives for miles around were invited, for no one could put in place such immense logs without help. It was also a time of feasting and the assistance of all the women was needed to prepare and serve the great quantities of food necessary for such occasions. It usually ended with a dance at night, to which the young people came.

I lived at the toll house from 1850 to 1863, when I came to Washington. I lived a very happy life. My two brothers and my sister were born there. The first brother died when about a week old and was buried in the cemetery near the McCulloch house,

where we first lived. The other two were my brother Israel Edward, born February 12th, 1853, who has lived for many years at St. Joseph, Missouri, and my sister, Jennie Oakley, born September 25, 1855, now living with me.

Being ten years older than my brother and twelve years older than my sister, I had no playmates in my own home, which is an unfortunate condition for any child, as children need the constant companionship of brothers and sisters to keep them from becoming selfish and overbearing. Fortunately for me I had several playmates of my own age, the children of my Uncle Benjamin, who had removed from Woburn, Massachusetts, to Fort Wayne in 1855, and at whose house I was as much at home as in my father's, and spent much of my time there. I loved them and love them now as much as though they were my own brothers and sisters, and they felt the same toward me. All these cousins are yet living. William P., eleven months younger than I, was a good soldier during the War of the Rebellion, a member of Suttermeister's Indiana Battery, of which two of my wife's brothers, Algernon and Charles, were also members. Algernon first enlisted in Co. E, 55th Ind. Vol. Infty., of which I was a member. We enlisted together. He afterwards reenlisted in Suttermeister's Battery and died of disease in that service and is buried in the National Cemetery at Chattanooga, Tennessee. Laura and Mary Kimball never married and are still living at Fort Wayne, Indiana, and Addie married Wilbur Howard and is now living, I believe, in California.

I left home to reside in Washington when my brother was ten years old and have never lived near him since. After the death of my father, June 3d, 1870, my mother and sister continued to reside at Fort Wayne until January 2nd, 1878, when my sister came to live with me, my mother coming that same spring. Their coming into my home was a very happy event and they were a great blessing to my wife and myself, but especially to our children. Mother loved them more, I believe, than she did her own children. When we were young she had all the cares of her household to look after, and to quite an extent helped to earn money at her trade as a tailoress to support the family, and could not, as a mother, devote herself entirely to them as she could, as grandmother, devote herself to my children. My sister has always been devoted to them and did much to train them for God and right-living. It was her custom to gather them around her every Sun-

I. G. Kimball at the age of 13 years; Jennie O. Kimball, age 18 months and I. E. Kimball at the age of 3 1-2 years

day afternoon or evening and tell them Bible stories and talk and pray with them. Their correct habits and Christian lives have, to a large extent, been due to her example and teaching. Since they have left the home nest and built nests for themselves her work has been among the poor, the neglected ones, and what an unselfish work it has been. No sparing of herself, no weather too stormy for her to go out, where help was needed. Her life has been the ideal Christian life of self sacrifice and service.

Mother died at my house November 9th, 1891, and I took her body to Fort Wayne and buried it beside the body of my father in Lindenwood Cemetery.

Pictures of School Life in a Country School.

I began to go to school at the district school house very soon after we moved to the country. I wish I could show you a picture of that log school house as I see it in my mind's eye. It was situated in about the lowest, wettest spot to be found, at the corner of the cross roads about half a mile east of our house. To reach it in the fall and winter I had to wade through half a mile of mud, which came nearly to the top of my boot legs (for every one wore boots and I never had a pair of shoes till after I came to Washington), carrying my noonday lunch in a tin bucket. Most families sent several scholars and their lunch was usually carried on a large plate done up in a piece of cloth. The teacher's lunch would be with that of the scholars from the house where he was boarding at the time. Teachers were boarded by the families sending pupils to school. I will tell more about this when I write about my own experience as a country school teacher.

The school house was built of unhewn logs with the bark still on, notched at the corners to bring the logs together, and the cracks "chinked," as it was called, to keep out the storms and wind. This was done by inserting wooden chunks and plastering the outside with mud. This left many places through which the wind blew. The logs were laid one on the other until the proper height was reached and then a roof of split shingles put on. Places for the door and windows were sawed out of the logs after they were in place. The door was made of unplaned oak boards fastened together by battens, with home-made wooden hinges and a wooden latch. The floor was unplaned slabs just as they were cut from the logs, bark side down. The desks were made by boring

holes into the logs and inserting heavy wooden pegs, upon which were placed unplaned oak boards.

In those days there were no planing mills and few saw mills in that country, all boards being planed by hand, and it was considered unnecessary to plane boards used in building a country school house.

Our seats were unplaned slabs, bark side down, holes being bored for the legs, and as they usually came through the slabs, that part of the seat was not chosen by the scholars if they could get a seat elsewhere. When the scholars wanted to write or use their slates they threw their feet over the slab seats and faced the wall. The teacher had only a chair and no desk. The teachers were usually country boys or girls with but little education, knowing nothing of the proper way to teach and very little of the elements of learning. They could not teach beyond the rule of three and knew nothing about how to teach grammar or geography. In teaching geography the atlas would be opened before the scholar and he would be directed to point out the places called for, which after considerable searching of the map he usually found. There was one thing, however, that they did teach thoroughly, and that was spelling. Every Friday afternoon there was a spelling match. Leaders would be chosen and they would choose sides, the whole school taking part. The teacher would commence with easy words, until the younger scholars were sifted out, and would gradually give harder and harder words until only two or three scholars were left standing. To them were given the most difficult words in the speller. Sometimes they would stand for an hour, amid the greatest excitement among the friends of each, until all were down except one, who was then declared to be the best speller. Very frequently this would be a girl, for some of the best spellers were girls.

A singular thing about learning to spell in this way was that if one of the best spellers attempted to write by dictation he would misspell words which he could always spell correctly in a spelling match. Each school had one or more spelling matches at night during the winter, to which other schools sent their best spellers, and there was very great rivalry between the different schools as to which had the best spellers. The excitement on those occasions was very great. Frequently traveling teachers conducted night schools at which geography or arithmetic was taught in rhyme and song. These schools were largely attended, not so much for

the purpose of learning, but because they gave the young people a chance to get together and the young men could see the girls home. The most popular of all the night schools was the singing school, not only for the same reasons given before, but because most of the young people loved music and were anxious to learn to sing. Uncle Samuel W. Kimball was the principal music teacher for all that region and taught in the school houses for forty miles around Fort Wayne. There were few country people of that day who did not go to his schools. He was exceedingly popular with them, not only because he was a splendid singer and teacher, but because of his genial and pleasing personality. How he could sing, and what a splendid voice he had. Each session ended with demands for him to sing and he would give them two or three of his inimitable songs. Then came numerous requests for him to go home with them and the happiness of the successful one.

The log school house of which I have spoken was heated by a large box stove burning green hickory wood and making an exceedingly hot fire, which was necessary to keep the children from freezing.

It was not long before a frame school house was built across the road in the edge of the woods. How well I remember those woods and the immense forest across the road from the toll house and the good times I had in them. How often I have wished my boys could have had the same chance to run in the woods that I had as a boy.

The Games Played.

There were several games of ball played when the weather would permit. The first was town ball and was played somewhat after the style of baseball, but without outfielders. The bases were much nearer together than in baseball. There is no question that baseball is an outgrowth of the old town ball.

Another ball game was called "Two Old Cat," in which there was a batter at each end and when one of them hit they exchanged places, and either could be put out before he reached the other plate. As I remember only four could play at once. Another game was called "Anti-Over." This was played by choosing sides and placing them on opposite sides of the school house. The ball was thrown over the school house with the cry "Anti-Over."

If caught by the other side the catcher would try to hit one of the opponents with the ball. The one hit was gained for his opponent. This was kept up until all were gained for one side or the other or until the school bell rang.

Another game was called "Bull pen." Four or five would take corners and the rest of the boys would go into the pen. The ball was thrown from corner to corner until each had caught it without missing. The ball was then said to be hot, and either of the corners could throw it at any one in the pen. If he missed, the one at whom he threw took his place and he went into the pen. If he hit, those on the corners fled and the one hit tried to hit one of them. If he did he took his place on the corner. If he missed the game was resumed as before.

What times we had pulling "sweet-root" and gathering flowers in the spring. Sweet-root was a root of a young hickory sprout. This was pulled up, the bark taken off, and the root, as sweet as candy, was chewed. It was against the rules to chew it in school, but the piles of waste under the desks showed the number who could not refrain from chewing the delicious morsel even with the risk of punishment.

The Wild Life of the Woods.

What happy hours those early boyhood days were for me, not only in the country school but the hours I spent in the woods with my dog. Adjoining our house were hundreds of acres which had never been touched with an ax. They were filled with all sorts of wild life—deer, wild turkeys, squirrels, raccoons, 'possums, porcupines and every sort of wild game. In the fall after the frost came I used to get up at daybreak every morning and visit all the hickory nut trees to gather the nuts before the hogs made their morning rounds, and I had to be early to get ahead of them, for they knew the trees as well as I. When the nuts did not fall fast enough I used to rig up a bumper with which to knock the nuts down. This was a pole thirty or forty feet long, set up on high crotches. The pole would be drawn back, then made to strike the tree with great force, bringing down the nuts in great showers. One of the luxuries of the woods in those days was wild plums. I know of nothing more delicious. Cultivated plums cannot compare with them, and I knew exactly where to find them. Then the black and red haws and the wild strawberries, blackber-

ries and raspberries, in fact, the woods were full of delights for boys. Near us was a beaver dam which had made a large pond in the heart of the woods, entirely protected from the wind, and this was where I used to skate. Then what fun I used to have fishing in the deep hole of the feeder canal. As I recall these scenes and joys of my boyhood before I went out into the world, to make my way in its turmoil, it is hard to pass on to the other events of my life. Money was not very plentiful with us and as soon as I was able to do so I began to earn money, and from thirteen years of age bought my own clothes. I worked for the farmers during planting time and at other times for twenty-five cents a day. I picked berries and caught frogs for the restaurant keepers and one year I made a contract with a farmer to husk his corn by the bushel and hired all the boys I could get by the day and made what was to me quite a profit on the contract.

As soon as I was big enough I was sent to the city to school, which meant a walk of three and a half miles each way unless I was fortunate enough to get a ride. Many a morning in winter I have broken my way through eighteen inches of new fallen snow. The thermometer would be below zero, but the walk would soon make me so warm I would have to unbutton my overcoat and unwrap the long muffler I wore over my ears and around my neck. What a multitude of things I would see. Sometimes flocks of wild turkeys. The snow would show the tracks of all sorts of wild life from mice to deer, and one day in the fall another man and I saw close to us a very large bear which had just crossed the road. He watched us go by him not more than twenty-five feet away. We did not stop to watch him, for we had no weapon larger than a pen knife.

Going to School in the City.

There were no public schools in Fort Wayne as far as I know when I first begun to go there to school. My first teacher was a Mr. Mahuran, who taught in the western part of the city. I also went to his school when he moved to the eastern end. The school in the west end was near the canal and the mill pond at Edsell's flour mills. We slid or skated on the pond when the ice was suitable. I remember a very severe accident which occurred to me on this mill pond. The season had been very mild and the water open, but one night it turned very cold and every-

thing was frozen solid, making the ice very slippery. Our noon hour was spent at the pond. With a short run we could slide across it. Unfortunately for me another boy and I started from opposite sides at the same time, and we collided in the middle. I do not know what happened to him, but the first part of me to strike the ice was the back of my head. The ice showed the point of contact and I had to be sent home on account of my injury. What saved me from a broken head is a mystery. I seemed to have a very solid skull, for all my injuries were of the head. Perhaps the worst of all such injuries happened just across the road from our house. Lumber was taken into the loft of Mr. Joseph Burkholder's carpenter shop through a removable door. As I was passing in front of it this door fell out and struck me edgewise on the top of the head. Father saw the accident and picked me up for dead. I never could understand why the door did not split my head open.

I have only faint recollections of incidents occurring at Mahuran's school or of the scholars attending. My wife says that it was while she was a scholar at Mahuran's school in the west end that she first saw me. She had heard her sister Cynthia, who lived at George E. Little's, speak frequently of me and of my father and mother, and knowing that I went to that school she watched to see me. She was there only a very short time and I have no recollection of seeing her. She was a student in the Grammar School in the Clay building while I was a student in the High School, and came to our class to recite grammar. I was very strongly impressed by her clear knowledge of that study and her quickness and ability as a student. This was the first I remember ever to have seen her and I do not know that up to that time I had ever heard of her.

How long I went to Mr. Mahuran's school I have no recollection. I know I continued to go to him, first in the west end and then in the east end near the Catholic Cathedral, until the first public school building, the Clay, was opened. That was opened February 9th, 1856. I stood at the door waiting for it to open and was one of the first to enter it as a scholar. I remained there, first in the grammar school and then in the High School, until the High School was removed to the Jefferson Building, the second public school building erected in Fort Wayne. It is not possible for me in these reminiscences to give the names of the teachers and scholars of those days or their after history. The years

Mrs. I. G. Kimball at the age of 18 years

thus spent were very happy years and my memory recalls many of the scenes of my school days and the teachers and scholars engaged in them. One of the scholars who made a strong impression on me then and has continued to do so up to the present day has been my beloved wife since September 26th, 1865, and I was a most fortunate man to have secured her for my right hand. She was then known as Anna L. Ferris.

Alas, but few of those happy, frolicking boys and girls are still alive. Many went early in life. As I look back over the years of their lives and mine and contrast them, I cannot believe that any of them have had happier or more blessed lives than have my wife and I. We have been blessed in our children and grandchildren, and while we have never been rich in this world's goods as this world calls riches, we have always had plenty and have been able to live in comfort, educate our children and bestow in charity. We have always tried to serve our Lord and Master and set a good example, and we feel that He has given us all the blessings we have enjoyed.

Rev. George A. Irvin was superintendent of the public schools of Fort Wayne from 1856 to June, 1863, when he resigned to accept the position of Chaplain of the 88th Regiment, Indiana Vol. Infty. He was a native of Kentucky, a learned man and a great educator, always ready to counsel or assist any one anxious to learn, but a terror to all idlers or evil doers. He took a great liking to me and helped me in every way to overcome the difficulties in my way and for a long time was my tutor in Greek to assist me in preparation for college. Rev. Dr. Lowry, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, also tutored me in both Latin and Greek in a class with his two sons, who were preparing for college and for the ministry. I have seen neither since I left Fort Wayne in 1863.

In July, 1857, I was employed by Fred. H. Hall as a clerk in his grocery store at Plymouth, Indiana, fifty-six miles west of Fort Wayne, then the western terminus of the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne & Chicago Railroad and a very busy place, a large force of men being employed to extend the road. For my services I received eight dollars a month and board. I left Plymouth the last week in January, 1858. Hall had married Lena Folsom, a daughter by her first marriage of my Aunt Sarah, wife of Benjamin H. Kimball. I remember but a few incidents of my six months' residence at Plymouth.

During the time I was there several stores were broken into and it was feared that Hall's store might also be entered. I was asked to sleep in the store with the other clerk to help protect it. I am not sure that any attempts were made to enter the store, but late one night some one tried the door, but we made a noise and the man went away. During the time of this scare the other clerk was taking apart an old-fashioned revolver loaded with No. 1 shot. I was on the sidewalk near him watching a train of cars crossing the street. The pistol went off and I received the contents in my right leg near the knee. One shot went through my leg, others cut my trousers and one lodged in the flesh about four inches above my knee, and is there now. More than forty years afterwards I had considerable pain in the joint of my right knee and had it examined with an X-ray. Much to my astonishment it disclosed a second shot in the articulation of the knee-joint. It has ceased to trouble me except when I attempt to kneel on that knee.

After I had been at Plymouth about six months I was called home the last of January, 1858, as my father was going east to visit his mother, who was dangerously ill. She recovered from that illness and did not die until October 15th, 1859. Grandfather Kimball died October 28th, 1852, at Woburn, Massachusetts.

In 1857 the most wonderful revival of religion this country had ever known commenced in New York City. It started in a daily noon prayer meeting and spread all over the United States, continuing for many months. My being called home in January, 1858, I consider a means used by my Heavenly Father to bring me within its influence and where I was converted, as spoken of heretofore.

I. G. Kimball
At the age of 16 years. Just after he finished teaching his first school

I. G. Kimball
At the age of 19 years

CHAPTER III.

Teaching School.

In December, 1859, I began to teach my first school in the "McQuisten District," about six miles north of Fort Wayne, on the Lima Road and had my first experience in boarding around. It was the custom for teachers of country schools to receive their board as part of their compensation, the patrons of the school taking turns in entertaining the teacher, usually a week at a place, but sometimes more time was spent with families having better means of entertaining him while other families were omitted. The township trustee when hiring the teacher usually advised him about what families he had better omit, usually those not having proper accommodations, or poor food.

At the time I commenced my first school I was only a few months over sixteen years of age, but looked much older. Some of my scholars were boys and girls over twenty-one. To conceal my youthfulness I allowed my whiskers to grow, for I had been shaving for some time, having been driven to do so by the fuzz on my face. When the school ended in March, 1860, I had a heavy set of chin whiskers.

My second school was about sixteen miles west of Fort Wayne and commenced in December, 1860. When the term was out the people employed me for an additional period.

While teaching these two schools I saw many things which I had never experienced before. The food was the very best the people had, for they saved that for the week the teacher would be there. In many respects going to the homes of the children was extremely hard for the teacher and gave him little chance for rest after his day's work was over, as he was under the observation of the parents and family and was severely tested concerning his knowledge of all sorts of subjects, not only pertaining to their everyday life, but history, religion, politics, all sorts of puzzling questions were asked to test him. On the other hand it gave him knowledge of the home life, influence and surroundings of his pupils and enabled him to be a greater help to them, and the parents had a better knowledge of his work and a greater purpose to help him in it. It was a severe test for me to undergo, being only a sixteen year old boy, and especially as many of my

scholars were so much older than I was, although they did not know it.

The territory covered by my two schools, especially the second, was a new country with many one roomed log houses still in use, and gave me my first experience of living, eating and sleeping in one room. Sometimes the family consisted of father, mother, several children, a grown girl and a hired man besides the teacher. In most houses the women folks disappeared when it was time for the teacher to go to bed, but not always. The first experience I had of the latter was in December, 1860. The weather was cold and there was a big fire of oak and hickory in the huge fireplace, making the room as light as day. Opposite the fireplace were two large beds and a large trundle bed under one of them. There were five grown people and at least two, possibly three, children. After chatting a while after supper the woman of the house said to me, "Whenever you want to retire, take that bed," pointing to one of them. But neither of the two women went out. This was repeated two or three times, and while I was very tired and sleepy I was only seventeen and quite bashful and did not know how to go to bed where I was in plain sight of two women. Finally the hired man went to bed in my bed, and having watched him and seen how he did it, I followed suit, and the rest of the family soon retired also. The hired girl slept in the trundle bed with the children. In the morning I reversed the operation and got dressed. Before my winter school was over going to bed in a one roomed house ceased to trouble me.

One of the boys who slept in that trundle bed afterwards became a great lawyer, was an Assistant United States Attorney General and served several terms in Congress.

I found the country scholars very bright, anxious to learn, and I had little trouble about discipline. The schools were ungraded and my classes included from those learning their A. B. C.'s to those who finished algebra. It was hard work, but it was appreciated, and whenever I go to Fort Wayne some of those country scholars, now prosperous business men, call on me and we go over the old times when they went to school in the old country school house, and they always speak in high appreciation of the help I was to them while their teacher.

The old log houses are gone and their places have been taken by commodious brick or frame structures with all modern conveniences.

I. G. Kimball, 8 years of age, and his mother

CHAPTER IV.

Visits to New England in 1851 and 1861.

I used the money from my second school for a trip to New England in the summer of 1861. This was my second trip East since mother and I left there in 1846. It was in 1851, when I was eight years old, that mother and I made our first visit to the East. I have a daguerreotype of mother and me taken shortly before we started. The mode of travel in 1851, although better than in 1846, was still difficult and at this day would be considered unbearable. From Fort Wayne to Toledo, 110 miles, there was no railroad and we went by the Wabash and Erie Canal, taking two or three days. We slept on narrow shelves fastened to the side of the boat. From Toledo to Buffalo we went by steamer. I do not remember the time it took. From Buffalo we went by train, the first day to Troy, N. Y., on the Hudson, and the second day from Troy to Boston, the whole journey taking a week. On our return trip in September we had one of those awful storms to which Lake Erie is so subject in that month, and my mother was very seasick, but I was one of the three or four passengers of the three hundred on board, who never missed a meal and took all the pitching and rocking of the boat as so much added fun. We saw two wrecks on the lake and went to one of them to see if we could rescue any one, but saw only masses of wreckage. We did not go to the other. On the train from Buffalo to Boston we made the acquaintance of a sister of Hon. Edward Everett, the great orator. We three went to a cafe in Troy for supper and there I saw and ate oysters for the first time. Mother would not try them, but I ate and enjoyed them very much. I remember very well the little place in which our supper was served, with its table partitioned off from the main room.

We visited grandfather and grandmother Kimball at Woburn, Massachusetts, where also lived five of his ten sons—William, Benjamin H., John P., Samuel W. and George W. Benjamin and Samuel removed to Fort Wayne 1854 or 1855 and lived there till their deaths. Benjamin died October 15th, 1889, and Samuel, December 14th, 1888. Two others, John and George, continued

to reside at Woburn until their deaths. John P. died July 20th, 1878, and George W. September 14th, 1892. Uncle William removed to Wilton, New Hampshire, and died there May 20th, 1904.

I remember many incidents of this visit to Woburn. Every day of my stay was a pleasure. Grandfather Kimball was a large man, very calm and collected, and never got excited. He was a great student of the Bible and a great reader and my father took after him in both these respects. Father was especially well informed on most topics. As far back as I can remember he took the New York Tribune, then owned and edited by the great Horace Greely and for his religious paper, The Independent, owned and edited by H. C. Bowen. In politics father was first a Whig, then a Free Soiler, and joined the Republican Party as soon as it was formed. He was a great admirer of Henry Clay.

In many respects Grandmother Kimball was the reverse of her husband. She was very excitable and always on the go. I remember when mother and I went to grandfather's house at Woburn grandmother met us at the door and as soon as she saw mother began to cry with all her might and to call, "Father, Father, come here." Grandfather came to the door in his deliberate way, putting his spectacles up onto his forehead, and when he saw mother, said, "Why, Ann," without the slightest appearance of emotion, not that he was not just as glad to see us as grandmother was, but that was his unemotional way.

At Uncle William's table I ate lobster for the first time and ate so heartily that they were afraid that it would make me sick to eat any more. I replied, "Why, mother, father told me to eat lobster for him while I was away, and I have been eating for him all the time and have not had any yet for myself." This made them laugh very much and Uncle gave me another helping and I am glad to say that it did not hurt me in the least.

We visited all the relations on both sides of the family and spent some time at Grandfather Hatch's, where I helped him get in his hay and packed shingles at the shingle mill near the house where my great-grandfather David Hatch had lived. I remembered perfectly all the surroundings of both houses, although I was only three years old when I was there last.

While we were in Boston the great jubilee in honor of the completion of the Grand Trunk Railroad took place. President Fillmore and Daniel Webster, his Secretary of State, rode in the

same carriage. Uncle George W. Hatch put me up on his shoulder while they were passing and I had a good view of both. Not only were the President and his Cabinet and the prominent men of the Nation there, but the Governor General of Canada and the other representative men of that country. It was a great day for Boston.

Of all the places I visited, I think I had the best time at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, the home of my Uncle Israel. I went there alone, by stage from Wells. My oldest three cousins were about my age, "Sadie" being two years and George three months older and "Caddie" two years younger than I. We children played in the attic, which was the size of the whole house, and what good times we had there. We were allowed to make just as much noise as we pleased and I will not deny that we made an awful racket. I have often wondered since how the grown people stood it.

Our favorite game was to play cars by putting boards on lengths of stovepipe and running them across the floor. The place was full of discarded clothes and furniture, which we used in our plays. Caddie would let us dress her as we chose and I remember that one day we dressed her as a negro, blacking her face, neck and hands with some sort of blacking that Aunt Clara had great difficulty in washing off. The happiness I enjoyed there made me decide that if my father and mother died I was going there to live with Uncle Israel and be his boy. I have made many visits to this uncle's house since 1851 and always found a warm welcome and had an enjoyable time. The family is now scattered; the father and mother and two of the younger children have been called hence, but the three who were my playmates in 1851 are still here.

Trip East in 1861.

My next visit to the East was in 1861. At that time I made the whole journey by rail, but do not remember how long it took. Sleeping cars had just been introduced, but had no resemblance to modern sleepers. They were ordinary day coaches fitted with three bunks, one above the other, with no conveniences. The charge for occupying the lower berth was $1.25; for the middle one, which was narrower, 75 cents, and for the upper one, which was still narrower, 50 cents. There was as much difference in all

other equipment of railroad and cars, compared with the present equipment, as between the sleepers of that day and of this. The air brake, the Miller coupler, the continuous rails and easy riding coaches were unknown. The cars were of very light weight and were extremely uncomfortable. They were loosely coupled together, so that starting or stopping was accompanied with a bump or a jerk, nearly throwing one out of his seat. There were no air-brakes, brakemen stopping the train with hand brakes. The roadbed was not properly ballasted and the cars were so light that while in motion they rocked and swayed at a great rate. The rails were short and very light in comparison with modern rails and were not fastened together, so that when the car wheels passed over each joint there was a jar and a bump. The fastest train did not dare to exceed thirty miles an hour and this was considered a very high rate of speed. Ordinary trains made about twenty. The roads were short connected links, and did not carry through cars. All passengers had to change at each intersection, and this was also true of the freight cars, no cars going over any other road.

I will write of only a few of the incidents of this trip. The first battle of Bull Run was fought while I was at the home of my Uncle Israel, in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, in 1861. The history of that time recites the intense excitement which that battle caused.

When I made my second trip my father's parents were both dead. Grandfather Kimball died October 28th, 1852, and Grandmother, October 15th, 1859. The winter of 1855-56 she spent at Fort Wayne visiting her three sons, but making father's home her headquarters. The journey from Boston in those days was a long and difficult one for a lady nearly seventy-four years old, but she was very smart and active.

Mother's parents were both living when I made this trip, but had removed to the large house in Wells, built by my great-grandfather, David Hatch, who died April 22d, 1845. It was in fine condition when, with my son Harry, I visited it July 7th, 1910.

Grandfather and Grandmother Hatch had the measles at the same time. He died from it April 27th, 1862, but she recovered and died of pneumonia February 28th, 1871.

Cousin Edward A. Hatch was at Grandfather Hatch's with me and we had a happy time together. I also visited Uncle Stephen Kimball in another part of the town of Wells. He owned and

lived on the farm formerly owned by his father, Wilbraham Kimball. It was on this farm, in a house just back of their house, that my father and his nine brothers were born. This farm has been sold out of the Kimball family, all of the buildings torn down, and the place has become so overgrown with bushes and trees that I failed to find the spot where the house had been when I searched for it on July 7th, 1910. In recalling the events of that never-to-be-forgotten trip, it makes me sad to remember that of all the members of the various families which I visited, but three of the adults are now living—mother's sister, Aunt Rebecca Wells; Aunt Sarah Hatch, the widow of mother's brother, George W. Hatch, and mother's sister, Aunt Sarah Peirce. Quite a number of the children are living, but many have gone to the beyond.

CHAPTER V.

The Campaign of 1860.

My father was always very much interested in politics and was well informed and ready to give a good reason for his beliefs. He was opposed to slavery and to any attempt to perpetuate it. We lived on the direct line of the underground railroad and I have frequently seen runaway slaves being carried by our house on their way to Canada. Father was greatly excited over the John Brown raid and the Free Soil Campaign, and I was brought up in that sort of an atmosphere.

My first very clear recollection of a Presidential campaign was that of John C. Fremont and James Buchanan in 1856. It was very exciting, but not so much so as that of 1860, in which Lincoln was elected. Fort Wayne had a large foreign population and was strongly Democratic. The best Republican speakers were sent to it and I heard most of them—John Sherman, Caleb Smith (afterwards Lincoln's Secretary of the Interior), Carl Schurz (who had just been driven out of Germany), Oliver P. Morton, and many others. I also heard Stephen A. Douglas, one of the Democratic candidates. What with the speaking, processions, the Wide-awake torchlight processions, things were exceedingly lively. I marched, hurrahed, and did all that a seventeen year old boy could to secure Lincoln's election.

After Lincoln's inauguration and the commencement of the War of the Rebellion, the Southern sympathizers in Fort Wayne became very active. Not only did they do everything in their power to keep men out of the army, but they organized three companies of Knights of the Golden Circle, an organization armed, equipped and sworn to fight for the South. Governor Morton and General Carrington had spies in their companies who kept them informed of their doings, and a counter organization was created throughout the State, called the Union Club. We had two of these clubs in Fort Wayne, fully armed, drilled and ready to fight when ordered. I was secretary of one of these clubs, having joined January 23d, 1863. Things were redhot and I wonder now that we

did not have an actual war in the city. Our guns were furnished by General Carrington. This was the earliest secret Union organization formed in this country. The following incident, which occurred on May 2d, 1863, shows the temper and disposition of the Knights of the Golden Circle in Fort Wayne.

The Union men had a grand rally with some noted speakers and a great crowd present. When the speaking was over and a large number had left the grounds, the Southern sympathizers organized a mob with clubs and any other weapon they could get and assaulted every Union man whom they found on the streets, a great many being badly injured. They then went to the railroad station to assault some of the speakers from out of town, but missed them. They then tried to stop the excursion train, shot the conductor and badly injured the fireman because the conductor refused to stop. I had gone home when the riot commenced and saw none of it. While the election of 1864, Lincoln's second election, was very exciting, I do not think it could compare in strenuosity with the election of 1860.

The First Regiment Recruited in Fort Wayne.

How quickly the war was on after Lincoln's inauguration! The attack on Sumter, the calling for seventy-five thousand volunteers, and instantly the whole nation was a camp. The first regiment raised in Fort Wayne was a one year regiment, the 12th Indiana, commanded by Colonel Bass, an officer of the Mexican War. At the end of its first enlistment it was re-enlisted for three years, and in its first battle after re-enlistment, at Richmond, Kentucky, its colonel was killed. Regiment after regiment was organized at Fort Wayne until the close of the war. I will speak of my own enlistment as a private in Co. E, 55th Ind. Vol. Infty., in its proper place.

My Employment as a Teacher in the Public Schools of Fort Wayne.

After my return from my trip East in 1861 I re-entered the high school, taking up advanced studies with Rev. George A. Irvin, the Superintendent of Public Schools, and afterwards with Rev. Robert Lowry, D. D., pastor of the First Presbyterian Church.

Shortly after the reopening of the schools, at my recitation one day Mr. Irvin said he had heard such good reports of my country schools that he would like to have me teach in the city schools and asked me whether I thought I could manage the intermediate school in the Clay Building. The school had gotten the upper hand of their teacher and she could do nothing with them. I told him that I thought I could. He said he did not want me to try and fail, for if I did it would affect my whole future as a teacher. I told him I was ready to take it. He said he would think it over and let me know later what he concluded to do, and then he asked me to go to the room and send the teacher to him and remain there until she got back. Some of the boys attempted to misbehave after she left, but I told them that I was to be there but a few minutes and they must not dare to misbehave while I was there, and my looks and attitude were such that they concluded not to try me.

They had been in the habit of throwing books, shoes and other missiles at each other during the school session, and in fact did not stop at any disorder. Under such conditions study and lessons were out of the question. The teacher was thoroughly cowed and afraid to do anything with them. I was ordered to take the school commencing with Monday, January 27th, 1862 (I then lacked some months of being nineteen years old). Mr. Irvin gave me full authority to do what I thought proper to re-establish discipline.

In those days teachers were allowed to punish under the supervision of the Superintendent. The school had about sixty boys and girls, discipline entirely destroyed, and they were ready for anything. I knew that there was but one thing to do; I must be master. They started their pranks as soon as the school was opened and I started my discipline. I used a rattan and thrashed twenty or thirty the first day and laid it on so that they felt it good and strong and did not want any more of it. It took me about two weeks to get the school into perfect order and after that I had the best behaved school in the city. Mr. Irvin kept his hands off, but he knew what I did and was greatly pleased with the way I mastered the trouble. For two weeks I paid little attention to lessons, for under the circumstances lessons were secondary. After discipline was established no one would want a brighter, more studious lot of boys and girls than I had.

Some time in the same year Mr. Irvin transferred me to the

grammar school in the same building, a school for older boys and girls. The same conditions existed in that school; they had completely mastered their teacher. I did not have the slightest trouble in bringing my new school under control, for they knew how I had secured discipline in the other school and did not want me to repeat it with them. Of course, disorder would break out occasionally, but it gave me no serious trouble, and I continued as its teacher until the close of the next school year, June, 1863, when I refused reappointment and secured a clerkship in the Internal Revenue Bureau of the Treasury Department in Washington. Between the two school years I served three months in the army, of which service I will now write.

CHAPTER VI.

My Army Service.

The war was becoming more and more serious and the belief that it would end in ninety days had proved fallacious. The usual term of enlistment was for ninety days, six or nine months or a year, but up to June, 1862, few had enlisted for longer periods. In May and early in June of 1862, Captain Charles Emery, of Fort Wayne, began to raise a company for three months service. Many of my friends had already enlisted in various regiments. When this company was raised I got the war fever, as did my friend, Lovetus Algernon, or as we familiarly called him, "Non" Ferris, the brother of Anna L. Ferris. One of us said to the other (I do not know which made the proposition), "If you enlist, I will," and the other replied, "If you enlist, I will," and we both joined Captain Emery's company, which became Co. E, 55th Ind. Infty.

The company was enrolled June 9th, 1862, and elected Charles Emery, captain, Brutus A. Bourie, first lieutenant and William L. Thompson, second lieutenant. Captain Emery, who had known me ever since he came to Fort Wayne from Kennebunk, Maine, offered to make me a non-commissioned officer, but I refused, telling him I wanted to serve as a private. Captain Emery re-enlisted after this service and was finally discharged after the close of the war as lieutenant colonel. He died in Washington, where his half brother, Senator Perkins of California, had given him a position in the United States Senate. I do not know Bourie's after service, but he died at Fort Wayne. Second Lieutenant Thompson was killed at the battle of Richmond, Kentucky, the only battle in which our regiment was engaged. Our company lost ten or twelve men killed and wounded in that battle. I do not know how many died from disease. When I left the City Hospital at Frankfort, Kentucky, on furlough, Charles Griswold, one of my company, was there, very sick with typhoid fever, from which he afterward died. One of my companions, named Gill, was severely wounded in a singular way and much fun was made of him on account of the position of his wound. On the

Irvin G. Kimball
Private Co E 55th Ind Vol Infty
Taken at Camp Morton Indianapolis
June 1862

Union side the battle was fought with raw troops. The 12th and 55th Indiana, with one Kentucky regiment, were the only regiments which had been drilled. All the other regiments had just been recruited and had had their guns but a few days. The 12th Indiana was a one year regiment, which had just re-enlisted for three years. The rebels were old troops. Our army did all right until they had to manoeuvre, then they broke and the rebels had it all their own way. Captain Emery ordered his company to retreat, each one for himself, firing as they ran. When loaded, they would get behind any protection they could find and fire at the advancing enemy. The comrade referred to lay on his stomach behind a log to fire, and naturally his feet stuck up with the heels to the front. As he thus lay a bullet struck him in the heel and went the length of his foot, making a very severe wound. That stopped his retreat and he was captured, but paroled. His comrades made all manner of fun of him for getting wounded in the heel.

Lieutenant Thompson was hit three times during the retreat, the last time through the heart. Captain Emery and many of the members of our company were taken prisoners. After taking from them everything of value, especially their boots, shoes and other clothing, they were paroled. In place of the clothing thus taken the rebels gave them their wornout clothing. When Captain Emery reached Indianapolis, where the regiment reassembled after the battle, he had on one old boot and one old shoe, and his other clothing was a sight. The retreat became a rout and it is said that some of our company brought up at Cincinnati and others at Louisville. Our time had expired, and we gathered at Indianapolis to be mustered out and paid off. I rejoined my company at Indianapolis, as is explained hereafter.

To return to my own service. After our company was organized we went to Camp Morton, Indianapolis, and with companies recruited in different parts of the State, formed the 55th Ind. Infty. At Indianapolis we, with the 56th Indiana, guarded the six thousand prisoners taken at Fort Donaldson. The first night our company was in camp the boys were having a high time when taps were sounded. This was, of course, the signal for all lights to be put out and the soldiers to go to bed, but they knew nothing about taps or the rules of army life and continued their good time. Presently the officer of the day, with a file of soldiers, came into our encampment and called out, "Fall in! Fall in!" So the boys

all fell in and were marched off to the guard house. When Captain Emery found it out he went to the officer commanding Camp Morton and got the boys out on account of their "greenness."

Our service at Camp Morton was quite severe, for the guard was a small one and the prisoners were very insecurely guarded, the prison being only an open space enclosed by a high board fence. The sentinels were stationed on the outside of this fence with one soldier on the inside at each of the two main gates and a few more at different posts on the inside of the inclosure. A squad was constantly patrolling the interior of the grounds. The prisoners slept in large barracks scattered throughout the camp, but were not locked up and were perfectly free to go wherever they pleased within the grounds day or night. The patrol was to keep them from congregating and breaking out. I have wondered many times since why they did not escape, as they could easily have done, as the guard was far from strong. They must have been deterred by the fact that while the bulk of them could escape many would be killed in the attempt.

I cannot now remember how often I was on guard duty, but with so small a guard the duty came very frequently, and each turn was more than twenty-four hours. The trick of duty was two hours on and four hours off. The distance around the ground was more than a mile and the sentinels were posted very near together so that no prisoner could climb the fence and escape between the sentinels. We were not allowed to stop our march for a moment. The beats were of the same length and we marched from one end to the other, all facing the same way and all turning at the same moment. Our guns were heavy Enfield rifles with very large bayonets. The cartridge contained a ball and two buckshot. I have some of the cartridges in my cabinet. We had no tents to protect us when on guard, and when it rained when we were off duty we would lie down in as dry a spot as we could find, with our woolen blanket and our rubber poncho as our only protection. I remember one night when I was awakened by a torrent of rain pouring into my face and a small river of water running under me, as I had unfortunately chosen a hollow for my bed. I removed my sleeping place very suddenly.

The prisoners had great fun with the sentinels. One trick was to throw pieces of wood or bones over the fence at them or pretend to climb the fence so as to make the sentinels fire off their guns and cause excitement among them and bring the officer of

the guard to the post. I have known this to be done to others many times when I was on guard, but fortunately never had it happen to me, and I have often heard the sentinels fire under such circumstances. The sentinel on the beat next to me was knocked over by a beef bone thrown at him. One very dark night I was one of a squad of about twenty-five, under command of a lieutenant, patrolling inside the camp. We were armed with loaded Enfield rifles with fixed bayonets, and each had, in addition, a large army six-shooter, as we were liable to be attacked at any moment. We would start from one of the main gates, make the circuit of the whole camp and return to our starting point, and after a short rest make the round again. The camp had been a forest and many of the trees were still standing, making it very dark, and it was full of logs and stumps. We tried to keep to the roads and paths, but the prisoners put obstructions of all kinds in our way over which we were constantly tripping, and, armed as we were, this was not only dangerous to ourselves but to others of our party. One of their favorite tricks was to stretch clothes lines across our path just high enough to catch us under the chin. Whenever we fell or stumbled we could hear all around us from between logs and stumps the giggles of the prisoners.

One incident might have ended in a tragedy had it not been discovered. On starting on one of our rounds I noticed the position of the sentinel on the inside of the main gate. On our return I noticed that he occupied the same position. The roadway through the gate had been dug down so that there was a bank on either side. This sentinel was sitting (this was a violation of his orders) on the bank, his feet in the roadway, his gun lying across his knees, his head resting on his hands and his elbows resting on his knees. I saw that he was asleep and called the attention of the lieutenant to him. He crept up to him and took hold of his gun, then woke him. It was an exceedingly dangerous thing for him to do, for, had the sentinel awakened, he would, without doubt, have shot him. The offense was one punishable with death. The sentinel was sent to the guardhouse under arrest and another left in his place. In a few days we were suddenly ordered to go to the front on account of Gen. John Morgan's raid toward Cincinnati and I never knew what was done with him.

During all the time we were at Camp Morton we were being constantly drilled, both in the manual of arms and in manoeuvers. Finally on July 11th, 1862, came the order for which we were

anxiously awaiting, to leave for Louisville and the front. It came just at night and the boys went wild over it. Among other things they did was to climb the large black walnut trees among which our tents were pitched and put lighted candles in their tops, each company trying to put their candles higher than any other. The regiment left for Jeffersonville the next morning, July 12th. There they crossed the Ohio to Louisville. The leaving was so hurried that it was impossible for the quartermaster to get ready to go with the regiment. I had been detailed on July 8th or 9th to duty with the quartermaster. He and his force left Indianapolis the same night at ten o'clock and reached Louisville Sunday morning, July 13th. The work we had to do was very pressing and laborious, the weather was exceedingly hot, and we had nothing to eat from Saturday morning until Sunday night, when the quartermaster gave us our supper at a hotel. During that time I drank water very freely. That night we spent in the depot at Louisville and in the night I was taken with bloody dysentery. The next morning we followed the regiment to Frankfort, where they had gone into camp in the meadow bordering on the Kentucky river. I lay in the depot at Frankfort all day, getting worse every moment. The regiment expected to be ordered away at once and there was no army hospital there. It was finally determined to arrange with some Union family to take me in their house and care for me. Our orderly sergeant arranged this with a family named Henderson, living near the railroad depot. The son of the family gave up his room to make a place for me. The room was a small bedroom directly over the hall door and my bed was beside the window, so that I could hear and see everything that went on in the street. Governor Magoffin, the rebel governor of Kentucky, lived just above our house and passed on the other side of the street going to and from his office. While there were a good many Union men in that State, as is proved by the large number of Kentucky regiments in the Federal army, there was an equal number of rebel sympathizers, of whom Frankfort had its full share. One such family lived just across the street and were in the habit of sitting in front of their house evenings, singing rebel songs. I could not stand this even if I was sick and unable to help myself. My regiment was gone, but a regiment from Ohio was there. One evening it got so bad that I could stand it no longer and called to the folks sitting at our front door that the singing of rebel songs must cease instantly; that if it did not

I would send for a file of soldiers and have the house raided. The singing stopped at once and was not resumed while I was there.

When I think back to that time and recall how very sick I was and the little care I received, I wonder that I lived through it. During all my sickness, even when lowest, I had no attention at night and in my weak state I have had to get up fifty times in a night. In the day some one would come to my room once in a while or whenever I called, the grandmother of the family most of all. Every morning she would bathe my face and arms, and as I was burning with fever, I can recollect how good it felt. I was out of my head most of the time and had all sorts of fancies; once I thought that Hon. Hugh McCulloch was at the depot calling for me and I got out of bed and had reached the front door when they saw me and carried me back to bed. How I got down those stairs in my weak condition I do not understand. At another time in the night I came to myself and found that I was hanging with my legs and half my body out of the window. How I succeeded in getting back into the room is a mystery to me.

One of the physicians of the city attended me without charge and a drug store furnished the medicines. When I was sickest fifty drops of laudanum were given me at a dose, but I did not improve and had no hopes of recovery until one day the grandmother strongly advised me to take fresh buttermilk and gave instances of its cures. I replied that the state of my stomach was such that the acid in the buttermilk would be sure death, but as I was going to die any way it would make no difference and I would try it. She got the buttermilk every morning and I began to improve with the first glass of it and have no doubt that it cured me. I was in such a weak state that it took a long time to recover, and in fact I did not regain my full strength for about a year and had two recurrences of the disease afterwards. They were, however, speedily mastered.

In the meantime a hospital had been established in Frankfort, as other regiments had reached there with their many sick. On August 12th, 1862, by the surgeon's orders, I was removed from the house of Mr. Henderson to the City Hospital. I can never forget the kindness shown me and other sick soldiers in the hospital by the citizens of Frankfort, especially by the ladies I had reached a condition where I was beginning to gain some of the many pounds which I had lost in the sickness and could eat

many things, among others thoroughly ripe peaches. I took short walks, hobbling along with a cane, to help recover my strength, and I was constantly the recipient of fruit and other dainties which it was thought I could eat. In a letter written at this time I said, "I never saw such a place. They will give us soldiers, especially the sick ones, anything. One thing, I suppose they know we saved their city from sack by Morgan and that makes them very grateful. The ladies have been furnishing food to the hospital free of charge. They formed a society of ladies which took turns two or three each day to provide food for the soldiers. The hospital had no food suitable for the sick; only army rations. During my short walks I saw many interesting things."

My memory is not clear as to the movements of my regiment during the time I was sick, but I believe that it went to Lexington, then returned to Frankfort, then was ordered away, as the rebel forces under Gen. Kirby Smith were headed towards Cincinnati and our forces were concentrated to oppose their advance. This resulted in the battle of Richmond, Kentucky, of which I have written. The 55th Indiana was to entrain between eight and nine o'clock p. m., but did not get off on time. I was able to go to the depot to see them off. Kentucky was then a slave State and had very stringent laws requiring all slaves to be at home at nine o'clock. There was a big crowd of negroes to see the soldiers off. Just then the nine o'clock bells rang and instantly there was a rush of the negroes through alleys and across lots to get away, and in a moment not one was to be seen. It was laughable, but the cause of their stampede made it pathetic.

Senator Crittenden, the great Kentucky Senator and a strong Union man, did all in his power to compromise the differences between the North and the South, and at this time had just reached his home in Frankfort from the peace convention which had been held in Washington. Our regiment went to his house and serenaded him and he came out on the portico and made a speech. I do not remember what he said, but it was on the subject so near his heart.

I was present at a great historical event which took place in the legislative halls of the State House on August 16th, 1862. It was the purpose of the Union men to have a man in the executive chair who was a Union man in place of Governor Magoffin, who had done everything in his power to get Kentucky to secede and to enlist men in the Southern army, and who had written to President Lincoln not to bring the Federal soldiers into that

State. The Union men finally got so strong and the State was so well covered with United States soldiers that Magoffin agreed to resign. In due course the President of the Senate would have succeeded him as Governor, but for some reason he was not satisfactory to the Union leaders.

They wanted Senator James F. Robinson, of Scott County, to occupy the Governor's chair, so it was arranged for the President of the Senate to resign that office and the Senator they wanted to be elected in his place, then the Governor was to resign, the President of the Senate to become Governor and the old President of the Senate to be re-elected President. I was present in the Senate and saw all this accomplished, and from that time there was no question about Kentucky and the loyalty of its Governor.

I was slowly but surely improving, but was very homesick. I was not in a condition to join my regiment and their time would expire long before I would be able to do service again. I therefore wrote to Captain Emery and asked for a furlough to go home. This he sent me immediately. His letter is dated August 20th, 1862, and this furlough was for eighteen days. I had no transportation and not one cent of money with which to pay my way home, for the regiment had not been paid. I finally remembered a lawyer, John R. Graham, Esq., whom I had seen, and I went to him and stated my financial condition. My condition of health he could easily see, for I was still very weak. He said, "Wait a minute and I will see what I can do for you." He was gone a little while and came back with enough money to take me home. I do not know, but believe he took up a contribution among his friends. As soon as I got home I sent him the amount he loaned me with many thanks and have his letter of acknowledgment.

I returned to the hospital after supper was over, but a colored waiter in an eating house across the street, hearing that I was to leave on furlough on the early morning train, had prepared at the restaurant a fine supper for me and brought it to me after my return. This eating house was owned by a Union man and his waiters had orders to bring a certain number of meals every day to the soldiers in the hospital. As our foods were mostly salt meats and hard tack, the food from the restaurant was a godsend to the sick soldiers.

I had gone to bed, but had not yet gone to sleep when I heard a man at the door of the hospital asking if one of the soldiers was not going to Louisville on furlough on the early morning

train and I was pointed out to him. He handed me a conductor's train slip and said it would pass me to Louisville, and it did. I do not know who he was, but have ever had a warm feeling in my heart for him. He was a conductor on that road.

I had had nothing to eat before I left Frankfort and was very faint and hungry when I reached Louisville. I went to the same hotel across from the depot at which the quartermaster gave us supper on July 13th and they prepared a breakfast for me of such food as I dared to eat and I also got my dinner there. I was to take the afternoon train from Jeffersonville, which is across the river. After dinner I went to the desk to pay my bill and the landlord called me to him and said, "Pay me." He questioned me and I told him about my sickness and where I was going. He could see my weak condition for himself. He then said, "Have you money enough to take you home?" I told him I thought I had. He asked me if I was sure. I told him I was and asked him how much I owed him. He said I owed him nothing and would not let me pay him anything. He then called one of his men and had him carry my knapsack and gun to the boat, as he saw they were too heavy for me. There is nothing too strong for me to say in favor of such men and women as I found in Kentucky, and when anyone says he is from that State my heart goes out to him in remembrance of what the Union men and women of Kentucky did for me.

I remained at home under the care of my mother, recovering my strength, until I went to Indianapolis at the end of my furlough to meet my regiment and be mustered out. I was mustered out on Sunday, September 7th, 1862, and received thirty-nine dollars, my pay for three months. A large number of the members of my company re-enlisted after their return to Fort Wayne, some in Captain Suttermeister's battery (11th Indiana), as did Non Ferris, on November 10th, 1862. Others re-enlisted in other organizations. Non's two brothers, Orville and Charles, and my cousin and old time playmate, William P. Kimball, also enlisted in that battery and went through the Atlanta campaign. The three were transferred to the 18th Indiana Battery, but Non was not transferred as he was taken with typhoid fever and died at Chattanooga, June 11th, 1864, and is buried in the National Cemetery there.

When the public schools opened the latter part of September 1862, I was sufficiently strong to take my old position and taught there during the school year.

CHAPTER VII.

I Come to Washington—The Washington of 1863.

In 1863 Congress passed an act providing for a National Bank system as a means of providing a market for United States bonds, then being issued to raise the money to carry on the war, as there was great difficulty in selling the bonds. Hon. Hugh McCulloch, the president of the Bank of the State of Indiana and one of the greatest financiers of the day, and a great friend of S. P. Chase, Secretary of the Treasury, was sent for by President Lincoln and asked to become the First Comptroller of the Currency and to organize the National Bank System. He accepted the position as a patriotic duty, although the salary was only half that which he was receiving as President of the Bank of the State of Indiana, and returned to Fort Wayne to settle up his own business. Mr. McCulloch was born within three miles of the town where father and mother were born and father went to Fort Wayne because Mr. McCulloch was there. The families had always been very intimate. His boys, Charles and Fred, and his nephew, Hugh McCulloch, Jr., were my playmates and schoolmates, and I knew he would do anything in his power for my well-being. I, therefore, went to see him in the bank and asked him if he would give me a position as clerk in his office, as I wanted a position for a couple of years to enable me to accumulate enough money to pay for a college course for which I was preparing. He told me that the deputy comptroller was appointing clerks in his absence and he did not know whether there would be any place left for him to fill, but he would see when he got back. I heard nothing from him for some weeks and then received an order to appear at the Internal Revenue Bureau in Washington for examination for a twelve hundred dollar clerkship. I learned that when Mr. McCulloch returned to Washington he found that he had no places left. After a time he went to the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, J. J. Lewis, and told him he must have a place for me. When he left Mr. Lewis he had my designation.

I left for Washington on August 13th, 1863, at one o'clock p. m. and arrived there on the fourteenth at 10:30 p. m., a little more

than a month after the battle of Gettysburg, the evidences of which could be seen all along the way between Harrisburg and Washington in the shape of hastly thrown up earthworks and burned and destroyed cars and engines. At Baltimore we had to cross the city from the Northern Central to the Baltimore and Ohio depot in omnibuses, there being no through trains. The Pennsylvania Railroad sold tickets to Washington, but before passengers reached Baltimore the conductor gave to each in cash the cost of a ticket from Baltimore to Washington, as the Baltimore and Ohio did not recognize or accept tickets sold by the Pennsylvania. This disagreeable condition continued until the Pope Creek line was built and gave the Pennsylvania a through line to Washington. The Pennsylvania for years tried to get a through line but the Baltimore and Ohio blocked them every time, as both the State of Maryland and the city of Baltimore were large stockholders in the latter company and no adverse legislation was allowed to pass.

The Pope Creek bill passed because its ultimate destination was so skillfully concealed that the Baltimore and Ohio did not mistrust the purpose of the bill.

Uncle Israel had arranged for me to board at the house of Major Luther O. Sullivan on the west side of Eleventh Street, between K and L Streets, northwest, where he and his son, George G., boarded. I took a street car along Pennsylvania Avenue to Eleventh Street and walked up that street until I found the house. This was my home for some months.

The Washington that I found in August, 1863, was a very different city from that of 1911. There was but one depot, the old Baltimore and Ohio, at the corner of C Street and New Jersey Avenue, and but one railroad entering the city in addition to the military railroad which crossed the Long Bridge. Pennsylvania Avenue was paved with rough cobblestones from the Capitol to the Treasury, and Seventh Street was paved in the same way for a few squares north of Pennsylvania Avenue. The other streets were dirt roads.

A canal ran through the city along B Street, Northwest, just south of the present Centre Market and down through the Botanical Gardens into the Potomac River near the Navy Yard, and was crossed by bridges at various points. Not one of the public buildings was completed. The Capitol was occupied, but the dome and porticos were not finished and the western portico had not been thought of.

The Treasury was the part that now faces Fifteenth Street with the old sandstone columns, the south and west sides not having been completed, and the north wing was then occupied by the building of the State Department. The Interior Department was only partly completed. The White House was the same on its north and south entrances, but the east and west entrances are new.

There was but one street car line, the Washington and Georgetown, and that was drawn by horse power. It ran from Georgetown along Pennsylvania Avenue to First Street, then on the north side of the Capitol Building, across the east front, out through Pennsylvania Avenue, southeast, to the Navy Yard. It had an extension up Seventh Street, how far I do not recollect, and shortly afterward an extension was built up Fourteenth Street. The cars had begun to run in October, 1862. Colored people were not allowed to ride on any part of the car except the front platform. What is now known as the Washington Railway and Electric Company was not in existence.

The market houses were three in number—one at Seventh Street and Pennsylvania Avenue, covering the park between Seventh and Ninth Streets; one known as the Northern Liberty Market, covering the ground now occupied by the Public Library, extending from Seventh to Eighth Streets; and the third one near Georgetown, what is now known as West Washington. Each of these markets was made of boards and were in a tumbled-down, ramshackle condition.

There was but one public school building, the Wallach, at Seventh and Pennsylvania Avenue, southeast. Other schools were held in rented buildings, some in churches and some in parts of buildings that were also used for other purposes. There were few policemen. The city to a large extent was policed by cavalrymen stationed at frequent intervals along the streets. There were very few fire engine companies and my recollection is that all were volunteer companies. The building at the corner of Nineteenth and H streets, northwest, now occupied by the Veteran Volunteer Firemen's Association, was then the quarters of one of these companies.

The ground known as Judiciary Square, with the exception of its northeast corner, on which the old jail was situated, was occupied by Judiciary Square Hospital. The park between Sixth and Seventh Streets, upon which the Pennsylvania depot was after-

wards built, was wholly occupied by a hospital. The grounds of the Columbian University north of the city, then called Columbian College, was used for the same purpose. There were large hospitals in various parts of the city wherever sufficient space was found. These various hospitals contained thirty-five thousand beds, and after the Battle of the Wilderness every bed was occupied and those not so seriously wounded were sent to Baltimore, as there was no room for them in Washington.

In addition to the hospitals, the government occupied many blocks in and around Washington for barracks. That part of the city from Fourteenth Street, west, along Massachusetts Avenue, which is now built with the finest residences in the District, including the site of the Church of the Covenant and the British Legation, were among the parts thus occupied.

Ground that to-day is worth five dollars a square foot could then be bought for one-half or one-quarter cent a foot. The city was a military camp. Soldiers were everywhere and officers swarmed at the hotels. The only daily newspaper was *The Evening Star*, a four paged paper. The *Chronicle* was at first a Sunday paper, but about the time I came to the city it issued a daily edition.

The only hotels in Washington in 1863 were the Willard, built at different times as business demanded, of irregular heights and a very dangerous firetrap, not having the slightest resemblance to the magnificent New Willard of to-day; the National Hotel, the Metropolitan, and the Kirkwood on the corner of Twelfth Street and Pennsylvania, on part of the site on which the addition to the Raleigh is now being erected; a small hotel on the corner of Seventh Street and Market Space, on part of the ground now occupied by the Saks Stores; and two small family hotels on the north side of Pennsylvania Avenue on each side of Third Street. All of the magnificent hotels now in Washington are new structures.

I think that only three Protestant Churches were then located where they are to-day—the New York Avenue Presbyterian; the First Presbyterian, located on Four-and-a-half Street, now John Marshall Place, and the Western Presbyterian, on H Street, near Nineteenth; and but one Catholic Church, St. Aloysius, but of that I am not positive. All the other churches have removed from their locations since that time or are new churches.

Washington had no Health Department to care for infectious

diseases or look after the sanitary condition of the city. No particular care was taken to protect the city from such diseases or from insanitary houses. In the winter of 1863-1864 there was a tremendous epidemic of smallpox. It was said that it was sent in clothing by Confederate agents. President Lincoln was one of the first to have the disease, but having been vaccinated he had it in the form of varioloid. It was said that there were four thousand cases of smallpox in Washington at one time and that every block in the city had cases. Three different persons had varioloid in the house in which I boarded. Nothing was done by the authorities; no attention was paid to the epidemic; no smallpox signs were shown; no quarantine was instituted, and every one went about his business as usual. Although I constantly visited those who had the disease in our house, I went to office every day and did not think of carrying the disease to others.

I have spoken of the condition of the streets and will give two illustrations of it. In the fall of 1863 the clerks coming from office, along New York Avenue, were stopped at the crossing at Fourteenth Street by a very long train of six-mule army wagons driven by negroes. There had been considerable rain and the unpaved street was in a terrible condition, deep with mud of the consistency of porridge. The line of wagons reached as far as one could see and the clerks had been waiting some time to get across and were impatient to get their dinners. Finally a fellow clerk by the name of Upson, dressed as usual in white duck, seeing a space between the end of one wagon and the mules of the next, made a rush to cross. Just as he did so, the mules stumbled and he was splashed with mud from head to foot. A loud shout went up from the crowd who, seeing his experience, decided to wait, even though it would make them late to dinner. On another occasion I saw an empty two-horse wagon stalled in the mud on F Street near Eleventh.

There has been a great change since 1863 not only in the character of the business houses of Washington, but also in their location. Such a thing as a department store was unknown. Each kind of business had a store of its own. The best stores were on Pennsylvania Avenue; the poorer and cheaper sort were on Seventh Street, but extended only a few blocks north of the Avenue. Drug and grocery stores were then, as to-day, scattered throughout the city. E Street, F Street, G Street, New York Avenue and Fourteenth Street, which to-day contain the best stores, were then wholly residential streets.

My appointment was dated Saturday, August 15th, 1863, the day after I reached Washington. Uncle Israel was also employed in the Internal Revenue Bureau, to which I had been appointed. He introduced me to A. B. Johnson, the Chief Clerk, who was designated to examine me. Of this examination I had considerable dread. "What State are you from?" was his only question, and I had no difficulty in passing. Mr. Arnold B. Johnson came to Washington as the private secretary of Charles Sumner and continued in that position until Mr. Sumner's death. Through him, after I left the Internal Revenue Office, I was employed as the attorney for Senator Sumner and frequently saw him at his residence. I was appointed commissioner to take his testimony in his divorce suit. I will never forget the pity I had for this lonesome old man, living alone except for servants in the magnificent house at the northwest corner of Vermont Avenue and H Street, now a part of the Arlington Hotel, a house filled with elegant furniture, rare paintings and engravings, valuable books, but inhabited by one solitary old man. I saw him one day at his house when he appeared to be in a conversational vein, which was not usual, and asked him to tell me about the assault on him by Brooks. He said that he was writing at his desk in the Senate after the adjournment of the Senate and that Brooks came behind him and began to beat him over the head with a heavy cane. That he (Sumner) tore the desk loose from its fastenings in his efforts to get up, but he could do nothing to protect himself from the blows Brooks rained on him. That he had suffered from the injuries ever since and expected always to suffer from them. I have been told by those who knew Brooks that all his life he did not cease to regret the cowardly attack he had made on Senator Sumner.

I usually saw Sumner in his library, but one day he sent for me to come early the next morning. I found him at breakfast and was ushered into the dining room, where he was alone except for a man servant behind his chair, and my heart went out in pity for the lonely old man. When I got home that night I told my wife that I would not change my humble home and my little family for all his honors, all his learning and wealth without the companionship in the home of loved ones.

After A. B. Johnson left the Internal Revenue Office, July 11th, 1865, he was appointed Chief Clerk of the Lighthouse Board and held that position for many years. He always proved him-

self to be a warm friend and one of my most prized letters is one from him, written to me the day before he left the office. It is as follows:

Treasury Department,
Office of Internal Revenue,
Washington, D. C., July 10, '65.

My dear Kimball:

To-morrow I leave the Chief Clerk's desk, as my resignation takes effect on the 11th, but I cannot leave without thanking you for your industry and punctuality as a clerk, and thanking you for the example you set of faithfulness and unswerving integrity which has enabled me to lean on you with confidence, and which example has gone far in making good clerks of men who would have proved indifferent under other circumstances.

Accept my best wishes, and believe me,

Sincerely your friend,
A. B. Johnson,
Chief Clerk.

CHAPTER VIII.

Reminiscences of Lincoln.

I had a strong desire to see President Lincoln and on my first Sunday in Washington, August 16th, 1863, went to Dr. Gurley's church, the New York Avenue Presbyterian, where Lincoln attended, and sat a little ways back of him so that I could see him and note every movement he made. I shall never forget the impression made on me by that tall, rugged, homely man with coarse black hair. I have no idea what the sermon was about, I could think of nothing but Lincoln. After this I saw and heard him many times, but in my references to some of the many times I saw and heard him speak I shall not attempt to give them in their order.

During the summer Lincoln occupied one of the houses still standing at Soldiers' Home. His guard was a troop of black horse cavalry, who escorted him to and from the White House. Lincoln usually rode in an open carriage. I saw him on this trip many times.

I do not remember the first time I was permitted to grasp him by the hand, but whenever there was to be a general reception I was pretty sure to be there because of the immense attraction to me of that wonderful man. I was at the New Year's reception of 1864 and that of 1865, and to other receptions at the White House, the last being that of January 23d, 1865. The crowd that then attended Lincoln's New Year receptions was of a very different character from those who attend the receptions of to-day. Besides the large number of soldiers, a very large percentage were of the common people and of the negro population. The negroes fairly worshipped Lincoln on account of what he had done for them. I remember very well the tall figure standing at the door of the Blue Room with Marshal Lamon at his side to introduce the multitude. Just beyond them Mrs. Lincoln was seated, the wives of the members of the Cabinet being in a group still further on.

On April 25, 1864, General Burnside marched through Washington on his way to the Army of the Potomac with the army

corps which he had just recruited, and Lincoln, with Burnside and other officers, reviewed them from the balcony over the Fourteenth Street entrance to Willard Hotel. I stood just below, where I could see every movement of the reviewing party. Each colonel would order a salute for the President, and Lincoln, in honor of the salute, would raise the tall hat with which his pictures have made us familiar. There was one exception, however. The colonel of one regiment evidently did not recognize the President and only knew General Burnside, so instead of giving the usual command for a salute, he turned to his regiment and in a loud voice gave the command, "Three cheers for little Burny!" Burnside had been standing a little to the rear of the President, and as the sun was shining brightly had not raised his hat when the salutes were given, but when that salute was given he stepped forward and raised his hat. Lincoln with a laugh gave Burnside a punch in the side and said something which I could not hear, but imagined that he said, "Now, old boy, it is your turn to take off your hat." The incident caused considerable amusement.

On March 17th, 1865, a rebel flag captured by an Indiana regiment at Fort Anderson, was presented to Governor Morton of Indiana at the National Hotel in Washington. A large number of the citizens of that State went to the hotel with a band to serenade the Governor. After several pieces had been played President Lincoln, Governor Morton and many other prominent men came out onto the balcony on the second floor, on the Pennsylvania Avenue side, near the corner of Sixth Street. Several speeches were made before Governor Morton spoke, during all of which Lincoln stood, oblivious to what was going on around him. He had the saddest expression I ever saw on a human face. He was, in thought, with the soldiers at the front, and was bearing a part in the conflict going on there. His sorrowful face had an expression such as I can imagine our Savior had when the Jews had rejected Him. After the others had spoken he was called on and I never saw such a change in the expression of a human face as that in Lincoln's when he came to himself and to his surroundings. It was the face of another man, bright, active, alert, with the lines of sorrow all smoothed out, and his speech was short, concise and full of great thoughts and wonderful expressions. I stood under a tree just at the corner of Sixth Street, where I could see and hear everything going on. It was developed afterwards

at the time of the trial of the assassins that John Wilkes Booth was standing under that tree right beside me for the purpose of killing Lincoln if he could get the opportunity with any chance of escape, but he did not find any opportunity.

On Sunday, January 29th, 1865, Lincoln was present with his Cabinet, Senators and Representatives, army and navy officers and distinguished citizens in the hall of the House of Representatives on the occasion of the annual meeting of the Christian Commission. Admiral Farragut, who had but recently come to Washington from his wonderful victories, sat near Lincoln in the space in front of the Speaker's desk. Every part of the floor and the galleries was packed. I was in the front row of the gallery. After the speaking had continued for some time the audience began to call for a speech from those whom they saw in the audience. Among others they called for Lincoln. He arose, and after a word or two asked Phillip Phillips, who had already sung several times, to sing a song of which Lincoln was very fond, which he did. Then the crowd began to call for Admiral Farragut, and as soon as the calls began the blood mounted to Farragut's face until he blushed like a young maiden. After repeated calls he got up and bowed to the audience and sat down, but did not speak. This man who could face the enemies' fleet fastened to the rigging of his ship could not face an audience or make a speech.

The last speech that Lincoln ever made was on Monday, April 10th, the week that he was assassinated. The war was then over and the soldiers were preparing to return to their homes. An Indiana regiment having a very fine band went to the White House and serenaded the President. After the band had played for some time he came to the middle window over the portico, known as the historic window. Before he came his son, Tad Lincoln, was there cutting up all sorts of capers, to the amusement of the crowd. The President was feeling very happy on account of the end of the Rebellion and showed it by his speech. I remember how he closed. He said in substance, "We have conquered the Confederacy and are entitled to all its property, and therefore, the song "My Maryland" is now the property of the United States. I, therefore, ask the band to play "Dixie." This caused a great shout and the band played it with a vim. Lincoln was followed by Gen. Butler and others, all speaking in a joyful strain.

My First Votes.

My first vote was cast for Gov. Morton and the Republican ticket in the Indiana State election, October 11th, 1864, and my second for Abraham Lincoln at the time of his second election, November 8th, 1864. I will not attempt to describe that very bitter campaign, in which the Southern sympathizers and Lincoln's enemies did everything they could to defeat his reelection. There never was a man more villified and no epithets were too bad to use towards him. One of the most common was to call him a baboon. It is all a matter of history. On the 4th of March, 1865, I saw the Inaugural Procession on Pennsylvania Avenue on its way to the Capitol. After most of the procession had passed I ran to the Capitol through side streets and took my place directly in front of the stand where Lincoln was to take his oath of office and to deliver his Inaugural Address. I was so near to him that I saw everything and heard every word of that address, one of the greatest papers ever written by man. The ceremonies were not so elaborate as are those of later years, for it was in the midst of a great war, but the memory of what took place will never be blotted from my mind. The Inaugural Ball was held in the upper story of the then unfinished Patent Office. The Ball Room was crowded, but it lacked the beauty of adornment of later Inaugural Balls, with their wealth of electric lights and flowers and flags.

CHAPTER IX.

The Assassination of Lincoln.

On the night of April 14th, 1865, I was rooming and boarding at Mrs. Kleiber's boarding house, on the south side of E Street, between Ninth and Tenth Streets, having moved there on March 31st. I had planned to go to Ford's Theater, on Tenth Street, but for some reason did not go and was at home. Some people from the house went and about ten o'clock or a little later ran home, crying, "Lincoln is shot! Lincoln is shot!" I immediately ran to the theatre. Lincoln had been taken out and had been carried across the street when I got there. Part of the audience was in the street and lobbies and part in the theatre. The actors and actresses were, many of them, still on the stage in the costumes they had worn. I immediately jumped onto the stage and went to the place where Booth had landed when he jumped from the box. The stage where the feet of Booth struck was covered with a carpet, in which I saw plainly tears made where his heels had struck when he jumped from the box to the stage. Just as I was examining the tears in the carpet Mr. Gobright, the Washington agent of the Associated Press, went into Lincoln's box and picked up the pistol with which the President was shot, and holding it up, said, "Here is the pistol! Here is the pistol!" I then went into the box and was the second man who entered after the President had been removed.

The box was in the condition it had been left when the President had been removed. He had been sitting in a large haircloth arm chair, at the left hand side of the double box, the two upper boxes having been thrown into one. There were four occupants. Mr. Lincoln sat at the left hand side; Major Rathborne and Miss Harris, daughter of Senator Harris of New York, sat between him and Mrs. Lincoln, who sat on the right hand side nearest the stage. Lincoln's chair and the floor were covered with blood. Lincoln's hat and Mrs. Lincoln's fan and the program he had been using lay on the floor and everything was in confusion. Had I thought of it I could have picked up several souvenirs of the tragedy, but I was too much excited to think of it and took

nothing. The third one to come into the box was Maj. Richards, the Chief of Police. The box was in darkness, the lights having been turned off, and I suggested to the Chief of Police that we ought to have a light. Just then a man came to the entrance of the box who appeared to be one of the employes of the theatre and who at the trial of the conspirators I found to be Spangler, the stage carpenter, and Maj. Richards ordered him to turn on the lights in the box, but he refused. He ordered him to do so the second time, and when he refused again the Major turned to an officer in the doorway and ordered him to arrest the man. Spangler then turned on the lights. I have no doubt, from the evidence given at the trial of the conspirators, that he assisted Booth in preparing the box beforehand and that his refusal to turn on the lights was to give Booth time to escape. That those who read this account may have a clear understanding of the situation of the box and of the incidents connected with the assassination, I will give a more detailed account of its construction. The entrance to the box was on the right hand side of the gallery as one faced the stage. A door led from the gallery into a passageway, from the further end of this passageway a door led into the second box. As on this night both boxes were thrown into one large box the door leading into the second box was locked.

Just after entering this passageway a door at the left gave entrance to the first box and was the only entrance to the President's box. This door opened to the left inward. Booth during the day had fitted a bar across the door entering into the passageway from the theater, so that when the bar was in place no one could enter the passageway from the theater. He had also cut a peephole through the door at the left, so that when he was in the passageway he could have a full view of the interior of the box and could enter at a time when he would be unobserved. I have never seen any reference to the torn carpet or to this peephole in any account of the assassination that I have read. I called the attention of Mr. Gobright and Maj. Richards to this peephole at the time I discovered it.

When Booth entered the passageway and had fastened the outer door, he entered the box at a time when he was unobserved. He crept behind the President and shot him, the ball entering at the base of the brain at the left hand side. As he did so he jumped to the front of the box and dropped the pistol, afterwards picked up by Mr. Gobright. He then transferred a large Bowie

knife from his left to his right hand (I saw the knife at the trial) and ran to the edge of the box to jump onto the stage, and as he did so Maj. Rathborne grabbed him. Booth cut at him with the Bowie knife and made a deep cut nearly the length of his right arm, but Rathborne did not know that he was cut until he nearly fainted from loss of blood. On the edge of the box just before he jumped to the stage, Booth cried, "Sic semper tyrannis!" As he jumped, one of his spurs caught in the American flag draped just below the edge of the box. This flag had been borrowed for use on that occasion from the Treasury Regiment that had been organized just after the Early raid on Washington. I was a sergeant in that regiment. The result of Booth's spur catching in the flag, and possibly his struggle with Maj. Rathborne, caused him to strike the stage in such a way that one of the bones of his leg was broken. The audience was immediately in a tremendous uproar. Very few knew, however, what had happened.

The box under that of the President was occupied by Maj. Stewart, whom I knew well, a very tall, powerful man, who on hearing the pistol shot and seeing a man jump onto the stage, knew that something had occurred in the President's box and stepped out of his box to the stage and attempted to catch Booth. The latter threatened him with the Bowie knife, but he continued to pursue him behind the scenes, but Booth, being familiar with the stage, having acted there on several occasions, easily escaped from his pursuer.

In the alley just back of the theater Harold was awaiting Booth with two horses. He jumped on one of the waiting horses and the two rode out of the alley into F Street, between Ninth and Tenth Streets, and from there to the Navy Yard bridge. There was a guard house at the bridge, but the soldiers knew nothing of the assassination and Booth was permitted to pass over the bridge into Maryland.

I shall never forget the excitement of the city that night and the next day. The buildings of Washington, both public and private, at the time of the assassination were covered with decorations in honor of the surrender of Gen. Lee, but this was all quickly changed to mourning and every building was draped in black. Many who were rejoiced at Lincoln's death, draped their houses because they feared their own lives would pay the forfeit if they failed to do so. I spent the night of the 14th and until

three o'clock a. m., of the 15th in the neighborhood of the theatre and of the house opposite to which Lincoln had been removed. There were immense crowds around there, but they were quiet and subdued. The next morning about half past seven I went to the house where he was and learned that he had passed away at 7:22 a. m. I do not know that any one was seriously injured during the excited condition of the city but I saw one man being rushed by a mob to a lamp post at 14th street and Pennsylvania avenue to be hanged because he expressed his pleasure at Lincoln's death. He was rescued by a squad of police who came up just in time to save him, and take him to a place of safety. He would certainly have been hanged in another minute. The city was full of all sorts of stories and rumors and every little while an extra paper would come out. The newsboys raised the price to ten cents a copy (the regular price was five cents) and sold them like hot cakes. I heard of one newsboy who made $56.00 selling newspapers on that Saturday. I need not tell how the different conspirators were arrested for that is well known. I will never forget seeing Lincoln lying in state in the middle of the East Room of the White House, on April 18th, 1865, and the immense crowd who passed through for their last look at the beloved Lincoln. Neither will I ever forget the funeral procession on April 19th as it passed along Pennsylvania avenue to the B. & O. station on the way from the White House to the final resting place at Springfield, Illinois. I viewed it from the roof of the Treasury building. The procession was nearly two hours in passing.

Maj. Rathborne died in Hildesheim Insane Asylum in Germany, August 14th, 1911. He was appointed United States Consul at Hanover, Germany, in 1887 and shortly after lost his reason.

CHAPTER X.

My Work as a Clerk.

I took up my work in the Internal Revenue Office on Monday morning, August 17th, 1863, being assigned to auditing the assessors' tax lists. Each assessor made up a list each month of all items taxed in his district during the month. The lists of some districts contained hundreds of pages. Each page contained about thirty items and had to be totaled and each item examined to see if taxed the proper rate and the proper amount carried out. The audit had to show the total tax upon each separate subject of taxation contained in the list and the totals had to equal the amount of the list. Mathematics was always easy for me and I did my work very rapidly and correctly. Many of the clerks had great difficulty in getting their lists to balance. I remember one case where a list balanced within one cent the first time, but the clerk worked a whole month to find that cent and could not find it, and the list was finally taken from him and given to another clerk to balance.

The first report of the Internal Revenue Office to Congress should have been ready the first Monday in December, 1863. The report was mostly figures and required an immense amount of work to prepare it. The whole force of the office was put on it, part going to work at 9 a. m. and working until 4 p. m., then going back at 6 p. m. and working until 10 p. m. I chose the night force which went to work at 9 p. m. and worked until 6 a. m., going out at 1 a. m. for lunch which was furnished by the government. I commenced my all-night work on November 30th, 1863. As the figures became more and more consolidated, fewer clerks could be used and the lest efficient were dropped until four only were left. I was one of the four and we finished Sunday morning, December 27th, at one o'clock.

Each of the four received promotion in acknowledgement of his efficiency. My promotion was to $1,400 and was received on March 1st, 1864, when I had been in the office a little more than six months. My second promotion, to $1,600 was made March 20th, 1865, and my third, to $1,800, on September 1st, 1866. In

each case the promotion came unsolicited and in consideration of my work.

From the Auditing Branch I was soon transferred to the Claims Branch of the office which had charge of the refunding and abatement of all erroneous taxes. The work was very important and touched every branch of taxation. The assessors were new to their work and the law was also new so that very many errors occurred. The Claims Branch refunded from $800,000.00 to $1,000,000.00 a year and abated, either as erroneous or uncollectable, from $12,000,000.00 to $15,000,000.00 a year.

The chief of this division was a Mr. E. L. Childs and he very soon began to leave me in charge of the division whenever he was absent. He resigned on May 12, 1865, to become Chief Deputy of one of the large New York districts. Before he left he very strongly urged the Commissioner to appoint me in his place, but the Commissioner was afraid to do so on account of my youth, as I was but twenty-two at the time. I knew nothing of this until some time afterwards. A much older man, a lawyer named Israel Dille, was given the place and I was made his deputy, but had charge of the bulk of the work with thirty or forty clerks under me most of the time. Among my clerks were five ministers.

Members of Congress, as well as assessors and collectors and attorneys from all over the country came to my division with reference to Internal Revenue claims and in this way I made many very valuable acquaintances who were a great help to me when I began the practice of law. Hon. Eben C. Ingersoll, member of Congress from the Peoria District of Illinois, and his brother, Robert E. Ingersoll, were frequent visitors to my division on business for their clients. Both were outspoken atheists and never came without getting up a controversy with one or the other of the ministers on the subject of religion. They did it, not to convert the ministers to their way of thinking, but for their own amusement. It did not affect anyone and I did not interfere.

In order that my children, for whom these memoirs are written, may know me as a young man, I have already shown how I was regarded by my immediate superiors, as is evidenced by the request of Mr. Childs that I be given his place at the Claims Division, and by the letter of Hon. A. B. Johnson, already quoted. I will now give another incident along the same line.

Hon. E. A. Rollins, afterwards President of the Centennial National Bank of Philadelphia, succeeded J. J. Lewis as Commissioner of the Internal Revenue Bureau and on May 11th, 1865, gave a clerkship in his office to his younger brother, George F. Rollins, still employed in that bureau. Mr. Rollins asked me to take his brother as my roommate as he was young and he wanted him to be under good influences. This I did and highly appreciated the good opinion my chief had of my character and influence. Mr. Rollins, after we were both out of office, and up to the time of his death, retained me in some very intricate legal business and after his death I was employed by his executors in some very important litigation over his estate.

CHAPTER XI.

Going to the Front to Care for the Wounded.

From the time of my arrival in Washington, August 14th, 1863, to the close of the war, the city was constantly in the excitement of battles although they might be at a great distance from Washington. The hospitals around and in Washington were constantly receiving the wounded and sick from the armies of the Potomac and every battle wherever it occurred was fully reported in its newspapers.

On April 25th, 1864, the army corps of more than 45,000 men which had just been raised by Gen. Burnside, passed through Washington on its way to join the Army of the Potomac, and in a few days it was engaged with that army in the great series of battles known in history as the Battle of the Wilderness in which there was an immense loss of life and a very large number of wounded. The number of wounded was so large that it was impossible for the medical department properly to care for them, and volunteers were called for to go to the front for that purpose. I was one of the volunteers. The previous winter I had taken a few medical lectures at the old Georgetown Medical School without any intention of becoming a physician and had some knowledge of the care of the sick. On Thursday, May 12th, I went down the Potomac to Belle Plain, the base of supplies of the Army of the Potomac, on one of the government transports and reached there at night. The next day I helped take care of a train of 3,000 wounded soldiers who had just reached there from the battlefield and as yet had not been removed from the ambulances to the hospital steamers to be carried to Washington. Their wounds had not been dressed and they had had no food since leaving the battlefield. Our duty was to go along this wagon train giving them milk punch as nourishment and doing what we could for them. Milk punch was the only nourishment available and the only thing that, under the circumstances, they could take. I went from wagon to wagon and gave a few spoonfuls to each wounded man. There were three men

in each wagon and I frequently found that one or more on a wagon had expired on the awful journey from the battlefield. This gave me my first real knowledge of the sufferings of wounded men. They remained on the ambulances until they could be removed to the hospital ships where there were many nurses and surgeons to care for them.

On Saturday, May 14th, with other volunteer nurses, I left Belle Plain on foot for Fredericksburg, to which place the wounded were taken right from the battlefield not far distant. I do not remember how many miles it was from Belle Plain to Fredericksburg but perhaps from eight to ten miles. The whole region was stripped bare by marching and counter-marching of both armies. I saw no inhabitants, but knew that we were in danger of being picked up by guerillas, and I afterwards learned that some who went across a short time after us were thus captured. Fredericksburg was deserted by its inhabitants and was a great hospital. On account of my slight knowledge of medicine, I was put in charge of a ward of wounded officers in a private house, known as White Mansion Hospital. I was there several days caring for the wounded, dressing their wounds and giving them medicine under the surgeons' orders. I will relate only one of the incidents which occurred. I had been on duty almost constantly day and night until I was completely worn out, as there was no one to relieve me. I finally told the surgeon in charge that I must have some rest, that I could not do duty another night without some rest and he promised that I should be relieved that night. About ten o'clock after I had gotten the ward quiet and patients asleep, a man was brought in and introduced to me as my relief. He had just arrived from Washington. The lights in the ward were turned low and we spoke in whispers. I pointed out various cases and told him what to do in certain events and of one man whom he must watch with extreme care as his wound was likely to start to bleeding at any moment and if it was not checked at once the man would bleed to death. When I told him this, he said "I cannot stand this, I must get out of here," and fell over in a dead faint. His head struck a valise belonging to one of the officers and made an awful noise, arousing all the wounded men in the ward. He got up and ran out of the building as fast as he could go. I had to stay on duty and do all over again the work of getting the men quiet and asleep. As fast as possible the wounded men were

removed from Fredericksburg to Washington and I frequently visited them in the hospitals here.

While at Fredericksburg, I visited the battlefield where the Army of the Potomac was so severely defeated during the previous year. Between the town of Fredericksburg and the line of the Confederate army was a level field about one-half mile in width, with a hollow where a stream of water ran through the middle of the plain. The Rebels had three lines of works. The lowest one behind a stone wall running along the side of a road, the middle one a line of earth-works half way up the hill just back of the road and the third a line of earth-works on top of the hill. The moment the Union troops came out from the protection of the houses of the town, they were in easy range of each one of these three lines of works. When I passed over the battlefield and saw what strong lines of defense the Rebels had with no cover for the Union troops except the depression referred to, I did not wonder that 16,000 men were killed or wounded in that battle, but wondered that any escaped alive.

To show the terrible rain of bullets, I saw a frame building apparently a barn, two stories high in the lower line of earth-works, with not a square inch in which there was not a bullet-hole. It was a most terrible illustration of a hail of bullets that I ever saw. I have in my cabinet an army buckle marked "U. S." which I picked up in the neighborhood of Fredericksburg, whether from a living or a dead soldier, I do not know. Could it speak it might tell a thrilling story.

CHAPTER XII.

General Early's Raid on Washington and the Capture of Richmond.

In July, 1864, Gen. Early made his celebrated raid on Washington. On Monday, July 11th, his army was reported to be within seven miles of the city. Washington was virtually undefended at that time, there being but a handful of troops in the defences. The clerks in the War Department were organized into regiments and some of them sent out into the trenches. All convalescents in the hospitals were also sent out. What could such a handful of men do against Early's veteran troops? There was great anxiety in Washington. Early reached the vicinity of the fortifications that night but his soldiers were tired with their long arduous march and he decided to make the attack in the morning.

During the night the veteran Sixth Corps, hurridly detached from the Army of the Potomac, reached Washington and were still marching out Fourteenth Street when I went to the office Tuesday morning and were in the fortifications when Early made his attack. His delay lost him the prize for which he came. The fighting continued all day of the twelfth and could easily be heard in every part of the city. The anxiety was very great, for the capture of Washington might mean the success of the Rebellion and the destruction of the Union. During the day the President went to the front and was under fire.

On the same day the clerks in the Treasury Department were organized into a Treasury regiment, the Internal Revenue Bureau having one company. On account of my having been in the army I was made a sergeant. One of my duties was to drill the raw recruits. Every afternoon the clerks were excused from their duties and sent out for drill. Some were very much provoked because they were compelled to drill and to perform the duties of a soldier. I remember especially one man by the name of Blood who had recently been appointed to a clerkship in the Internal Revenue Office having just graduated from Harvard

College. He became very angry at having to drill and said in my hearing that he did not come to Washington to be a soldier. I said nothing but saw to it that he had a double dose of drilling and put him through to the best of my ability. He did not dare to refuse for it would have meant his discharge from the office.

The admirers of the regiment presented it with a beautiful silk flag. The presentation was made in the grounds of the White House. This was the flag that afterwards draped the box of Lincoln and caught the spur of the assassin, Booth. It is now preserved in the War Department in a large glass case in the ante-room of the Secretary of War.

In April, 1865, in that great engagement known as the Battle of Five Forks, Sheridan captured a large number of prisoners, and the officers were brought to Washington. Among them was Lieut. General Ewell, Maj. Generals Kershaw and De Ford and officers of all grades to captain. They were taken to the office of the Provost Marshall which was then on the east side of Fourteenth street, between G street and New York avenue. I went with a large number of others to see the prisoners. The generals were upstairs in the office of the Provost Marshal and the lesser officers were in the grounds attached to the building, guarded by sentinels. The spectators were allowed to talk with the prisoners. I heard one of the prisoners say to a man talking with him, "Had we known when I was here with Early last July what we found out afterwards, we would have had Washington," and it was true.

Rejoicing Over the Capture of Richmond.

I shall never forget the capture of Richmond on April 3d, 1865. The first knowledge we had that it had been captured was about 11:30 a. m., when the Treasury regiment band came out into the hall beating their drums and blowing their horns, making the greatest racket possible. This brought every clerk into the halls and then they began to shout and such noise I never heard in my life. That night there were bon-fires and speeches and the next night, April 4th, 1865, every public building was illuminated and speeches were made by Andrew Johnson, Governor Yates of Illinois and others. The illumination on April 4th, 1865, was not the first one for on February 22d, 1865, all the departments had been illuminated in honor of Gen. Sherman's victories.

On Monday, April 10th, 1865, news came of the surrender of Gen. Lee. It was after this news came that the Indiana regiment serenaded Lincoln and that he made his last speech of which I have already written. On April 11th, all public buildings were again illuminated and on April 13th every building, public and private, was illuminated and it was the most beautiful sight I ever saw. The whole city as well as the whole North was wild with joy.

What a change came with the 14th of April and the assassination of Lincoln. As fast as the decorations could be replaced by black the city went into mourning until every building in Washington was thus draped and all business houses were closed.

President Johnson and His Impeachment.

The morning Lincoln died, Andrew Johnson was sworn in as President of the United States and took temporary offices in the west wing of the second story of the Treasury building facing the White House.

On April 21st, 1865, I went with a large number of Indianans and called upon Gov. Morton at the National Hotel. After being introduced to him, we went to the President's temporary offices in the Treasury Department and, after speeches by Gov. Morton and President Johnson, were introduced to and shook hands with him.

I had seen President Johnson and heard him speak several times before he became President and my impression of him was not of the best. His condition of drunkenness at the time of his installation as Vice-President on the 4th of March, 1865, when he was so drunk that he did not know what he was doing, is a well-known historical fact. I remember hearing him speak from the steps of the Interior Department, I think it was when Richmond was captured. He was evidently very much under the influence of liquor and his talk was so reckless that I was disgusted with him. I have no recollection of the other occasions when I saw him, but I got the impression from them that he was a drunkard. The scene in the Senate when he was installed as Vice-President made a great impression upon the people of this country and the newspapers were full of the account of it. All this had its effect on Johnson and I find from my letters written at the time of the assassination that he made the most absolute

promises to refrain from drink. In those letters I spoke of my hope that the lesson was such that Johnson would keep his promise. Whether he did or not I do not know. I have no recollection of seeing him after that time when he appeared to be drunk. Whether his quarrels with Congress, which led up to the bill for his impeachment was the result of his habits, I have no knowledge.

A bill to impeach him was presented to the Senate by the House of Representatives and a committee of the best lawyers in the House was appointed to present it to the Senate. That committee was headed by Gen. Benjamin F. Butler. I do not remember how long the trial took but it was fought with the greatest determination and the President was represented by the strongest lawyers in the United States. At the head of them was William M. Everts, afterwards Secretary of State and senator from New York. I was present at the trial several times and was intensely interested. In my archives I have two tickets of admission which I used at that trial.

As is well known the trial resulted in the dismissal of the Bill of Impeachment by one vote.

CHAPTER XIII.

Trial of the Assassins.

President Johnson pushed the trial of the assassins of President Lincoln vigorously. It was held in May, 1865, in the old penitentiary building on the site of what is now known as the War College. I was present on three different days, viz. May 20th, 22d, and 26th. Maj. Gen. Hunter was President of the court martial and Brig. Gen. Hartranft was in charge of the prisoners. No one was admitted except on a pass by one or the other of the generals. My first pass was from Gen. Hunter, after that from Gen. Hartranft, whom I knew.

The grounds were surrounded by high brick walls about one-fourth of a mile from the building. The first sentinels were met at the outer gate and they were thickly posted all the way to the building. They were also placed all around the building. After getting inside the inner wall and just around the building, sentinels were posted every ten feet. The court room was a large square room in the third story of the building with heavily barred windows. The room was entered from the east and Gen. Hartranft sat at a small table immediately inside the door. On the north side was a long table at the head of which sat Gen. Hunter, at his right, Maj. Gen. Lew Wallace, at his left, Maj. Gen. Kautz, a cavalry officer, then the other generals composing the court. At the further end on the side sat Gen. Holt, Judge Advocate General, and with him sat his two assistants. On the south side of the room was a small table for the reporters and between the two was the witness stand. Very few spectators were admitted and they sat on the east side.

On the west side behind a railing which stretched across the room, with a soldier between each two, sat the eight conspirators. The first commencing on the south side was Mrs. Surratt seated in an arm chair. She was rather a good looking woman of about fifty years of age, of rather large build, with black hair and good features, one whose appearance would never cause her to be suspected of the crime with which she was charged. Her legs

were chained but otherwise she was not fastened. She was dressed in black with a veil over her face and kept her eyes fixed on her hands. Next to her was Harold, Booth's companion. He was a small idiotic appearing man and his face showed no strength of character. Next to him sat the most noted character of the eight, Payne, who attempted to assassinate Secretary Seward. He was a young man, about twenty-two years of age, of very strong physique, tall, broad shouldered, well proportioned with a large neck, evidently a man of immense strength, for in the struggle at the time of the attempted assassination of Secretary Seward, he mastered several men and would have accomplished his purpose had not Seward rolled behind and under the bed in the struggle. Payne had black hair which hung over his left eye. He was dressed in a pair of pants and a woolen shirt with shoes and stockings. He was handcuffed with a heavy iron bar about one foot long between his wrists, his legs were chained together and had a very heavy iron ball attached to the chain. The ball was so heavy that it was as much as the soldier who had charge of him could carry.

Next to him sat Atzerot, a little fellow who looked like a Dutchman. His part had been to kill Gen. Grant. He was chained as was Payne. Next to him sat O'Laughlin whose task it had been to kill Secretary Stanton. He was quite small with long black hair and whiskers, and looked like a Frenchman. Next to him sat Spangler, the stage carpenter at the theater. It was claimed that he assisted Booth in preparing the theater for the assassination of Lincoln and then assisted him to escape. His face impressed me as one of the most villianous of the lot. Next to him sat Dr. Mudd, the man at whose house in Maryland Booth had stopped on his flight from Washington to have set the bone which was broken as he jumped onto the stage at the theater. Booth lay concealed at his house for twelve hours and it was charged that Mudd afterwards assisted him to escape. Dr. Mudd was a sandy-haired man, larger than any of the others except Payne. The last one in the row was Arnold who spent most of his time looking out of the window.

The result of the trial is a matter of history. Mrs. Surratt, Payne, Atzerot and Harold were hanged in the penitentiary on July 7th, 1865, the others were sentenced to imprisonment for life at the Dry Tortugas except Spangler who got six years. Much discussion has taken place since as to whether or not Mrs.

Surratt was guilty. I have never had any doubt upon that subject and have always believed that she was guilty. The fact that the conspirators met at her house; the fact that before the 14th of April, 1865, she prepared for Booth's coming to her country house in Maryland; the fact that Payne spent several days in her city house before the assassination and that in the early hours after midnight of April 17th he came there as to a place of refuge, having plumber's tools and telling the officers who were watching the house that he was there for the purpose of doing some work for Mrs. Surratt, are some of the many indications proved at the trial showing that she had full knowledge of all that was going to take place and was actively interested in it. Her house is still standing in the same condition as in 1865, on the south side of H Street, between Sixth and Seventh Streets, northwest.

The son of Mrs. Surratt, John Surratt, was also charged with conspiracy in the assassination, but escaped from the United States. After several months he was found at Rome, having enlisted in the Pope's body guard but escaped from the officers and went to Algiers from whence he was brought back to the United States and tried in the criminal court room in the City Hall in Washington which has seen so many noted trials. The result of his trial was his discharge as the government was unable to prove, to the satisfaction of the jury, his connection with the case.

I was at the trial one day. Another noted trial that took place in this court room was that of Guiteau, the assassin of President Garfield. I was in court when he was arraigned, but was in Europe when he was tried.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Grand Parade.

The war was over and more than a million of fighting men had to return to their homes and to peaceful pursuits. Many persons thought it a very doubtful question what these old soldiers would do after three or four years in the army, and recalled the robber bands all over France after Napoleon's army was disbanded as example of what might be expected. The newspapers were full of prophesies of the future conduct of our discharged soldiers. They forgot that Napoleon's soldiers were of a different class from the Anglo-Saxon citizens of the United States, and the soldiers of the North and the soldiers of the South returned to their homes and took up their duties as citizens without a ripple on the body politic.

Just before their return to their homes the Union armies had a parade at Washington which is known as the Grand Parade. This occurred on May 23d and 24th, 1865. Each day of the parade I secured a position where I could see it to the greatest advantage. Such a review, such armies and such surroundings were never seen before in the history of the world and I do not believe will ever be seen again. I saw the parade of the Army of the Potomac, 75,000 strong, on May 23, 1865, from a stand on the south front of the Treasury building, having been given a pass, which I still have, from Secretary McCulloch. I sat where I could see the whole line of march from the Capitol to the Treasury and had a near view of each regiment at it made the turn into Fifteenth Street.

On May 24th, 1865, the day of the parade of Sherman's army, 100,000 strong, I was on a front seat of a stand on the north side of Pennsylvania Avenue just across from the stand in front of the White House occupied by President Johnson and his Cabinet and the great men of the Nation, with the representatives of foreign nations and the high officers of the army and navy. The stand in which I was seated occupied the whole front of Lafayette Park and was erected for the officers of the army and navy and for the executive departments. I will not attempt

to describe the wonderful scenes of those two days for I am incapable of doing so.

Every regiment was at its best and every man of the hundreds of thousands was supremely happy. It was the end of their service, then came home and meetings with mother and father, wife and children and sweethearts. The long years of war were past, peace and a saved country had come, and life was to be taken up again where they had laid it down when they went into the army. How well they took it up, history fully shows. The old soldiers have filled every office in the Nation and State and have been at the head and the moving spirits of all business enterprises.

The new States and Territories have been settled to a large extent by the old soldiers and the present prosperity of the country has to a large degree been the result of their efforts. A keen observer of the men in the two armies could have clearly foretold from their manly appearance and their accomplishments what those splendid men would accomplish as citizens. Men, I write, but I might have well called them boys still, for although they were seasoned soldiers, the heroes of many a march and battle, the great bulk of them were just over twenty-one and entering manhood. The fact of the youthfulness of the soldiers of the Union army is not appreciated at the present time. Gen. J. H. Sharer, Commander of the Department of Ohio, G. A. R., sent me a copy of his General Order No. 3, dated August 17th, 1908, in which appears the following statement:

"The records of the Adjutant General in Washington show that in the War of the Rebellion the enlisted men consisted as follows:

Those 10 years old and under	25
Those 11 years old and under	38
Those 12 years old and under	225
Those 13 years old and under	300
Those 14 years old and under	1,525
Those 15 years old and under	104,987
Those 16 years old and under	231,051
Those 17 years old and under	844,891
Those 18 years old and under	1,151,438
Those 21 years old and under	2,159,798
Those 22 years old and over	618,511

Those 25 years old and over	46,626
Those 44 years old and over	16,071
Total number of men enlisted	2,778,304

The second day of the parade I sat next to Maj. Gen. Frank P. Blair and was where I saw the parade at its best, for every officer and soldier did his best marching when in sight of the President. One very amusing incident occurred. Gen. Custer rode at the head of his division on a splendid blooded stallion. His horse became unmanageable on account of the many bands of music and the cheering thousands, and as the General turned into Pennsylvania Avenue at Fifteenth Street, opposite Riggs Bank, ran away with him and dashed up the Avenue by the President's stand at a terrific speed. He could not stop him until he reached Seventeenth Street. The General lost his hat and sword and his long light colored hair streamed in the wind as he passed the President. He managed, however, to salute as he passed the stand, touching the place where his hat ought to have been. After he had gotten his horse under control he came back riding as fast as his horse could go and joined his division just before they reached the President. He was cheered to the echo.

Sherman's army had just finished that wonderful march to the sea and thence to Washington, and were in fine physical condition. I shall never forget their splendid marching, as well as the many things each regiment carried as mascots. One regiment, the celebrated Wisconsin regiment, had an eagle which it had carried on many a battlefield. They carried it to Wisconsin, where it was kept until it died of old age. I remember one regiment had a cow, and the things carried by each were so unique that they were greeted with roars of laughter as they went by.

On June 6th, 1865, I saw the review of the celebrated Sixth Corps, belonging to the Army of the Potomac, as they did not reach Washington in time to be reviewed on May 23d.

CHAPTER XV.

My Marriage, Admission to the Bar and Practice of Law.

The year 1865 saw accomplished what I had in contemplation for several years, my marriage to Anna L. Ferris and the commencement of an ideal happy married life which has continued to the present. In all the years since, we have had much of happiness and much of sorrow together, but nothing has occurred to break the perfect trust and harmony that has always existed between us.

During the first year I taught the grammar school Anna L. Ferris was employed as a teacher of the primary school in the same building, but had to give up her school on account of sickness before the close of the second school year. We both brought our dinners with us, as we lived too far away to go home to dinner and usually ate together, spending a considerable time afterward in singing from "The Jubilee," the book used by Uncle Samuel W. Kimball in his singing classes. The favorable impression I had received of Miss Ferris while we were in the High School together increased greatly and I made up my mind that she was the girl for me and that I would win her for my wife if possible, but she had no such idea. I was persistent, however, and took no rebuffs as final, and at last, the evening before I was to start for Indianapolis, June 15th, 1862, she gave the consent which made me very happy and helped me during my long sickness in the army and has made me a very happy man ever since.

I left Washington on Friday, August 25th, 1865, and reached Fort Wayne the second morning thereafter. We were married in the Second Presbyterian Church at Fort Wayne on Tuesday, September 26th, at 11:30 a. m., by the Rev. Gilbert Stevens, D. D., pastor of the Baptist church of which my wife was a member. We left immediately for Washington, which we reached the next night about eight o'clock and went to our room at No. 320 Indiana Avenue, which I had engaged before leaving for home. We boarded at Taylor's boarding house, corner of C and Third Streets, northwest. Many prominent people boarded

there, among others, Hon. E. A. Rollins, Commissioner of Internal Revenue.

How I Came to be a Lawyer.

On January 1st, 1866, my wife left for a visit to her old home and her absence caused me to heed the advice to study law which Edward Tompkins, Jr., a fourth class clerk in the office with me and a student in the Law Department of the then Columbian College, now George Washington University, had been giving me, and I began the study without any definite idea of making the law my lifework, but more for the value of the knowledge of law in my work in the office and to take up my time during the absence of my wife. I believe that in coming to this decision I was divinely guided, as I believe I have been so guided in every important event of my life. I had no previous thought of or intention to study law. I felt as though I was fixed in a government position for life. I was doing good work there and my superior officers were satisfied with my work, as shown by their treatment of me and by my promotions, but the study of law resulted in my leaving the government service and a success in life which I never could have attained in an official position. I entered Columbian College Law School January 11th, 1866, and have the original card of admission, signed by Rev. G. W. Samson, president. The great desire that my father and mother had for my life's work was that I should become a minister, and I had a strong inclination that way. My mother was nearly broken hearted when she found that I was studying law, for she had the idea from the conduct of some of the lawyers whom she knew, that the profession was one of cheating and robbery. When I talked with mother about it after I commenced my studies I told her that if that was the sort of men in the profession it was time that some good men got into it, and convinced her of her mistaken impressions and gave her a different idea of what a lawyer ought to be, and heard nothing further against lawyers. I was graduated in June, 1867, and was admitted to the bar of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia in October, 1867. I want to testify as my experience that while I have known some very dishonorable lawyers, the great bulk of them are honorable and trustworthy. In no profession is there so small a percentage of loss of clients' money,

as in the legal. I want further to say that, knowing myself and my abilities as I do, I feel sure that I would have made a very poor minister and that I have been able to do more good work for the world as a lawyer than I could possibly have done as a minister. Our first child, a daughter, Ella Clara, was born at the home of my father, two and a half miles north of Fort Wayne, Indiana, on the 24th day of June, 1866.

My wife remained at Fort Wayne until September 5th, 1866, when she and the baby left for Washington. I met them at Pittsburgh the next day and we reached Washington about 10 p. m., going directly to the house I had rented and furnished, being No. 1422 Tenth Street, northwest.

In March, 1866, I received my third promotion to $1,800. I continued my work in the office as assistant chief of the claims branch until July 1st, 1868. After I was admitted to the bar I sought a place in which to locate for the practice of law, as I had no intention of remaining in the department, although my work was very pleasant, as I was engaged in legal work of great importance, and my superior officers seemed to be satisfied with the way I did it. I was trying to find another city in which to begin practice, for I did not think Washington was the best place to build up a lucrative practice. It was a difficult thing for a man with a family to leave a certainty for an uncertainty and to go out into the world and make a place for himself. That is why so small a number of the clerks who graduate in law and medicine resign and go into practice.

In the latter part of June, 1868, J. B. F. Davidge, a lawyer of New York with a large practice in Internal Revenue cases came to Washington and appeared before me in advocacy of some Internal Revenue claims. I knew Mr. Davidge well. He had been to Washington many times and I knew him not only as a lawyer of ability, but a very honorable gentleman. His brother, Walter D. Davidge, stood at the head of the Washington Bar. I asked him what chance I had to start the practice of my profession in New York. I told him I had no intention of remaining in office and wanted to leave as soon as I could. Davidge had a partner, P. V. R. VanWyck, and they were not only engaged in the practice of law, with Internal Revenue cases a specialty, but issued the official internal revenue publication, known as the Internal Revenue Record. Mr. Davidge at once replied, "We want a resident partner in Washington and will

give you a place and a guaranteed salary of $2,000 a year, with a percentage of all our fees." He said, "Of course, I cannot make this offer absolute until I consult my partner, which I will do as soon as I go back to New York." His partner agreed to it and the firm at once confirmed Davidge's offer. As I was getting but $1,800 from the government the offer was very tempting and I was disposed to accept it. Before doing so I consulted with Hon. Hugh McCulloch, Secretary of the Treasury, who had given me my first position and who from childhood had been my friend, as to whether or not I should accept it. Mr. McCulloch, who knew Mr. Davidge well, told me that he did not want me to stay in the department, that I could do better outside, and strongly advised me to accept the offer. I then went to Mr. Rollins, the head of the Bureau, for his advice, but he did not want me to go and advised me to remain where I was. I, of course, took the advice of Mr. McCulloch and accepted the offer.

Another New York lawyer came to see me on business on the 30th of that June and I told him what I proposed to do. The next morning he came to my desk as I was writing out my resignation and asked me if I had resigned yet, and I told him I was just writing it out. He said he would wait. I took my resignation to the Commissioner and came back. He then said, "Here is a case I want you to take for me. I am suddenly called back to New York, and you can attend to it as well as I can." He did not ask me what my fee would be, but handed me $80.00. I finished the case that same day and was greatly encouraged by the fee I received for my first day's work. My position in the Internal Revenue Office had made me well and favorably known to lawyers and revenue officials all over the United States. I immediately sent out announcements and business cards and it resulted in so much business that I was unable to handle it by myself. Davidge then dissolved partnership with VanWyck and moved to Washington to help to attend to the business and I became an equal partner. The bulk of the business had to be done by me because it related to the settling of the accounts of collectors and assessors, of which Davidge had no knowledge and I was an expert, because of my experience in the department. Our first year's business netted us $10,000 in fees. Davidge's health failed him and we dissolved partnership in 1871, and he and his wife went to Paris, where he died

a few years afterwards. I have never had a law partner since.

I was admitted to the bar of the Supreme Court of the United States, the Court of Claims, the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia and other United States courts and international commissions, and continued to practice before the courts and government departments until appointed to the bench in March, 1891.

During these years I had many very important cases involving large sums of money. One of them was a claim by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company against the government to recover Internal Revenue taxes erroneously paid. The principal attorney of the road, Mr. Howard, told them there was no possible hope of recovery, but he was not an Internal Revenue lawyer and I was, and I knew the tax could be recovered. I worked on the case a year and a half and at the end of that time handled Col. Scott, the president of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, a United States draft for a little more than $54,000.00. During the progress of the case I had a splendid opportunity of seeing the wonderful way the business of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company was carried on, and the ability of its president to conduct the business of such a corporation.

When in Philadelphia preparing the evidence in support of the claim I made the office of the president my headquarters. He employed several stenographers, and between seeing visitors, he was constantly dictating to one or the other of them. Col. Scott during the war was superintendent of all the government military railroads and performed the duties with great ability. To show the just character of this man, he voluntarily increased our fee, which was fixed by a written contract, giving us five per cent, or $2,700 more than the amount named in the contract, in consideration of the hard fight we had to win the case and the adverse opinion of Mr. Howard. P. V. R. VanWyck was interested with me in this case.

I represented the State of Massachusetts in a claim for the refunding of Internal Revenue taxes paid the United States, which involved the question as to the power of the United States to tax any of the instrumentalities used by a State in carrying on the work of the municipality, the question being the converse of that decided by the United States Supreme Court in the case of McCulloch vs. the State of Maryland, 4th Wheaton, 415, where it was a State trying to tax an instrument used by the United States.

The State of Massachusetts invested its school funds and its sinking funds in the stock of what is now the Boston and Albany Railroad. The railroad declared dividends tax free and paid the tax to the United States on the dividends paid the State. I claimed that this was a tax on the State, and under the reasoning of the Supreme Court in the case cited above was illegal; that the State was entitled to the tax paid on its dividends. The claim was finally referred to the Attorney General for his opinion on the legal question I had raised and in an elaborate opinion, 12th Opinions Atty. Gen., he fully sustained me and I had the pleasure of passing over to the State a government check for forty-six thousand dollars and subsequently a smaller check for the amounts paid during the pendency of the first claim.

The questions involved were very difficult ones and I argued the case before many officials, including the Attorney General, and it took a very long time finally to win it. My Boston correspondent had been retained by the State to prosecute the claim, but he had been unable to secure a contract for the fee. He had had no part in the fight in Washington, only procuring the evidence in Boston. When the case was concluded, under his advice, as he knew the character of the men representing the State with whom we had to deal, we made out a bill for ten per cent in place of ten thousand dollars, which we ought to have had, but the State refused to pay it and offered us seven and one-half per cent, which we took rather than attempt the difficult remedy of fighting the State for more.

When we reached the second refund the State refused to pay us the percentage allowed before, claiming that all legal questions had been settled in the other case and that five per cent was sufficient pay for what we had done in the second claim. The difference between the settlement made by the Pennsylvania Railroad and the meanness shown by the State was very marked. Both cases involved very difficult legal questions and required intricate knowledge of Internal Revenue law which few lawyers possessed, and the fee in each case should have been a generous one. This the State refused to recognize or allow for.

At first my law practice was mostly before the Treasury Department, and very largely in cases arising under the Internal Revenue laws. In this practice I was very successful and won many difficult cases. A law book publishing firm employed us to write a treatise on Internal Revenue law. My partner, Mr.

Davidge, became very seriously ill and the business of the firm, as well as the writing of the law book, devolved on me, and I believe I wrote it all. It was called "Davidge & Kimball's Compendium of Internal Revenue Law," and was used as an authority in all revenue offices. I had but recently fought and won the claim of the State of Massachusetts hereinbefore referred to and in my book I went rather largely into the question there involved, viz.: the right of the United States to tax a State or any of the instrumentalities used by a State or other municipal corporation. A case involving this question came before the United States Supreme Court subsequently in United States vs. Railroad Co., 17th Wall. 322, and I was extremely gratified that in its decision that great court sustained the rule for which I had contended and quoted from Davidge & Kimball's Compendium of Internal Revenue law as one of the authorities upon which they relied for their decision.

Subsequently I won cases for the State of New Jersey, the City of Wheeling and several counties in Tennessee and Kentucky where similar claims existed.

CHAPTER XVI.

Some of the Men Whom I Have Known.

I continued in the practice of law from July 1st, 1868, when I formed the partnership with Davidge, until March, 1891, when I was appointed by President Harrison Judge of the Police Court of the District of Columbia. During that time I made many valuable acquaintances and met men who were known throughout the world. I have already spoken of Senator Sumner, whose attorney I was and whose testimony I took in his divorce suit. The other Senator from Massachusetts was Henry Wilson, with whom I became intimately acquainted. During the years while he was Senator and when he was Vice President of the United States he lived in a family hotel at the corner of Third Street and Pennsylvania Avenue, called the Washington House, and occupied the two rooms at the northwest corner of Third Street and the Avenue, in the third story of the building.

I frequently visited him there on business, as he was executor of an estate of which I was trustee, and I was on his bond as executor. His life was an exemplification of what a man can make of himself in this country with determination and ability. His true name was Colbath, but a man by the name of Wilson, living at Natick, Massachusetts, adopted him from an orphan asylum and the legislature changed his name from Colbath to Wilson. He learned the trade of shoemaker, but through his determination to learn and to make something of himself, arose to the position of Senator and Vice President of the United States, and no man stood higher with the people of this country than the Natick shoemaker.

The two Senators from Maine were Hannibal Hamlin, who was the Vice President with Lincoln in his first term, and William Pitt Fessenden. Hamlin was a plain man of the people and a farmer and not ashamed to work on his farm. It is said that some foreign ministers were in Maine one summer and thought it would be the proper thing to pay their respects to the Vice President of the United States. They were considerably shocked, however, upon reaching his house and being told that he was out in the field, to find him there in his shirtsleeves haying.

Another notable man with whom I frequently came in contact was Alexander H. Stevens, Senator from Georgia. He had been Vice President of the Southern Confederacy, but had been originally a Union man and did everything in his power to save the Union, but when his State seceded he joined his fortunes with the South and became Vice President of the Southern Confederacy. After the close of the war he was again elected to the Senate and made his headquarters at the National Hotel. I was the attorney for some of his constituents and had frequent occasion to go to his rooms on their business. He was a very small man and never weighed more than one hundred and ten pounds, a mere skeleton. A good story is told of a remark made by Lincoln when he first saw Stevens. It was at the meeting of the Peace Commission at the headquarters of the Army of the Potomac in the winter of 1864 and 1865. Lincoln and some of his Cabinet went down to Grant's headquarters on the steamer *River Queen*, so well known since as an excursion boat, then a new vessel. A large room had been fitted up for the commission on the main deck aft, just as you enter the steamer. It was a cold day when the Southern delegates arrived. Stevens was wrapped up in many coats and had an immense overcoat which covered him down to his feet and made him look like a man of large size. When he got into the room he began to take off his garments, one by one. Lincoln watched the operation and saw emerge the little man he was, and turned to Grant and said, "Did you ever see so small nubbin from so big a shuck?"

One of the great men of the Senate and of the Nation was Governor Morton of my own State, one of the greatest men produced by the War of the Rebellion. I often think that, in our praise for the great soldiers and sailors, we forget the men who made the battles possible, the men behind those who were in the forefront of the battles. We forget the great men in Congress who, by supplying the means and the laws, held up the hands of the army and navy; and the great governors of the Northern States, who saw to it that the troops were enlisted, equipped and forwarded to the front. Among all of them there was no one the superior of Gov. Morton of Indiana, not only in the enlistment of the troops and in arming and equipping them, but in his fatherly care for the soldiers in the field. No battle ever occurred in which Indiana regiments were engaged that Gov.

Morton did not go immediately to the battle field to look after the wounded. This is also true of other great Governors. After the close of the war Gov. Morton was elected to the Senate and was a power in that great body of strong men. Unfortunately in his later years he lost the use of his limbs, but he never lost the use of that wonderful brain. He had to be carried into the Senate chamber, as he was unable to walk.

Perhaps the greatest man in the House was Thad Stevens of Pennsylvania. Throughout the war he was worth an army to the United States. In his later years he also was unable to walk and was brought to the Capitol in a carriage, then carried by two large negro men in a chair to his seat in the House. Shortly before he died he said to the men who were carrying him to his seat, "Boys, I am wondering how I shall get to my seat when you fellows die."

Another one of the great men of the House with whom I became well acquainted was Hon. S. S. Cox, formerly of Ohio, but later of New York. He was commonly and popularly known as "Sunset" Cox, on account of a celebrated speech he made in which he beautifully described a sunset. I first became acquainted with him in the Internal Revenue Office, where he came to see me on business for some of his constituents, and this acquaintance continued until his death. Mr. Cox at the commencement of the war was a strong Southern sympathizer and made many speeches which showed his sympathy, but afterwards he claimed to be a Union man. He was a little, wiry man, full of energy and very quick in all his movements.

The greatest man in connection with the local government of Washington was Gov. Alexander R. Shepherd, to whom Washington is indebted for its present position as one of the most beautiful cities of the world. He took hold of it when it was a mud heap and an eyesore to the Nation. He had great executive ability and had that sort of grit and determination which let nothing interfere with the accomplishment of what he thought ought to be done. An illustration of this was his treatment of the railroad which ran from the old B. & O. depot down to First Street, west, then along that street across Pennsylvania Avenue at the foot of the Capitol, to Maryland Avenue, southwest, and along that avenue to the Long Bridge. The Governor did all in his power to secure the removal of the railroad from First Street, as he did not believe any road should be located along

the Capital grounds. Pennsylvania Avenue was then lower than it is now and had to be raised several feet, for on two occasions the Potomac River arose so high as to flood the Avenue between Tenth Street and the Capitol, and boats had to be used to carry persons across. It was necessary to raise First Street at the same time, but Shepherd could not make the railroad company act and it would not elevate the road. In the middle of the night he took a large force of men and tore up the tracks along First Street and filled in the street to the height required. The railroad company made a tremendous fuss about it, but was not allowed to rebuild the road, much to the joy of the citizens of Washington.

Another eyesore was the rickety, tumbledown frame building, or, rather, lot of frame sheds, known as the Northern Liberty Market House, at the corner of Seventh and K streets, on the site now occupied by the Public Library. Shepherd could not make them remove it or rebuild it, so he went with a large force of workmen in the night and demolished the whole thing, and when the marketmen arrived the next morning they found nothing but a pile of rubbish. The act of the Governor caused many law suits and finally the marketmen were paid by the District for their losses. The act of tearing down the buildings was one that only a strong executive like Shepherd would have attempted, but it was one that had the approval of the citizens.

These are only examples of his services to the District and the way he accomplished results. His purpose was to make Washington a city worthy to be called the capital of this great Nation and he started a work to that end, which is still going on. At the time he was Governor and for many years afterwards, harsh things were said about him in the newspapers outside of Washington, but not by the citizens of Washington. Charges of all sorts of wrongdoing were falsely made, but today he stands high on the pages of history as a man and as an executive, and a statue has been erected to him in front of the Municipal Building. I had the friendship of Governor Shepherd for many years and was employed as his attorney in many cases. It is one of the satisfactions of my life that I had his friendship, as well as that of so many other men who did great things for their country.

I have seen many inaugurations and have been at some of the inaugural balls. The first inauguration and the first inaugural ball I attended were at Lincoln's second inauguration. The ball

was given in the unfinished upper story of the Patent Office. I was on the reception committee at Cleveland's second inaugural ball, which occurred on Saturday, and assisted in receiving him and his wife at the Pension Office, where the ball was held, and also had the pleasure, as one of the reception committee, of escorting them around the building through the immense crowd, and with him and his wife, went to the rooms set apart for them. I shall never forget the beauty of the scene. The decorations were most beautiful and the throng of gaily dressed men and women was something worth going across the continent to see.

There was some question about the advisability, as an act of humanity, of holding the police court on Sunday, for there had been a large number of arrests, and I therefore went from this magnificent ball room with its well dressed men and women to the first precinct station house to determine whether or not there was any necessity for holding court on Sunday. I found that every cell was filled with drunken men and that the space outside of the cells was packed with them as closely as they could be laid. The sight was a horrible one and the sounds and odors were unbearable. The contrast between the scene I had just left and the scene at the station house was like the contrast between heaven and hell. These people had come to Washington to see the inauguration and the public buildings, but knew no better way of having a good time than to get drunk. As the prisoners were merely drunks they would be turned loose when they got sober, as drunkenness without disorder is no offense here and there was, therefore, no necessity for holding court on Sunday. These two scenes will never be effaced from my memory.

I saw President Cleveland many times during his two terms, but not as often as I had seen President Grant. Cleveland was more closely confined to his office than was any other President of whom I have any knowledge. He was very seldom seen on the public streets, whereas Grant not only rode horseback, but did a large amount of walking, and I saw him many times on the Avenue, usually alone, walking slowly along with his head down, undisturbed by the crowds around him. Those whom he met raised their hats as he went by and he acknowledged it with a bow. He was known as "the silent man." I think I never heard him make a speech. Among his personal friends it is said that he was a very entertaining companion.

The general of Grant's army who came most prominently into

political life was Gen. Logan. He represented the State of Illinois in the United States Senate for many years. Logan boasted of his descent from Pocahontas and showed Indian blood in his long, straight black hair and dark complexion. The first time I ever saw Gen. Logan was toward the latter part of the war. As I remember it both he and General Grant were in Washington at the Willard Hotel. Logan's horse and his orderly were outside and a crowd gathered, hoping to see him when he came out. When he did so, the crowd began to call his name and asked for a speech, but he jumped on his horse and rode down Pennsylvania Avenue as fast as the horse could go. I saw him many times after that, both on the streets and in the Senate.

I have heretofore spoken of the war governors, that wonderful body of men who seemed to have been raised by Divine Providence for the occasion. Governor Yates of Illinois was equal to the best of them. After the close of the war he was elected to the United States Senate and while a Senator acquired the drink habit. He roomed in a house near me on E Street, and I have heard him many times in the middle of the night coming home in a drunken condition. He was one of the most brilliant men in the Senate and it would seem as though such men acquire the habit more easily than others. Afterwards he signed the pledge and became a strong advocate in behalf of temperance.

Another brilliant and very witty Senator noted for his drinking was Senator McDougal of California. In his later years he hardly ever drew a sober breath. This story is told of him, which illustrates his wit even when drunk. Washington then, as now, was being dug up to put in sewers and there was a very deep one being laid along Pennsylvania Avenue. McDougal came along there one night and had the misfortune to stumble into the trench and began to yell at the top of his voice for some one to get him out. After being rescued, between hiccoughs, he said, "Before I fell in I was McDougal, but after I fell in I was Seward." Seward was the great man of the administration, being Lincoln's Secretary of State. In the winter McDougal always wore one of those old fashioned overcoats with seven capes. I have seen him enter the Senate when it was in session and stand in the space directly in front of the Vice President and throw his hat on the floor and then stand and look around at each of the galleries, then take off his overcoat and throw that on the floor, then continue to look around. Pages would run and pick

up his clothing and carry them into the cloak room. After he had finished his survey of the galleries he would stagger to his seat. It was a crime for such a man to throw away his great abilities so that the Senate and the Nation lost his services, saying nothing of his own loss.

Hon. William E. Chandler, at one time Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, was from New Hampshire, as was Mr. Rollins, and they were great friends. I came to know him well. He afterwards became Senator from New Hampshire and held that office for many years, and later was appointed by President Arthur, Secretary of the Navy. After that service he was appointed president of the Spanish Claims Commission, which heard all the claims arising out of the Spanish-American War. During the time he was president of said commission he got into a controversy with President Roosevelt and subsequently resigned from the commission. He is now, as I write, attorney for the heirs of Mrs. Eddy, the Christian Scientist, in their controversy over her estate. He is a man of wonderful mind and great in debate. My relations with him have been of a rather intimate character, and he has always shown himself a friend. I insert a letter which he wrote while Secretary of the Navy, intended as a letter of introduction to Senator Pike, a United States Senator from New Hampshire, whom I wanted to see on business for a client and wanted to be properly vouched for. It was of such a unique character that I asked the Senator to be permitted to retain it.

Navy Department,
Washington,
February 11th, 1884.

My Dear Mr. Kimball:

I have your letter of Feb. 6th. If you will present this letter to Senator Pike when you see him he will understand that I commend you to his consideration as one of the best men in the world. Very truly yours, W. E. CHANDLER.

Senator John J. Ingalls of Kansas was another brilliant speaker and one whose chief delight seemed to be to stir up a hornets' nest among his opponents by some sharp saying. No man of whom I have ever heard could equal him in that regard. I took a sea voyage with him and his wife, sitting next to him at the captain's table, and became well acquainted with him personally.

Another Senator whose acquaintance I valued very highly was Senator Harris of New York. He was a great Judge, having been on the bench of the Court of Appeals of New York for many years, and was one of the lecturers at the Columbian Law School when I was a student there. It was his daughter who was in the box with President Lincoln and his wife at the time of the assassination.

In the personal recollections of the great men of my time I cannot omit the name of Hon. Hugh McCulloch, who, in so many ways from the time of my boyhood to his death proved himself so true a friend. When father moved his family to Fort Wayne in the early part of 1846, Mr. McCulloch, although educated as a lawyer and in his early days always called Judge McCulloch, was cashier of the Fort Wayne branch of the State Bank of Indiana. When a new charter was granted the said bank under the name of the Bank of the State of Indiana, with its main office at Indianapolis and branches in all the important cities of the State, Mr. McCulloch became its president and continued to hold that office until he was appointed Comptroller of the Currency in 1863. Father's family and that of Mr. McCulloch were on the most intimate terms and as a boy I felt almost as free to go to his house as to my own and spent many happy hours there. His boys and I were playmates and schoolmates. Mr. McCulloch gave me my position in the Treasury Department and was always interested in my well being, but never in any way secured my promotion in the department, saying that I must earn it, and if worthy would get it. Mr. McCulloch received three appointments as Secretary of the Treasury—first March 7th. 1865, from President Lincoln; second from President Johnson, continuing him in the office, and third, October 28, 1884, by President Arthur. He was considered one of the greatest financiers this country has ever produced. After his term under Johnson he became the London partner of Jay Cooke, under the firm name of Jay Cooke, McCulloch & Co., and lived in London several years until the failure of Jay Cooke, by which he lost considerably. He then returned to Washington and lived here or on his farm in Maryland till his death May 24th, 1895.

I was frequently employed by him after I commenced the practice of law and do not believe that he had any one else here to represent him in legal matters. I find among my papers the following recommendation written in his own hand, but do not remember the occasion for it.

Washington, D. C.
March 26th, 1885.

The bearer, Mr. I. G. Kimball, is a good lawyer and a gentleman of excellent character. He stands high in my estimation and any business entrusted to him, I feel sure will be carefully and properly attended to. He has my confidence to the fullest extent. HUGH MCCULLOCH.

Mr. McCulloch drew his own will, but, at his request, I was one of the witnesses. It was dated April 6th, 1883, and was probated May, 1895. His son, Charles, was named executor, but he made the following recommendation: "I recommend my friend, I. G. Kimball, Esq., as attorney of my executor in the performance of the duties of his trust."

The friendship of such a man and my having retained it to the very last and his speaking of me in his will as his friend, is a great pleasure and gratification to me and I trust it will be to my children when I am gone.

I was personally well acquainted with Presidents Garfield, Harrison, McKinley, Roosevelt and Taft and with the members of their cabinets. My position in the G. A. R. and as a United States Judge gave me entrance and a hearing everywhere.

I cannot leave this part of my story, however, without referring in a word to some of the other great men with whom I have come in contact.

William H. Seward, Secretary of State: With his strong homely face that carried to his death the scar of the assassin's attack.

S. P. Chase, Lincoln's Secretary of the Treasury: Afterwards Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, whose wonderful ability raised the money which carried on the war. but a bitter enemy of his chief and who did everything he could to defeat his reelection.

Edwin M. Stanton, Lincoln's Secretary of War: The man of iron blood, the counterpart of Lincoln is so many ways, but just the man for Secretary of War under him.

Gideon Wells, Lincoln's Secretary of the Navy: Who was called the "Granny of the Cabinet," with his long white hair, who did the work of creating a navy from nothing wonderfully well and successfully.

William P. Fessenden, Senator from Maine: Afterwards Sec-

retary of the Treasury, who was another example of a boy under the most adverse beginnings making himself a power in the Nation.

George S. Boutwell, a Senator from Massachusetts: The first Commissioner of Internal Revenue and afterwards Secretary of the Treasury.

Lott M. Morrell, Senator from Maine: Afterwards Secretary of the Treasury.

William Dennison, the War Governor of Ohio: Afterwards Commissioner for the District of Columbia and Postmaster General. I first saw him at Fort Wayne, where he made a speech from the train as he was returning from the Chicago Convention which nominated Lincoln in 1860.

Benjamin F. Wade, Senator from Ohio: For many years President of the Senate.

John Sherman, brother of General Sherman: Senator from Ohio, Secretary of the Treasury and Secretary of State. I first heard him in the campaign of 1860.

James G. Blaine, of Maine: Speaker of the House of Representatives, Secretary of State and candidate for President.

Benjamin F. Butler: Member of Congress and candidate for President, a great lawyer and powerful in debate. He had peculiar eyes and was very nearsighted, being compelled to hold a book within four inches of his eyes to read it, making it very unpleasant to hear him quote authorities.

Maj. Gen. Carl Schurz: a great German, whom I first heard in the Presidential campaign of 1860 when he stumped the West in the interest of Lincoln. He was afterwards Secretary of the Interior.

Zachariah Chandler: Senator from Michigan from 1857 to 1875 and Secretary of the Interior under Grant.

Roscoe Conkling: The brilliant Senator from New York; a man of wonderful powers of oratory but without any thought of anyone besides himself. I remember seeing him in a crowded car on his way to the Capitol, with his legs turned so that he occupied two seats, using the additional space for the reception of his letters as he read them. He would throw them into this space without heeding the fact that he was thus depriving some lady of a seat. This is only an illustration of his thoughtless disregard of others.

Schuyler Colfax: Speaker of the House and Vice President,

who, had he not made the mistake of accepting Credit Mobillier stock without, as I believe, any thought of wrongdoing, might have been President.

John Hay: Starting when a very young man as Secretary to Lincoln and was Ambassador to Great Britain and Secretary of State. He was a great man but extremely modest. It was almost impossible to induce him to make a speech. When Department Commander, I urged him to be the orator at Arlington on Memorial Day, but failed to get him to accept, as his secretary had told me I would fail.

Luke P. Poland: A member of Congress and Senator from Vermont for many years. He was always pointed out to visitors as the man who always wore a blue frock coat with brass buttons.

Parson Brownlow: The great Union man from Tennessee and after the war, Senator from that State. The great wonder is that he was not killed by the hot-heads of the South, for he was very outspoken and strongly proclaimed his Union sentiments.

Walt Whitman, the poet, was a clerk in the office of the Solicitor of the Treasury when I first came to Washington and was a very notable figure on the streets, with his long white hair and whiskers and his very broad-brimmed light colored felt hat. He could be seen daily riding on the front platform of the horse cars on Pennsylvania Avenue, where he delighted to ride to get thoughts for his poems. I never saw him on the inside of a car but, rain or shine, he was to be seen on the front platforms.

George P. Putnam: Afterwards the head of the great publishing house, was a client of mine in the settlement of his accounts as Collector of Internal Revenue and I highly valued his friendship.

Henry C. Bowen: The editor and proprietor of that great journal, *The Independent*, also saw me several times in the settlement of his accounts as Collector of Internal Revenue for one of the Brooklyn districts.

I saw Horace Greeley, the editor and proprietor of the New York *Tribune* but once, but that sight strongly impressed itself on me.

I became acquainted with Frederick Douglas, the great negro orator, in the early seventies and knew him well and admired him for his great ability and for his work for the negro. I remember hearing his address at the First Congregational Church on the

life and character of the great Netherland leader, and after eulogizing him in the highest terms, Douglas paused and said, "I have often thought that if I were not a negro I would like to be a Dutchman."

I have seen Bancroft, the great historian, many times. I also saw the great novelist, Charles Dickens, when he was in Washington on his second tour of the United States.

Many of the great leaders of the army and navy made Washington their home after they retired from the service and appeared on the streets and mingled with the crowds like any other citizen. This was true with reference to Gen. Sherman, Gen. Sheridan, Gen. Howard, Gen. Schofield, Gen. Miles, and a host of others of the Union army and navy and many of the Confederate army, including the celebrated Gen. Joseph E. Johnson, who received the appointment of United States Railroad Commissioner, and the great guerrila General, John S. Mosby. This was also true of Admiral Dewey, the hero of the battle of May 1st, 1898, at Manila, and of Admiral Winfield Scott Schley, the hero of Santiago, with whom I met and chatted many times in Masonic Lodges as he was an enthusiastic Mason, and whose sudden death in New York, October 2d, 1911, is being mourned as I write.

As I write of the past, a flood of familiar faces appears to me, for in the years of my residence in Washington, I have at some time or other met all those of my time whose names are now history.

There have been very many curious characters in Washington, especially during the time of the war, none more so than a man called Beaux Hickman, well known to every citizen of Washington and to all visitors as a curiosity whom they ought to meet. Hickman was always to be seen in front of or in the vicinity of the Metropolitan Hotel. I do not know where he spent his nights. He made his living from those who were introduced to him, always saying, "Ain't it worth a quarter to know me?" Many stories were told of him which I have every reason to believe were true. One was that Hickman got onto a train for New York without a ticket and when he saw the conductor coming, put his head out of the window, apparently observing some passing object very closely. When the conductor called "Tickets, tickets," he paid no attention to him, finally the conductor gave him a shove and Hickman jumped in such a

way as to knock his hat out of the window. He became very angry with the conductor, accused him of knocking off his hat and claimed that his ticket was in his hat for which he had just paid eight dollars. He demanded a ticket to New York and eight dollars for the lost hat, and succeeded in making the conductor give him both. Not only did Hickman have no ticket, but his hat was very old and shabby. This is an example of the way Hickman managed to live. At his death he would have been buried in Potter's Field if some charitable people had not advanced the money to bury him.

Another singular character made his stopping place in front of Willard Hotel. He was tall, with very dark hair, which he wore long. His peculiarity was the way he had his clothes made. He was naturally broad shouldered but had his shoulders built out about a foot on each side and wore his sleeves so long that they came to the end of his fingertips. He usually stood with his back to the hotel, speaking to no one and looking at no one, but observed by everyone who passed. There this singular character was to be seen month after month and year after year. His father was one of the great lawyers of the early days in the District, and his brother was also a very prominent lawyer. Knowing the peculiar character of his son, his father cut him off in his will, giving his share to his other son in trust with directions for his care and support. Of course such a figure was observed by all persons passing along Pennsylvania Avenue. There was this difference between him and Beaux Hickman, he spoke to no one but stood like a statue, whereas Hickman was ready to talk with any one.

How I First Met President Garfield.

Late one afternoon a stranger came into my law office on F Street and wanted me to take several suits for breach of contract against prominent members of Congress. Among them was a case against Gen. Garfield, afterwards President. He did not have the evidence with him to support the claim and I demurred at taking any steps in the case until I had had a chance carefully to examine the alleged contracts. He made a plausible excuse why I should take action to the extent of writing a letter demanding a settlement and promised to bring full proof to sustain the claims in a day or two when he returned from New

York. Reluctantly I consented to write the letters as requested. I got replies denying all liability and claiming that the contracts had been procured by means of fraud and misrepresentation. At the request of General Garfield I called upon him at his residence on the northeast corner of Thirteenth and I Streets, northwest, and he gave me a full explanation of the whole matter and I told him that I would have nothing to do with such a case, that I would not be a party to a suit where any question of fraud was involved. My determination pleased the General very much and from that time until his death he was my warm friend and I have had many friendly talks with him.

How I Became Acquainted With President McKinley.

I made the acquaintance of President McKinley when he was in Congress, through a suit of considerable importance in which I was the attorney for some of his constituents. He was greatly interested in my winning the case. This I did to his great satisfaction. I saw him many times during the progress of the case. The lawyer on the other side was the celebrated Ward Lamon, whom Lincoln had appointed Marshal for the District of Columbia. Lamon was a very large man and a fine lawyer but not fully posted in the laws and practice of the District. He fought the case for all it was worth, but I won the suit. The story is told of Lamon, that at a White House Reception a reporter put his new silk hat on a chair and that Lamon, not seeing it, sat down on it with dire consequences to the hat. The reporter was very angry about it, and afterwards explained that he was not angry so much at the damage done to his hat as that Lamon should imagine the hat would fit him on that part of his body.

From the time of this suit Maj. McKinley (as he was always called) was my friend and I frequently saw and chatted with him at the Ebbitt House, at which place he made his home during all the time he was in Congress. The last time I saw him there was shortly before his inauguration. I was coming east along F Street and he was standing on the sidewalk leaning against the western corner of the entrance to the Ebbitt House. I stopped and we had a short chat. After he became President I saw him many times on business, for I was Judge all the time he was President. I was re-appointed by him for a full term of

six years in January, 1898. President McKinley was not a man who gave any intimation of his intentions. He got all the information possible on any question he was considering and only announced his conclusions when ready to act. There was another very strong candidate, a John H. O'Donnell, who made all sorts of claims and frequently announced his undoubted success and my failure. Several delegations and many individuals saw President McKinley in my interest, but they did not receive the slightest hint of what he would do, although he questioned them closely about me and about O'Donnell. When the time came for the appointment to be made the President sent for me and told me he had always intended to reappoint me, and asked me to appoint O'Donnell Clerk of the Court. I objected, giving my reasons, and the President said that I was responsible for the appointing of the court officers, but that O'Donnell's appointment would satisfy his many friends. I told the President where he could learn the truth of my statements and I heard nothing further from him about it. I did not appoint O'Donnell, however.

I will not write of the terrible shock McKinley's assassination was to the whole world. I was in Washington at the time but went immediately to the National Encampment of the G. A. R. at Cleveland and from there to the World's Fair at Buffalo, which McKinley was attending when shot, and I was in Buffalo at the time of his death. When Garfield was shot I was on a voyage from Baltimore to Boston and learned of it when our ship was approaching the wharf in Boston.

I made the acquaintance of Hon. Jeremiah M. Wilson, M. C. from Indiana in May, 1874, through a claim I had for one of his constituents at Richmond, Indiana. This Claimant was an Internal Revenue officer and as such gave evidence against a man defrauding the revenue which resulted in the recovery in court of a large sum of money by the United States. By the law and the universal custom of the Treasury Department, the claimant was entitled to an informer's share of $4,080.00, but to the astonishment of every one the Judge who tried the case refused to give it to him because he was an officer of the government and awarded the whole amount to the United States. I was employed under a written contract for a fee of twenty-five per cent of what I recovered. The Treasury Department acknowledged the justness of the claim and that my client was entitled

to it, but refused to pay because the case was settled by a decree of court. I reported the decision to my client and told him that I could only win by getting a bill through Congress for his relief, and we entered into another agreement but, unfortunately, an oral one without witnesses, by which, on account of the increased amount of work to be done and the greater uncertainty in the case, I was to receive a fee of one-third instead of one-fourth. I had a bill for his relief introduced into both Houses. In the House I had it referred to Judge W. S. Holman, the watch-dog of the Treasury, as a sub-committee to investigate and report, for I believed that if he personally examined the evidence he would report in its favor, but that if he did not do so, he was sure to kill it in the House. I was correct in my views for Judge Holman reported the bill favorably, the proof showing that my client was entitled as claimed and the Treasury Department reporting that there was no objection to the payment of the claim. In the Senate the bill was referred to Senator J. H. Mitchell of Oregon, who also reported favorably. From that time, Senator Mitchell was a good friend and I believed him to be one of the most honorable men in Congress and was astonished when he was charged with complicity in land frauds. As I remember it, he took an appeal from the decision against him, but the appeal had not been heard at the time of his death.

The fight over the claim of which I have been speaking was long and hard and might easily have been lost by a single mistake on my part. The problem of getting Congress to set aside a decree and pay a claim which had been heard and decided adversely by a United States Court was not an easy one. The draft for $4,080.00 was delivered to me as the attorney of record and I sent a power of attorney to the claimant authorizing me to endorse the draft, stating that I would take out my fee of one-third and send him the balance. He refused to send it. Finally I went to see him at Richmond, Indiana. He refused to do anything, repudiated entirely the one-third arrangement and refused to pay the one-fourth under the original contract, saying that I was to have twenty-five per cent if I collected it through the Treasury Department and as I had not done so, the contract failed and he would pay no such fee. Fearing that some legal steps might be taken to detain me, I rushed to the depot, he protesting against my taking the draft away with me, and took the first train out, getting on from the further side of the train

so as not to be stopped. He said when I was leaving his office that he would get the payment of the draft stopped and a new one issued, and wrote to Hon. J. M. Wilson to have it done. I blocked this game by showing to the Treasury Department the exact facts and my contract and power of attorney and the Department refused to take any action in the matter. He then sent on an attorney, who was introduced to me by Judge Wilson, who spoke in high terms of him. To him I showed and explained everything and he said, "You are unquestionably entitled to every dollar you claim and had I the power you should have it." He was bound by very explicit instructions, but said, "I want to settle and will pay you seven hundred dollars and will fight my client to make him affirm my act." I accepted and the money was paid and the draft delivered to him. This case and the knowledge of my business integrity made Judge Wilson one of the strongest friends I ever had.

After his term in Congress had expired, he formed a law partnership with Hon. Samuel Shellabarger and did a very large business before the Supreme and other courts. I was employed in many of their cases and it was through their recommendation that I received from President Harrison my first appointment as Judge of the Police Court.

No lawyer is without experience of the truth of the statement that often clients are ready to promise anything when they employ you, but will do all in their power to keep you out of your fee when the case is won. I will give one more incident showing this. I fought and won a case before the Alabama Claims Commission for a client in New Orleans and received a draft as the attorney of record. The case was not a difficult one and I charged but ten per cent for my services. To get the money into my client's hands without delay, I drew a sight draft through Riggs for the amount of my fee and attached the United States draft to it to be delivered to him when my draft was paid. My client came to the bank in New Orleans and asked them to hold the draft for a couple of days so that he could raise the money to pay my fee. This request ought to have made the bank suspicious for they had in their hands a draft in his favor for ten times the amount of my draft. When he paid my draft he immediately attached the money paid in settlement of my draft on a trumped-up suit against me, and then wrote me offering to settle my fee for a much smaller sum.

The bank also notified Riggs. I telegraphed to my attorney in New Orleans, Col. J. D. Rouse, and he had the bank answer the attachment that they had no funds of mine in their hands. (The funds belonged to Riggs & Co.), and Rouse wrote me that the plaintiff would have to prove his suit within a certain limited time or the attachment would be dismissed. So it lay for the time required and the bank's attorney moved the dismissal of the attachment which was granted and the money sent to Riggs and paid over to me. Of course I had not answered my client's letter. He had the costs of the suit to pay and I heard nothing further from him.

To show that clients are not all of the character of the two just referred to, I will say that I have had the delightful experience of having clients pay more than I had charged with the statement that my services were worth more to them than the amount charged, but that experience was not frequent.

Group of Mr. and Mrs. Ivory G. Kimball and Children. Taken in 1888

Mr. and Mrs. Ivory G. Kimball and Children. Taken in 1901

Wilbra Kimball, Oldest Son, who died
just before reaching 20 years of
age, March 9th, 1888

Judge Kimball and his three sons—Harry G., Dr. Arthur H., and Walter F. Taken September, 1911

CHAPTER XVII.

The Birth of Our Children and Our Residence in Washington.

I have heretofore written of the birth of our first child, Ella Clara, on June 24th, 1866, at the home of my father at the toll house on the Lima Road, two and a half miles north of Ft. Wayne, Indiana, and of our commencing housekeeping on September 6th, 1866, at No. 1422 10th Street, northwest, in Washington City. This house is still standing. It was of six rooms without a hall, but was all I thought I could afford at the time. On October 25th, 1866, I rented the upper floor to Dr. William T. Collins, a clerk in the same office with me, and on December 25th, 1866, their second son, Robert Collins, was born there. Robert has since become celebrated all over the world as a correspondent for the Associated Press.

Our second child, Wilbra, was born at that house on the 6th of April, 1868. I finished my law course and was admitted to the bar while living there. As a result of hard teething in his second summer, Wilbra developed epilepsy which increased in severity until his twentieth year. He was a beautiful child and gave every promise of a great future, but his disease left him an imbecile and a very great care to his mother. He died March 9th, 1888, and was laid away in Glenwood Cemetery.

I have been unable to recall the exact date when I removed from Tenth Street to Miller's Cottage in Anacostia, or as it was then called, Uniontown, but it was in the spring of 1869. At our new home we had a very convenient cottage and a large garden, which I cultivated. Very little of this cottage is now standing, it having been remodeled and made into more than one house and the garden has also been built upon.

While living in Anacostia our third child, Harry Gilbert, was born, March 26th, 1870. Our life in Anacostia was exceedingly pleasant and we would doubtless have remained there much longer but for the inconvenience caused by the erection of a new bridge across the Eastern Branch, which made it necessary to

cross the river in boats. I therefore rented a house on Eighth Street, southeast, opposite the Marine Barracks, owned by Dr. McKim, and we lived there until the spring of 1871, when we broke up housekeeping, sold out our furniture and my wife and children went to mother's home in Ft. Wayne for a visit. During that summer I bought the house where we now live and early in September, 1871, my wife returned to Washington and we moved into it. In the forty years since I have enlarged and improved it several times and bought additional ground so that there is now no resemblance to the property I first purchased.

My father died very suddenly on June 3d, 1870, from pneumonia, as we would now call it, but then called lung fever. I had no knowledge of his sickness until I received a telegram telling of his death. My father was but fifty-six years old when he died, but had been a great sufferer from asthma since his early manhood. He was an earnest Christian, one whom all men honored and loved, a great reader and thinker and always well informed on all topics of the day. It is a blessed thing to have had such a father and mother as I had.

At my new house, known as No. 620 North Carolina Avenue, southeast, five of my children were born, viz: Alice May, July 7th, 1872; Arthur Herbert, March 13th, 1875; Bertha Louise, January 28th, 1878; Edna Gertrude, September 9th, 1879, and Walter Ferris, November 20th, 1883. Ella and Harry were so young that this was all the home they ever knew until they left to go to school.

We were very careful about whom our children played with and about their being on the streets after dark. We had a large yard with big trees and provided them with means of playing and receiving their friends where they were under the eyes of their parents. When they saw the freedom enjoyed by other children, they thought it was pretty hard to restrict them so, but since they have grown up and seen what such freedom led to, they have thanked us for the care and oversight we gave them. In all their lives their mother and I have tried to the best of our ability to set before them examples of Christian living. We did not compel them to go to church or Sunday school, but tried to make them love to go, and one of the greatest punishments we could impose on them was to keep them at home. I had two pews in the "Amen Corner" of Assembly Church because they

were the largest pews in the church and it was seldom after my mother and sister came to live with us that we did not have ten or eleven present at church.

My sister, Jennie, came to live with us on January 2d, 1878, and mother came in the spring of 1878, she having kept house at Ft. Wayne after father's death, June 3d, 1870, until that time. What a blessing their being with us has been to us and to our children. Mother loved them more, I believe, than she had loved her own children and there was nothing she would not do for them; and what a blessing to little ones is such a maiden aunt as my sister was to them. She knew just how to interest and instruct children. Every Sabbath afternoon she gathered them about her and told them Bible stories and stories from life and instructed them in right living. I can never be thankful enough for such a sister. Since the children have grown up and gone, she has been teaching other children, and every Sabbath, no matter how bad the weather, she goes to the Washington Asylum and reads and talks with the poor old people gathered there. It will not be known until the books are opened at the last day the amount of good she has done.

Mother died at my house on November 7th, 1891, after a short illness, and I took her body to Lindenwood Cemetery at Ft. Wayne and laid her beside my father.

I have always believed it much better for parents to give their children a good education rather than to give them much money and I commenced to carry this out by sending Ella to Abbott Academy at Andover, Massachusetts. After Ella finished going to this academy, she remained at home until she was married to William A. Tyler, July 5th, 1892. Her husband was a clerk in the War Department, but was graduated in medicine from the Columbian University and after a time resigned his position and removed to Nebraska to practice his profession and was making it a success, but his conscience troubled him, for, some years before, at a revival meeting, he had dedicated his life to the ministry. For this reason he gave up his practice and entered the Methodist ministry and while still holding a pastorate, entered the Methodist College at Evanston, Illinois, and was graduated from it. He has held several appointments and for the last six years has been pastor at Peru, Nebraska, the seat of the State Normal School. This was a very desirable charge. I have heard him preach but once and then he gave us a very

fine sermon, but I have heard his sermons very highly spoken of by those who have heard him and I believe him to be a very eloquent speaker. He has just been called to the Congregational Church at Hastings, Nebraska, and preached his first sermon there on September 3d, 1911. They have had eight children, but have lost four of them. They now have four beautiful boys, boys any one would be proud of, Tracy, Harry, Ralph and Ivory.

After their graduation from the Washington High School, I sent both Harry and Arthur to Amherst College, at Amherst, Massachusetts, Arthur entering the fall after Harry graduated. Harry was graduated there in 1893 and Arthur in 1897. Both boys are musical and helped pay their expenses by their music and in other ways.

After Harry was graduated he entered the law office of J. J. Darlington, Esq., and the Columbian Law School, being the one from which I was graduated in 1867, and was admitted to the bar in 1896. He then opened an office in Washington and is still practicing law in this city. On March 30th, 1898, he married Miss Jennie Furmage, of Washington, and they have three children, Paul Wilbra, Ruth Furmage and Anna Ferris, the last named after her grandmother. We are very proud of them and enjoy them and our other grandchildren as only grandparents can, and we expect great things from them all.

After Arthur's graduation from Amherst, he entered as a student at Johns Hopkins Medical School in Baltimore, but graduated one year behind his class, because, in making experiments with typhoid fever germs, he caught the disease and his recovery was so slow that, under the advice of the physicians at Johns Hopkins, I sent him abroad. He went to the celebrated University at Freiburg, Germany, to take lectures on subjects akin to his course at Johns Hopkins and to perfect his German. The sea voyage completely cured him and he was able to return to Johns Hopkins and was graduated with the next class. He determined to make eye, ear and throat diseases his specialty and secured the appointment as resident physician at the Eye, Ear and Throat Hospital in Baltimore and remained there a year, then returned to Washington, where he opened an office for such diseases. On September 14th, 1905, he married Helena M. Kimball, of Hingham, Massachusetts, and as the fruit of their marriage they have three splendid children, Ruth Howland, Arthur Alden and Warren Young.

Mrs. Ella K. Tyler
Oldest Child

Mrs. Alice K. McMichael
Second Daughter

Miss Bertha L. Kimball
Third Daughter

Mrs. Edna K. Ferris
Youngest Daughter

My daughter, Alice M., was very musical and I gave her a musical education. She is a fine performer on the organ and piano and has a wonderful voice. She is always in demand, usually being the organist of some large church. She was married on December 10th, 1902, to Dr. John W. McMichael, a dentist. They removed to Portland, Oregon, early in 1907. They are both very busy, being active in all lines of Christian work. Alice has two large classes of girls in two different Sunday schools, and other Christian work besides her organ, and gives music lessons. John is a leader of choirs and of the music at the Y. M. C. A. His practice as a dentist is constantly increasing. They have had a hard struggle to succeed in a new place, but are now so far along that success is sure if good health continues.

Both of the younger girls, on account of sickness, were unable to finish their studies in the schools of the District and had to be taken out of school. Bertha had heart trouble and the least exertion affected her seriously. She was naturally very active and was anxious to do every thing that well girls could do, but it caused hemorrhages from the accelerated action of her heart. She was an earnest Christian and was always trying to help those who needed her help. She was very loving to her friends and I shall never forget the loving pats she gave me when she came to the table where she sat next to me. She had a fine mind and was very fond of travelling. Frequently I was not able to leave the city to take my vacation as early as the rest of the family and would put her in charge for the journey and she would manage it and see to every thing in the numerous changes between Washington and Maine as well as I could do.

Her last illness commenced in the winter of 1906-7 and she died April 22d, 1907. On Sunday night, April 14th, the trained nurse thought that she was dying and called my sister and my son, Dr. Arthur H. Kimball, who telephoned for her doctor, Dr. Kingsman, and they succeeded in keeping her alive. During the time she was so low and unconscious, she looked up and held out her arms and called, "Grandma, Grandma, Willie, Willie." (Willie was her brother, Wilbra, who had been dead more than nineteen years). Those at her bedside believed from her actions that she saw those whom she called. She remained unconscious and in a dozing condition until the next Tuesday forenoon and then regained consciousness, with her mind perfectly clear, although she was very weak. When her mother went to her

room, Bertha began to tell what she had seen and talked about it all day. Her first words to her mother were, "I am ahead of father now, I have seen a more beautiful river than any he ever saw in all his travels." I saw her when I went home to lunch and her first words were to tell me of the beautiful river she had seen and then she said, "I stood on one side and Grandma and Willie stood on the other and beckoned to me to come across the river. On my side it was dark and rough, but on their side it was bright and beautiful. When I stepped into it, it became beautiful on my side and the water had all the colors of a rainbow. I went in so deep (indicating a place above six inches above her knees, and the nurse told me that her limbs were cold up to the point she had indicated) when something pulled me back. Grandma and Willie did not want me to go back. Grandma and Willie were clothed in pure white, their faces were beautiful and Grandma had no wrinkles in her face. Willie had dark hair and was straight (his epilepsy had dwarfed him and drawn him all up). Back of them was a bright light which was Jesus." She then said, "I am not afraid to die now. I do not want to die and I had rather stay with you, but I am not afraid to die." All day she talked about what she had seen. Her mind was full of it. She asked the nurse to read the 22d chapter of Revelation and other Bible passages referring to Heaven so that she could compare their description with what she had seen.

She lived until the next Monday, April 22d, at 7:20 p. m. A short time before the end came she again called, "Grandma, Willie," so that we knew they were still waiting for her on the other shore and that immediately after her spirit left her body she was with the loved ones who had gone on before. It was a great comfort to her friends left behind, and answered many of the questions which puzzle us here. One was, Will we recognize our friends when we get to the other world? Bertha's life and death has been a happy memory to us and we expect she will be on the shore dressed in white waiting for us when we pass over the river.

Our youngest daughter, Edna, was married to Otho L. Ferris, June 14th, 1905, and they went on their wedding trip to Portland, Oregon, to which city he had gone some months before. He had graduated in law at the Columbian University and had been admitted to the bar. He had also held a position in the Riggs National Bank of Washington for some time to give him

a thorough knowledge of the banking business and had a position in a trust company in Portland at the time of his marriage. He resigned that place and opened an office for real estate business and the practice of law and has been very successful. They lost their first child, a girl, who died when three days old, but have one son, Earle Leonard, whom they think is the smartest and best looking boy that ever was born, but it will not do for me to give any opinion on that question as I have several other grandsons whose parents have the same opinion about them. They also have a young daughter, Helen Virginia, born November 5th, 1911.

I had intended that my youngest son should follow in the footsteps of his brothers and go through college and therefore sent him to Mt. Hermon (Moody's school for boys) to prepare him for it, but his inclinations turned him in another direction. He chose the business of an optician, and in preparation for his work went through every branch from the bottom to the top. When thoroughly prepared to set up in business for himself, I started him at St. Joseph, Missouri, where he has been making a great success and with good management there is no reason why he may not in time become well to do. St. Joseph is the home of my only brother, Israel E. Kimball.

It may be thought strange, with all my ancestors and my children musical, that for more than forty years I have scarcely ever been known to sing either in church or elsewhere. The explanation is this. In my younger days I was very fond of singing and always went to Uncle Samuel's singing schools when possible. The first case I ever tried as a lawyer was in the fall of the year at a time when an overcoat was not needed in the middle of the day but was very necessary after sundown. I had no idea it would take so long to try it and left my overcoat at my office. The case was against a life insurance company and hotly contested and was not finished until nine at night. The room was close and hot and I went out into the frosty night air much heated up and with my throat all relaxed. The next morning I had a very bad sore throat. It entirely filled up so that I was not able to swallow, not even water, for four days. This throat trouble affected my vocal chords so that as soon as I try to sing I become hoarse and have to stop, so I have ceased to try. It is a fortunate thing for me that it did not affect my speech in the least and I have been able to speak in Court for a whole day at a time without any trouble.

CHAPTER XVIII

Judge of the Police Court.

On March 3, 1891, Congress provided for the appointment of a second Judge for the Police Court of the District. This provision was made to relieve the Judge of that Court, the work having so greatly increased that one judge could not do it all. I was then in the civil practice never having tried a criminal case in my life. Either Judge Shellabarger or Judge Wilson of the legal firm of Shellabarger & Wilson, asked me how I would like to be a Judge of the Police Court. I told him I did not want it. He then said that President Harrison had authorized him to offer me the position. I then told him that I had not had any practice in criminal cases and did not desire the position. He talked with me some time about it and then left. A day or so after that he came to me and again urged me to accept it. He said he had reported my refusal to the President and the President asked him to see me again and urge me to accept it. I learned that the President was seeking for some one to fill the position under the new law and had asked Judge Wilson if there was any one whom he could recommend for appointment and he recommended me strongly. On his second visit he urged me so strongly that I finally said if the President desires it I will accept and was given a recess appointment, expiring at the end of the next session of the Senate. When Congress assembled in December I was nominated and confirmed for a full term of six years, expiring January, 1898. At the end of that term I was reappointed by President McKinley for a second term of six years after being again confirmed by the Senate as I have heretofore stated. My second term in office expired during the term of President Roosevelt. He sent my name to the Senate for my third full term of six years to expire January 10th, 1910, some considerable time before my term expired, to avoid the rush and push of those who wanted to succeed me. Neither of these appointments were without opposition, for no offices of that magnitude are without candidates who desired to fill them. The law

at the time of the expiration of the first term of my colleague, Judge Miller, made no provision for holding over, or for the appointment of a judge to act when a term expired, and this gave me much trouble. I secured the passage of an Act making the judge's term six years, or until his successor was confirmed and qualified, so that a judge would hold over after his term had expired. In securing this legislation I little thought I would be the first one to be benefited by it. At the time my third full term expired President Roosevelt had become an Ex-President, and President Taft was the occupant of the White House. I did not think I would have any trouble in securing my fourth term, because I had been brought into very close contact with President Taft when he was Secretary of War, and had visited him frequently in connection with the erection of a Memorial Amphitheatre at Arlington, Virginia, and both he and I were members of the commission to provide plans and make a report to Congress. He, however, had made the Attorney General responsible for all appointments in connection with the Department of Justice under which my appointment came. Nearly forty Senators and Representatives in Congress wrote strong personal letters to the President urging my re-appointment, and in addition, hundreds of the best citizens of the District wrote to him urging the same thing. These letters were all referred to the Attorney General, and whether they were ever read by him I have no means of knowing, but he gave no weight to them or to the personal appeals made directly to him by many prominent citizens. I wrote to him asking him if there were any charges made against me or any question about my re-appointment. If there were I wanted to know what they were and to have a chance to defend myself. That letter was never answered or even its receipt acknowledged by him and no word whatever came to me of any charges or objections made to him about me, and I have no knowledge of any reason existing for his ignoring all my recommendations.

In spite of the fact that I had been a soldier in the War of the Rebellion, was an officer of high rank in the Grand Army of the Republic, had been Department Commander and worked for years for the old soldier, was endorsed in the highest terms by the leading men of Congress of both parties and by hundreds of business and professional men in the District of Columbia; in spite of my record of more than nineteen years of service; in

spite of the fact that I was a Republican and that this was a Republican administration: in spite of my personal acquaintance with President Taft, I was not re-appointed, but the appointment was given to another.

I held court for the last time on April 2d, 1910, nineteen years and almost one month after my first appointment and nearly three months after my last term of six years expired.

It is a great satisfaction to me in looking back over all these years on the bench to know that I have had and still have the good-will and commendation of the good citizens of the District, that my name is untarnished by any hint of wrong doing and to have the satisfaction of knowing that in all the cases I tried, which amounted to at least 150,000, I tried to do exact justice, having first the interests of the District of Columbia at heart and then the interests of the poor unfortunates who were being tried. I have lived in the District of Columbia in the limelight of the public view for forty-eight years, and I believe that no man living in Washington has more warm friends, more men ready to speak words of commendation than I have. Not only is this true of citizens of Washington, but it is extremely gratifying to me that I have strong friends all over the United States who became acquainted with me while representing their Districts and States in the United States Congress.

In the Police Court, tragedy and comedy meet. I have had many persons brought before me who were known all over the land. Perhaps the best known was Carrie Nation, the celebrated wielder of the hatchet in her fight against the liquor traffic, who has been tried in the Police Courts of many States. Her first appearance before me was for attempting to make a speech to the Senate from the galleries while the Senate was in session. She made a big sensation. The second time was for creating a disturbance in the street in front of a saloon. Judge Mullowney has also tried her.

Robert N. Harper was a manufacturing druggist and was the owner and manufacturer of a headache remedy. He was charged on the complaint of the Agricultural Department with misbranding the remedy. It was the first case tried under the pure food law and was watched by chemists and manufacturing druggists all over the country. The jury found him guilty and while a motion for a new trial was pending, the President sent for the United States District Attorney and urged him in the strongest

terms to insist on a jail sentence and this interview and demand was immediately given out at the White House. This created considerable discussion in the newspapers and was taken up in Congress as an attempt by the Executive to overrule the Judiciary. There was no question that Harper had a perfect right to use the ingredients he did use, and has continued to use in the preparation, but the point was made that when he put on the label the statement, "This preparation contains no harmful or injurious ingredients," it was a misbranding, for the government claimed that it did contain not only harmful and injurious but very dangerous ingredients and that the statement would lead a non-professional user to think that any quantity would be harmless, whereas it was claimed that over a certain amount was harmful to any one.

It was shown, however, that Harper, before the trial, had changed the statements on his labels and that no legal objection could then be made to them. Therefore, believing that the remedy of the wrong had been secured and notice given to the world of what the law meant, and especially as this was in a sense a test case, I refused to impose a jail sentence, although the District Attorney strongly urged it, but imposed the highest fine provided by law. My refusal received universal commendation and I was highly praised because I did what I thought was right even when the President urged a different action.

I remember one very laughable incident which I have told at banquets as a good joke on me. I was trying a colored woman charged by another colored woman with profanity and disorderly conduct. The complaining witness was trying to impress me with the outrageous language used by the defendant and as a climax to her testimony and to press it home on my mind, wound up with, "Why, your honor, the words she used were awful, you yourself would not use such bad language as she used." The courtroom was crowded with listeners to the testimony and when the climax came, there was a roar of laughter from everyone which could not be checked for some moments.

Could I remember all the amusing things that happened in court, it would make one of the most laughable books ever written, but while there was much of fun, most of the cases were tragic. How often have I had broken-hearted mothers and fathers come to me telling their tales about their sons and daughters. How many wives have come to me in the same way telling me

about their husbands. I have known of children deserted in the middle of the cold winter by their mothers and fathers for the sake of the intoxicating cup. I have seen men and women start on this downward road and year after year get lower and lower until the inevitable end came. I would frequently go from court with an aching heart and say, "Cannot something be done to stop the sale of the accursed cup and save these weak ones?" But the business of wrecking lives and homes still goes briskly on, homes are still being broken up, parents are still being separated from their children and children are being separated from the love of parents and the comforts and cherishings of loving fathers and mothers. Men, women and children are still going to eternal death through the use of the intoxicating cup, and the government does nothing but receive the license money, punish those who commit wrong when drunk and provide work-houses, jails, asylums and poorhouses for the victims.

Where I write this is in the near vicinity of several saloons patronized mostly by young men of good families, earning good incomes, who are following in the footsteps of those indicated above. When I see them crowding into these saloons, my heart aches for them and I remember the many such cases which I have seen in my long life, coming to the end I have referred to, who started the downward path with as good hopes and as brilliant prospects as they have.

I have tried by word, deed and example to fight against this evil. During my long years on the bench, many such tempted men have come to me for my help and sympathy. They were as anxious to break from their habits and live sober lives as I was to have them, but were bound by chains of iron. How many such cases come to my memory as I write.

CHAPTER XIX

My First Trip Abroad.

During my first five years of practice, I took no vacation, my work was so pressing that I could not leave, and after that although I took regular vacations, I supposed my vigorous health and sound body and mind could stand any amount of work, and it was not unusual for me to continue at my desk until a late hour at night without taking time for my meals. The inevitable happened, much to my astonishment, for in the fall of 1881 I broke down. My symptoms were loss of memory, constant pain at the base of the brain, thickening of the tongue so that I could not articulate, and staggering like a drunken man. In the middle of a sentence I would forget what I was talking about. My doctor told me I would be a dead man in two weeks if I did not instantly stop all work, that I must go to sea and do no work for a year and I would be well again.

In three weeks I was at sea on the *City of Rome*, of the Inman line, on my way to Liverpool. This was her first trip. We sailed from New York on October 29th, 1881, and I reached London on November 8th, after an exceedingly stormy passage.

The next day after reaching London, I saw that queer spectacle, Lord Mayor's Day. On our passage we had some funny experiences during the storm, but these I will not attempt to describe. After I had been at sea three days all my bad symptoms disappeared and, as I am never sea sick, I enjoyed every moment of the trip. Among the passengers were Mrs. Willson, a daughter of the Rev. Dr. Budington of Brooklyn and a granddaughter of Dr. Gunton of Washington, and her son, daughter and brother. Of these I was destined to see much for we were all at the same boarding house during my four weeks in London and went to Paris together and stayed there three weeks at the Hotel de Dijon, at No. 29 Rue Cau Martin. This made it extremely pleasant for me. On first reaching London I went to the Inns of Court Hotel, but a short time there made me homesick, and I know of no worse lonesomeness than to be alone in the midst of a crowd like that in London, where no one will

speak to you or notice you. It is so different being at an English hotel from being at an American one. It is easy to make acquaintances at an American hotel, but impossible at an English one. By appointment I met at luncheon a fellow-passenger who was a native of London, and he introduced me to the boarding house of Mrs. E. Phillips, near the British Museum, where I found a very pleasant home and boarded with her whenever I have been in London since. There I found the fellow-passengers named above.

To one accustomed to our American hotels and their appointments, an English hotel seems very bare and its appointments and arrangements crude. The Inns of Court had no such office as we are accustomed to, but a small room in which a woman was to be found acting as a sort of clerk. I did not go to my room the first night until time to retire. A boy was sent to show me the way. He showed me the "lift" and ran it, for they have no elevator boy, but anyone wanting to use the "lift" runs it. The advertisements of the hotel stated that it was equipped with the most modern "lift." It seemed a very crude affair to me. In place of cables it had a log chain covered with grease, and its speed was that of the proverbial snail. When we arrived at my floor, the boy went to a windowsill on which were many tallow candles, lit one and showed me to my room, setting the candle on the mantle. I looked for the gas burner, but could find none and had only the one candle for light. As I intended retiring immediately, I concluded to let it pass for that night and the next day get a room with gas. The bed was an enormous four-poster, which looked as though it had come down from the time of Queen Elizabeth, as did the rest of the furniture.

The next morning I went to the woman in the little office and asked her to give me another room. "Why do you want another room?" she asked. I replied: "There is no gas in the room and I want one with gas in it." "Gas, gas in your room," she said with intense surprise; "why there is not a hotel in all 'Lunon' with gas in the bedrooms." And from what I could learn, she was correct, so while I stayed at the Inns of Court Hotel I had to be content with a tallow candle in my room at night, and I found the same condition prevailed on the Continent, with this difference, that on the Continent the guests were charged a franc or a lira for each night's candle, so I always carried my own candles and did not use those furnished by the hotels. At the Hotel de Dijon, in Paris, we all used the sitting room of Mrs.

Willson evenings, and one of us would buy candles by the pound at the corner grocery and light ten or a dozen and thus have the room fairly well illuminated. As I went from city to city I always carried my unused candles to be used at the next hotel. This habit played a joke on me, for at Rome I took all the unmounted photos I had bought and had not sent home, to the clerk at the photographer's to have them wrapped for mailing. He came back in a moment laughing heartily, with a part of a candle which I had handed him with the photos, and asked, "Shall I send this, too?"

Another illustration of the different mode of conducting the hotel business in Europe was shown in the dining room at the Inns of Court Hotel. The bill of fare was fastened to a standard and set up before the guests, and as there were only a very few for all, was quickly taken away to another. The bill of fare showed that one could get roast beef at a certain hour, roast mutton at another hour and so on through the list. If one wanted roast beef and happened to come at the roast pork hour he had to take that or wait. This is only a sample of the queer way business was done.

London is a wonderful city and I enjoyed every day of the four weeks I spent there on my first visit and each day of my subsequent visits. Americans, as a rule, see very little of it, and hurry on to Paris. While in London I made a trip to Edinburgh, one of the most beautiful and interesting cities in Europe, but as it was in November it was too cold for much sight-seeing in Scotland—that I did on my second trip abroad. I visited, however, the Castle and Holyrood in Edinburgh and Melrose Abbey and Abbottsford, the home of Sir Walter Scott.

We left London the morning of December 3d, 1881, for Paris, reaching there about eight o'clock p. m. the same day. One of the first things that struck me was the difference in the cooking in the two countries. In England everything appears to be soggy and heavy, and to my mind, uneatable. In Paris or France all food tastes good and is well cooked and palatable. The French bread is the finest in the world and the English bread the worst. I adopted the French style of meals, rolls and coffee at eight o'clock a. m., breakfast at one and table d'hote dinner at six or seven.

Our landlady had spent several years in America and knew the American tastes. Her husband was a French cook who could

speak no English. She ran the house and he the kitchen, and what good meals he gave us! Most of the guests were Americans and it was there that I first met Dr. Henry M. Hurd, then in charge of the State Insane Asylum at Pontiac, Mich., and since, in charge of Johns Hopkins Hospital at Baltimore; also Mr. Davis a member of the firm of Hallett, Davis & Co., piano manufacturers; Mr. Clapp, member of the firm of Billings, Clapp & Co., manufacturing chemists of Boston, and Dr. Hartsuff, a surgeon in the regular army. We five became traveling companions, sometimes, as at Naples, we would all be together and at other times only Dr. Hurd and I, the others going to different places as the mood struck them. Dr. Hurd and I finally separated at Milan, he going to Paris and then to America, and I back to Venice and from there through Austria, Germany, Belgium and across a corner of Holland on my way to England, thence to the United States.

An amusing incident occurred at this hotel. The main table was a long one and so broad that two persons sat at each end. The landlady sat at one end next to me. Ice cream in different colored papers in the dainty French style was being served. The waiter started with me, but when the platter came to the guest on the other side of the landlady there was none left, seeing which she asked the waiter in French, "Who took two?" I noticed that after that there never was an occasion for her to ask, "Who took two?" for there was always enough. She had learned the lesson not to count the number of her guests in providing ice cream. When there is any shortage at my table, some one is sure to ask, "Who took two?"

It would make my story too long to give full details of my trip through Europe, and I will only speak of incidents here and there. Christmas occurred on Sunday and I visited several different Catholic churches of Paris, among others, the Madelaine, to see the very elaborate services. That night, notwithstanding it was Sunday, they had a ball at the hotel.

During the three weeks spent in Paris I made the usual rounds and visited the public buildings, art galleries, museums and churches and saw the many wonderful things gathered in them. On one of my visits to the Madelaine I saw a funeral taking place in one side chapel and a wedding in another at the same time. I saw Paris at all hours of the twenty-four, to get an idea of Parisian life. The French of the middle and the lower classes

are noted not only for their thrift, but for their industry. This was shown by a little incident I saw early one morning when I went to the celebrated Halles Markets to see early Paris. A countryman and his wife were just starting for home, having sold out the market stuff which they had brought to the city in a large two-wheeled cart. The wife was in the cart knitting for all she was worth and the husband was pushing the cart. He did not do this to keep his wife from walking, but that she might earn a few centimes and the time of both not be lost while on the road.

I did not like the life in Paris, while love for beauty and great artistic taste was shown in everything, everyone appeared to be wholly devoted to pleasure, without a serious thought as to what life was for, or of the life hereafter. The great purpose appeared to be to get rid of all thought of God and to have a good time in this world.

Dr. Hurd and I left Paris in the early morning of December 26th, 1881, for Marseilles. It was a cold, disagreeable day in Paris, but we arrived in an entirely different atmosphere when we reached Marseilles about midnight. The weather was like May. After taking a ride around the city next morning we left for Nice, the great watering place of Europe. There the visitors were bathing in the sea, although it was in the middle of the winter, the water being as warm as at our resorts in the middle of the summer. While at Nice with Dr. Hurd and a friend of his and his daughter we visited the great gambling resort of Monte Carlo, or Monaco, as it is sometimes called, and saw the crowds staking fortunes on the turn of a card or the roll of a marble. All the games of chance are played there. I am glad to say that none of our party took part, but we watched the faces of the gamblers and the effects of the plays upon them, which was enough for us.

Man and art have done everything to make Monte Carlo beautiful. It is situated on a high bluff overlooking the sea and back of it is the range of the Maritime Alps. I never saw another so beautiful a place until I saw Del Monte in California. Among the attractions to bring tourists to Monte Carlo, is a gem of a theatre in which the greatest actors of Europe play and everything is free to the visitors at Monte Carlo. The day we were there, a band concert given by about fifty of the greatest players of Europe, was the attraction. I never heard such wonderful playing anywhere else; it was superb. The nearest approach to it was the band concert at Vienna, of which I will speak hereafter.

On our way from Nice to Genoa, I had a very pleasant experience. I had not seen the American flag since leaving New York, nearly three months before. The train passed through a headland, and on the further side, in the beautiful Bay of Vilefranche, I saw a man-of-war, a full rigged ship. Looking for its flag I saw the Stars and Stripes—Old Glory. I cannot describe the sensation that came over me as I again saw the emblem of the country I love so much.

When we reached Genoa we visited, as usual, the public buildings, churches, relics, including the chain with which John the Baptist (I think it was) was bound, and the monument to Columbus. From Genoa we went to Pisa, visiting the four notable buildings to be seen there, the Cathedral, the Baptistry, which is the most wonderful whispering gallery in Europe; the Leaning Tower, going, of course, to its top by means of the winding stairs and having the sensation that the tower was falling every time we were on its lower side, and the Campo Santo (the sacred camp), the great burial place of Pisa.

We left Pisa at one o'clock Monday morning, and when we came down to take the omnibus for the station every employee of the hotel, from the head waiter to the boots, stood in line to receive our tips. When Dr. Hurd saw them, he said to me, "We ought to be ashamed of ourselves to make all these servants get up at this unseemly hour." We gave a sum to the head waiter and told him to distribute it to the others.

From Pisa we went to Rome. The road from Marseilles, almost to Rome, is along the edge of the Mediterranean, with a constant succession of tunnels. The days were perfect and I shall never forget the wonderful beauty of the sea as we skirted its shore.

My first view of Rome was from the train, across the Tiber. I had been watching for it and I remember the thrill I felt as its walls and buildings came into view. The first of the great ruins I saw on my way from the station to the hotel. My days were spent in sight-seeing. I went to St. Peter's again and again, for it is only by many visits that one can get any adequate idea of that wonderful building. With every visit the conception of its vastness and beauty and the harmony of every part grows. Rome is the one city of all Europe I am most anxious to revisit. I went through the public parts of the Vatican, including the Sistine Chapel and the galleries, entered the dungeons of the Mamar-

tine Prison, in which Paul was confined; saw the Scala Sacra, the stairs on which Luther had his revelation, visited the Catacombs, the Coliseum, the Appian Way, Caesar's Palace, Arches of Titus and of Constantine, the Forum, the Columbariums and the many ruins, besides innumerable churches, museums and galleries. It is impossible for one in two visits properly to see and digest the wonders of ancient and modern Rome, he ought to make many visits and each time he would see new and wonderful things.

From Rome the five heretofore named went to Naples, arriving there just after dusk. Our hotel was on one of the terraces on which the city is built and our rooms overlooked the city. I shall never forget the sight shown us by the landlord from the balcony outside our windows. At our feet lay Naples, with its six hundred thousand inhabitants, to the right, the Bay of Naples with the islands of Capri and Ischia in the distance, beyond and across Naples we saw Vesuvius with its pillar of clouds. The mountain was in eruption, and every few seconds would give forth a flash of flame which would light up the underside of the overhanging cloud. I shall remember that wonderous scene to the end of my life. The next day we visited Capri with its beautiful blue grotto. Capri was the summer home of the Caesars and has the ruins of their palace.

We spent one day at Pompeii and another in the ascent of the volcano. Excavations were still in progress at Pompeii, and I watched the care with which the workmen removed the ashes under which the city was buried. A few days afterwards I saw the account of a remarkable find of treasure with which one of the fleeing inhabitants was attempting to escape when overtaken, and from the description of the place where found, I must have been standing right over it as I was watching the workmen. There is an immense Pompeian Museum in Naples to which are removed the finds made in excavating, among them are many paintings, the colors of which, notwithstanding their burial for eighteen hundred years, are as perfect as when applied by the artist.

The day we ascended Vesuvius was perfect. We drove in a carriage along the water front of Naples, then through adjoining villages and by Herculaneum, which is very little excavated because it is covered with stone, not with ashes. Then we wound up the side of the mountain through or across old lava streams to the highest point we could reach by carriage. The disinte-

grated lava is very fertile and is used by the owners of gardens to fertilize the soil. All the way up to the ashes were frequent spots not covered by lava, each of which was cultivated, mostly with grapes. The wine produced from grapes grown on the side of the mountain is said to be very fine. At the end of the road is a power house producing the electricity which runs the electric road from that point, on the ashes up to within three hundred feet of the top. I was shown large layers of tile upon which I was told the dew collected at night and condensing ran into grooves and then to tanks, thus supplying the water to run the engine for making electricity. The dew is very heavy on the mountain. Rain was infrequent, wells impossible and the distance to haul water great, so the dew was thus utilized.

The electric road had but one rail, the car being supported by side wheels and wheels on the top of the rail. While waiting to go to the top we took our lunch at a cafe situated at the end of the carriage road. We had planned to make the ascent the day before, but the mountain was in eruption and the wind blew toward the railroad and so covered the track with ashes and the smoke from the volcano was so dense that we could not ascend. From messages received at our hotel we expected that everything would be ready for us when we reached the end of the carriage road, but we had to wait for some time for the tracks to be cleared from ashes. We five were the only party going up that day, except a Frenchman and his wife. At the top of the electric road we were besieged by guides to escort us to the top, but the whole party employed but one and refused all the others.

The lava had broken through the side of the mountain at some distance below the top as I shall more fully explain. The ashes were very dry and gave under one's feet and were almost perpendicular, so that climbing was exceedingly difficult. Ordinarily the crater is almost closed by hardened lava, which is the color and appearance of burned crusts of bread and lies in great masses somewhat like blocks of ice pushed up and frozen together by a jam in a river. A main vent hole a few feet across, with smaller vents through the cover of larva, are left, through which comes smoke, ashes and at times fire. The ashes and hot stones drop immediately around the cones concealing the openings. Ordinarily all one can see is a great pile of ashes, from the middle of which comes smoke lazily curling up. But what we saw was entirely different. While the hardened lava covered the largest

part of the greater crater, the smoke, hot stones and fire coming out in great puffs every few seconds, had blown the ashes back from the crater and thus we were enabled to climb onto the piles of ashes on the windward side (for it would have been dangerous to be on the other side) and see into the crater. The view was somewhat obscured by smoke. Our guide allowed us to stop but for a moment and we had to keep our mouths and nostrils covered to keep out the poisonous gases which were being thrown out in great quantities. There was also danger of being hit by stones thrown up by the crater.

From the crater we went around the rim and down the ashes about three hundred feet to the place where the lava had broken through the side of the mountain and was running out with great force. I was the last one to go down, as I hesitated to do so knowing the awful climb it would be to get back up the steep, loose ashes. The guide led me to the spot from which the lava flowed and I stood on the cooled cone, out of which the lava was rushing with great force, having the appearance of molten iron when issuing from a furnace. It was an awful sight to see this great mass of molten lava pouring out of the mountain and running down its side. Lava begins to cool very soon after it gets into the air, the outside becoming hard, the inside flowing for months until the flow ceases. I have seen cones made by the hardening of the outside where the inside has all run out leaving a large pipe of lava, like a water pipe. After seeing the flowing lava we started to climb back to the point from which we went down, and my fears were fully justified. I never before attempted such a task. Imagine if you can a pile of bran three hundred feet high and the exertion it would take to climb to the top. At every step my leg would sink to the middle and only a few inches would be gained. After a few minutes of such work I would lie right back on the ashes and pant for breath. I have no idea how long it took us to make the climb. The two of the party most affected were the French woman, who was very short and fat, and the United States army surgeon. We had been warned not to allow any one of the guides to put his hand on us or assist us, for they would hold us up for a big sum of money, but the woman found it impossible, with her skirts, to make the climb, so she had five guides, three to pull and two to push, and she was almost dead when she reached the top. On all of our trip, Dr. Hartsuff had been bragging about his physical condition, for he had just

finished a year's Indian campaign on the Western plains and was in fine condition, but I thought he would die before he got to the top. I could not brag about my own condition, for I was almost as badly off.

It was some time after we reached the car before we started down, and we had a wonderful view of the beautiful Mediterranean and the plain lying between the Maritime Alps and the sea—the Alps snow-clad and the plain dotted with cities and villages. The air was so pure that we could see everything very clearly from the altitude of about three thousand feet at which we were. With my glasses I counted forty-five cities and villages in plain sight, including Naples, with its six hundred thousand inhabitants, and the smaller hamlets scattered over the vast plain. It was one of the many grand mountain views I have seen and is indelibly impressed on my memory.

The guides were not allowed to ride down the fifteen hundred feet on the electric cars, but went on foot. This was easy enough as it was all down hill. My attention was attracted to a young guide who started down the side of the mountain on a run and I thought what would happen should he stumble. This had hardly occurred to me before it did happen and he went down the mountain end over end, sometimes he would alight on his head and sometimes on his feet. I do not know how many hundreds of feet he fell, but he was not hurt, for it was all soft ashes. It was as funny a sight as I ever saw.

From Naples we returned to Rome and from there went to Venice, staying several days and visiting the sights and taking numerous rides in gondolas through the many canals. I was most interested in the Doge's Palace, the Bridge of Sighs, the Prison and the underwater places of torture. The churches, including St. Mark's and the galleries of paintings, were interesting, but were like what I had seen elsewhere. Venice was the only city I visited in Europe where I did not drink the water, for I was afraid of it. The mode of getting it and caring for it, or rather the want of all care, in my judgment, made it unfit to drink. It was brought from the mainland in open boats, in which the barefooted boatmen had full liberty to bathe or paddle, and then transferred to cisterns above ground. These cisterns were opened at certain designated hours and the population secured their water there, each one carrying it away in two metal buckets suspended from a pole across his shoulders. The mode of distri-

bution did not help to improve the purity of the water, so I drank only tea and coffee at Venice. I had been warned against the water at Rome, but found it very good. It is brought from the mountains in aqueducts built in the time of the Caesars and in use ever since.

Dr. Hurd and I (the others left us at Rome) went from Venice to Milan. When a few miles from Milan we ran into a very thick fog. After reaching our hotel we concluded to visit the celebrated Cathedral, as it was early in the afternoon. We were told how to find the park in which the Cathedral was situated, but when we entered the park the fog was so heavy that we could not find the building. I have no recollection of how long we hunted for it through the park, but it was a long time, and find it we could not. We finally reached the street and went back to the hotel, where we waited until the next day. The fog did not lift a particle during the night, so we made a second trial in the morning, and after a long hunt succeeded in finding the building. We did not see it until we were within twenty-five feet and I never saw the top. As the interior was lighted, we had a good view of that. We had expected to get our only view of the Swiss Alps from the tower of the Cathedral, as we were not to pass through Switzerland, but, of course, failed. From Milan I returned to Venice, intending to go from there to Trieste, in Austria, by steamer on the Adriatic. Dr. Hurd stopped over at Milan, for he said he was bound to see the Alps and the top of the Cathedral if he had to wait a week for the fog to disappear. I heard from him afterwards that he had to give it up and left for Paris, with the fog as thick as ever.

I was much struck with the musical Italian language. This is shown in the way they pronounce the names of their principal cities—Rome is Roma, Naples is Napoli, Venice is Venezia, Milan is Milano and Genoa is Genova. After hearing this beautiful language for several weeks, I went to Austria and the contrast of the German with the smooth Italian was something grating on the nerves.

I took a steamer at Venice for Trieste, but the fog had by that time reached Venice and we ran aground on one of the mud islands not yet built upon and had to be sent back to Venice in boats and take the train. Venice is built on a large number of islands, which were merely banks of mud reaching about to the top of the water, and there are many such still unbuilt upon.

My next stop was at Vienna (spelled by the Austrians "Wien"), to reach which we crossed one of the most beautiful passes of the Alps. Vienna is one of the most beautiful cities of Europe and full of interest. It was in the middle of the winter, but, although quite cold, there was no snow on the ground. One night an American gentleman whose acquaintance I made at the hotel, went with me to hear a band concert given by one of the celebrated regimental bands. It was in the immense hall of a beer garden, filled with the best society of the city, men, women and children sitting around small tables drinking beer and enjoying the music. We had to pay ten pfennig to get in and were expected to buy a glass of beer. This I did, but did not drink it. I enjoyed the scene and music very much.

I left Vienna for Berlin just at night. There were no sleeping cars and I had to get what sleep I could in the easy seats of a first-class compartment. As the cars were not heated, I was very much interested in seeing how the passengers prepared to withstand the cold of that northern climate. The railroad provided long tin cans filled with hot water to keep the feet warm. The passengers had the ordinary heavy suits and overcoats, such as are worn on the streets, then they put on a very heavy fur overcoat, reaching to the feet, with a collar to be turned up to the top of the head, with a fur cap and perhaps woolen mufflers to go around the neck; then they drew up over their feet a bag lined with fur, reaching to the middle, and when all this was put on they were prepared to keep warm. The compartment was well filled when we left Vienna, but when we were awakened by the custom officers, in the middle of the night, just before crossing into Germany, but two remained, a German who spoke English, as he had been in the United States for some years, and myself. He asked me whether I had anything liable to duty, and when I said "No," the officers marked my baggage without taking it from the rack. He then said something to them and pointed to one piece of his baggage, which they took and he went out with them. After the train started he laughed and said, "Sometimes it pays to tell part of the truth. When the officer asked me if I had anything liable to duty I told him yes—I had some cigars. He took them out and I paid duty on them. I had, however, a lot of laces on which I did not pay duty, for he was satisfied with my statement that I had some cigars and inquired no further."

In most of the cities of Continental Europe, besides the customs

collected by the nation, the cities collect an additional duty called "Octroi," on everything brought into the city to be sold or consumed, but up to the time I entered Berlin the Octroi had never interferred with me, but at Berlin they overhauled my baggage On entering the boundary at Paris every vehicle is searched, as well as every package being carried into the city. I was on the top of an omnibus which was thus searched and it was so thorough that the officers pulled aside women's cloaks to make sure they had no bundles concealed under them.

I visited all the places of interest in and around Berlin, including the palace of Frederick the Great, and was much interested in that wonderful city. I drank no wine, and of the two hundred guests dining at the same time, I was the only one who had no wine and the waiters were constantly asking me what kind of wine I wanted, but neither in Berlin or in any other place did I find it necessary to drink wine or liquor of any kind. I did not see the German Emperor or his son and made no attempt to do so, the nearest I got to royalty was when I went through the palace of Frederick the Great, at Potsdam, which is kept as nearly as possible in the condition in which he left it.

From Berlin I went to Cologne and visited the great Cathedral and Baptistry and the Bridge of Boats crossing the Rhine. In my judgment, the Cathedral does not compare in beauty with others I have seen. The Baptistry is noted for its wonderful bronze doors, the equal to which are not to be found in the world. While at the Baptistry I witnessed the baptism of an infant a few days old. The priest held its nose and mouth, and in spite of its struggles and screams, ducked its whole body under the water. I thought it pretty hard on the baby.

From Cologne I took a trip by steamboat on the Rhine and saw a large number of old ruined castles which line its banks. From Cologne I went to Brussels, which is a very fine city. The language spoken there is French. From Brussels I went to Antwerp, where there is much of interest, but I was most interested in the paintings in the Cathedral, the wonderful work of the artist blacksmith, the wonderful wood carvings, claimed to be the finest in the world, the old printing office of the Fifteenth Century with its first printed books, and the Inquisition with its instruments of torture. One of them was a chamber below the level of the river, in which prisoners were chained and the water from the river turned on. They were given a pump and told

that the only way they could save their lives was to keep pumping. In spite of their most strenuous efforts the water would very slowly gain on them hour after hour until finally they were overwhelmed by the rising water. Where it was desired to get rid of one quickly and secretly, he was sent down dark stairs to the cells below, but at the foot of the stairs there was a large opening into which he would fall and drown and his body be carried into the river. As arrests were always made in secret no one could discover the hand of the Inquisition in his death, but it would be laid to accident or suicide. To think that the horrors of the Inquisition were committed in the name of religion is something awful.

From Antwerp we went down the Scheldt, crossing a corner of Holland, where, from the steamer's deck, we looked down upon villages and farms situated below the level of the river, and landed in Harwich, England, from thence going to London, where I had the opportunity of revisiting many places of interest while I was waiting for the sailing from Liverpool of the *City of Berlin* of the Inman Line.

We sailed from Liverpool, February 16th, 1882, with every indication of a pleasant voyage. The next morning after sailing we reached Queenstown, where we stopped for the mails which had left London via Holly Head and Dublin several hours after we left Liverpool. As soon as we had anchored we were surrounded by small boats with people having lace, shamrock, hawthorn canes, etc., for sale. One woman, with her apron full of lace, attempted to come up the side of the ship by the rope ladder used by the pilot, but the mate would not permit it, and as her boat had left, she hung on the ladder, crying and begging the mate to let her come up, but he refused. Finally her boat came and took her off and then she turned and shook her fist at the mate, and said, "The Lord will reward you for your conduct this day." Another passenger and I went ashore to get a view of Queenstown and its fine harbor. As we landed we were surrounded by men and women trying to sell us all sort of things. One man with shamrock was the most persistent and followed us for some distance. Finally finding we would not buy, he put a pinch of shamrock into my overcoat pocket, saying, "I am going to give you the blessing of Ireland, anyway." I have found among my papers a diary of the trip, written during the voyage, which I insert:

Diary of Voyage From Liverpool

"February 16, 1882, having arrived at Liverpool from London at 5 p. m. yesterday (Wednesday) and stopped at the North-western Hotel, I went on board the tender at 3 p. m. to go onto the steamer *City of Berlin,* which lay out in the stream. The day was so rainy that I had very little chance of seeing Liverpool and only saw what could be seen from a hansom cab. We did not heave up our anchor until five o'clock, as the steamer was so large that we had to wait for the tide to run up and thus turn us around with our head down stream. We had a very pleasant trip to Queenstown, where we arrived at about 1 p. m. the next day (February 17th). I went ashore on the tender and remained there until the tender returned at about 4 p. m. to bring off the mails. We left Queenstown at about 4:40 p. m. and were opposite Fastnett Light at 8:40 p. m. From that time until the next Thursday morning at 5 a. m. (February 23d) everything went on as usual at sea. Taking it as a whole up to that time the trip was a very fine one, although we had a couple days of very rough weather, during which the sea was constantly breaking over us and nearly all of the passengers were sick. I was, of course, as usual, perfectly well. On said Thursday morning I was awakened very early and kept awake some time by the fog horn. About five o'clock, while still awake, I heard a terrible crashing among the machinery and the engine immediately stopped. I lay some time expecting the engine to start again, but not finding it do so, got up and learned that the crank shaft had broken and that it would take at least a week to get the engine at work, and then, if we succeeded, but one cylinder could be used and our progress must be very slow, indeed. We were then about 1,000 miles from New York and about 300 less from Halifax. At once every man was put to work, some on the machinery and the rest getting up extra yards so as to get up all sails possible. We were not able to move until about 9 a. m. the next day (Friday, February 24th), when the wind sprang up with sufficient strength to move us. During the meantime we lay in the trough of the sea, rolling very heavily, for there was a very heavy sea on, the effect of some severe storm to the westward of us. It was a day none on the *City of Berlin* will ever forget. The waves would roll down on us apparently large enough to engulf us, and we perfectly helpless, rolling like a log. It was fearful. At noon on

the 24th, when we found out our position, we found we had drifted several miles to the eastward of where we were the day before. The weather continued pleasant, with a strong breeze during the next three days. At noon Saturday we had drifted forty miles south and out of the regular track of vessels, but had also made fifty-four miles west. At noon on Sunday we had gone forty-five miles further west and drifted fifteen miles still further south, during all this time everyone was looking out for sails, for at our rate of progress it would take us several weeks to reach New York if there had been no southward drift, but with the wind as it continued all the time from the northwest and north we would have continued to drift to the south and by the time we reached land would have been down to the West India Islands. There were anxious hearts and everyone was watching for help, for unless there was help received from some steamer we could not help ourselves. During all these days (Thursday, Friday and Saturday) no sign of a sail could be seen, and we could to a small degree appreciate the feelings of shipwrecked sailors in their boats watching for help, but just before night on Saturday a sailor at the masthead discovered on the far horizon a sail and we began to have hopes of help. Every night rockets had been sent up at intervals all night and during the day signals of distress were flying. Saturday night we had a prayer meeting in the cabin, asking God to send help. About two o'clock Sunday morning I was awakened by a great tramping and running on deck; upon inquiry I was told that a steamer, the *City of Antwerp*, was alongside and would tow us to New York, also that a sailing vessel was also there attracted by the rockets. I got up and went on deck just in time to see the steamer sailing away, having refused to help us because they had a deckload of live cattle, but promising to get some other steamer to come to our help. The passengers were very much disappointed about it and very much disheartened. We again had a prayer meeting on Sunday night, and both at that and at the regular Sunday services there was much solemnity and feeling. We all felt better about it. I was again awakened at 5 a. m. Monday, February 27th, by the news that a steamer was alongside. I got up as soon as I could see to dress and was in time to see one of our boats lowered and put off. It seemed a small thing in such a large water, and although to us the water seemed so smooth in comparison to what it had been, yet the boat was constantly hidden from view

by the waves. Presently it reached the steamer and the officer went on board.

We all watched anxiously to see whether the steamer would leave us to our fate or help us. Presently we saw her begin to move towards us, and she came under our stern and the officer on board hailed our captain and told him they had but six days' coal, but that they would take us to Halifax. Of course, he assented, and after about three hours' work we got our wire cable on board and about 10:30 commenced our journey for Halifax. The steamer is named *Ville d'Algiers,* a French steamer from Bordeaux for New York. When she came alongside she was not half as long as this and is about one-third her tonnage. It looks so singular, this immense steamer, perfectly helpless, being towed by one so much smaller. When the announcement was made that she would tow us to Halifax a shout went up from the hundreds of passengers who were so anxiously awaiting the decree. As I write we are going along smoothly through the water at about five knots an hour, and it is one of the most perfect days. The atmosphere is perfectly clear and the water is as smooth as I ever saw it in summer, and in place of the anxious faces and the anxious talk, every face is beaming and full of smiles and everyone shakes hands with everyone else.

February 28th. Everything went well with us until we went to dinner, but during dinner our cable parted, or at least our connection with the French steamer broke, and it was so late nothing could be done until this morning. Some of the passengers were much discouraged, although the Frenchman promised to lay by us all night. We had another prayer meeting, which was a thanksgiving for God's benefits to us; it was very interesting, and an unbeliever who was present appeared to be very much interested and said he had enjoyed it very much and would come again. I hope for good results from our meetings and that the result of our accident will redound to the glory of God.

March 1st, 1882. This morning I was lying awake, about 7 o'clock, thinking I would soon have to get up, when a steward came banging at each of the doors, saying letters for New York must be sent at once, as the French steamer was going to leave at once for New York and that the Cunarder *Samaria* from Boston for Liverpool was alongside and would tow us to Halifax. I, with the other passengers, rushed into the saloon partly dressed and dashed off letters at the shortest possible notice. I wrote a

letter to my wife, but the mail bag failed to get off and the letters therefore did not go to New York.

There was a heavy sea on and there was great difficulty in getting a line to the *Samaria,* but after great labor they succeeded. The small boat had a hard time to get launched and it looked frightful to see it go up and down over the waves. It did not appear possible that a small boat could live in such a sea, and I watched it with a good deal of interest, but she did live and after being in the water a couple of hours was taken on board and we are now in tow of the steamer, attached by means of two hawsers, one of steel and one a rope cable, and are going toward Halifax at a good rate of speed. While lying this morning, in company with the French steamer and the Cunarder, a fourth steamer, the *Friga,* a Danish steamer, came up, and it was an interesting sight, seldom seen, to see four large steamers together in mid ocean. After this, during the day, we saw two other large steamers in the distance. The wind continued to blow hard right ahead until nearly night, when a calm came on and the evening was one of the most beautiful I ever saw at sea. The water like a mill pond and the moon being two-thirds full made it quite light, and the steamer went through the water with scarcely any motion. This continued all night.

About 6 p. m. the captains of the two steamers, after much signalling, agreed to steer for Boston, and changed the course accordingly.

March 2d. The ocean was almost like a river this morning. I never saw it more calm even in summer. After a while a gentle wind sprang up, but not enough to give us any motion. Everything is pleasant and prosperous. Our run at noon was one hundred and seventy-four miles.

March 3d. There was more breeze, but still we made good progress, and at noon today had made one hundred and eighty miles.

March 4th. The wind from noon yesterday continued to increase, and as it was a head wind, interfered very much with our progress, so that up to noon we had made but one hundred and nine miles and were still one hundred and fifty miles from Boston. In the afternoon the wind continued to increase until it blew a gale, to overcome which the good steamer *Samaria* had a very hard task, and as I write at 7:45 p. m., both ships are rolling and tossing at a fearful rate and making scarcely any

progress, if they are making any at all. Everyone is anxious, for the wind is constantly increasing and the strain on our cables is fearful. If they should break our situation would be very dangerous, indeed, but we hope God will care for us now as He has done all through this long voyage. The latest report is that the barometer is rising. I hope it may continue to rise. It has been at 29.30 most of the day, and if it continues to rise the storm will soon begin to abate, but it is blowing fearfully now, and although we have no sails up the wind careens us very much. It is blowing from one point off the starboard bow, most of the day it has blown from the west. I pray God may care for us, but it will be an anxious night for all. We have a prayer meeting at 8 p. m.

March 5th. Very little sleep did anyone on board get last night; when I went to bed the gale was blowing with fearful violence and I understand continued to increase until toward morning, when it began to abate. Every care was taken to let as little strain as possible come on the cables. The *Samaria* did not attempt to draw us, but only to keep our head towards the sea; had she done otherwise the cables must have parted, as the strain was fearful, and had they parted we would have been in very great danger. The officers were up all night and many of the passengers most of the night, as the peril was greater than at any time during the voyage, but, thanks to God's care, everything went well, and when I got up this morning the wind had subsided very much, although the sea was still very high, and our good tug was rolling at a fearful rate. It was a grand sight to see her roll and pitch. I saw her again and again scoop up the water with her side, her whole length, the way I have seen a man scoop up a bucket full of water, and I saw two seas go high above the top of her smokestack. As I write, the wind has subsided into a gentle breeze and the sea has almost resumed its accustomed mood. Early this morning the Cunard steamship *Atlas* was discovered in the distance and was signalled to come near, which she did, and we sent messages to Boston and thus to the world by her. We do not expect to get to Boston until tomorrow. In all my life I never before got enough of the sea, but this time I am as anxiously looking for land as anyone, and no wonder, for if we get in tomorrow we shall have been eighteen days on the passage from Liverpool, just double what we would have been had we not broken our shaft. This is our third Sabbath at sea. We had services, as usual, and could all join

heartily in it, as all felt that we had escaped from great peril. When I came up from dinner two lights just above the surface of the sea could be seen at a great distance to the northwest. They were Cape Ann or Thatcher's Island lights. None except one who has been through such an experience can conceive the joy with which we saw them.

March 6th. When we reached the entrance to the harbor we found several tugs sent in answer to our messages yesterday, waiting to tow us up the harbor, for with so big a ship—525 feet long—and so many bad turns, the Captain did not dare to allow the *Samaria* to take us in.

The steamer furnished those going home via New York transportation to that point. I do not remember the hour of our landing. I reached Washington March 8th.

When I declared my goods to the customs officer on the ship I told him of various things I had bought for presents and the cost and he told me not to enter them and if the officer on the dock found them to make the statement to him. I had a trunk and two valises. The officer with my statement in his hand opened a valise first and right on top happened to be my Bible. On seeing this he went no further, but marked all my baggage without opening anything else. Of course, the Bible being there was accidental, but the officer evidently believed a Bible reader would not make a false customs return.

On Saturday, April 29th, 1911, I had the pleasure of again seeing the *City of Berlin*, now the United States transport *Meade*, laid up at the shipyard at Newport News, Virginia. I had not seen her since I left her at Boston on March 6th, 1882. It seemed like meeting an old friend after a long separation.

In October, 1886, I saw the *Ville d'Algiers* in the dock at Harve, France.

As my physician had ordered me to do no business for a year I did very little law work on my return, but as soon as the season was suitable, went to The Hague on Lake George for some weeks, then to the White Mountains, Mount Washington, Old Orchard Beach and Bald Head Cliff in Maine, taking up my practice again in the fall of 1882. I was absent from June 29th to August 12th, 1882.

CHAPTER XX.

My Vacation in 1883 and a Drowning Accident in Maine.

For my vacation in 1883 I went via Watkins Glen to Niagara Falls, then from the head of the St. Lawrence by steamer down the St. Lawrence, through the rapids to Montreal, then by train to Quebec, then by steamer to the head of navigation of the Saginaw River and back to Quebec, then by steamer down the River and Bay of St. Lawrence, stopping at all the old, quaint French villages, one hundred years behind the age, to Prince Edward's Island, making three stops there, then landing at Pictu, Nova Scotia, then by rail to Halifax, then to Annapolis, then across the Bay of Fundy to St. Johns, New Brunswick, then by steamer to Portland, then to Bald Head Cliff, where I arrived during August—what day I do not remember. At Bald Head Cliff were Rev. George O. Little and family and other friends from Washington, besides many from other places. I enjoyed the usual boating, fishing and bathing to be had there until on Thursday, August 23d, a party of seventeen went in boats to our usual bathing place on Ogunquit Beach, and there had a fearful experience, during which four of the bathers lost their lives, and Mrs. Little, wife of Rev. George O. Little, and Miss Marsh, a teacher from Worcester, Massachusetts, were revived to consciousness after four hours' work. I have found among my papers a statement written for the reporters just after the accident, by whom written I do not remember, which gives a good account of the accident.

Account of the Drowning Accident at Ogunquit, Maine, August 23, 1883.

"On Thursday, August 23, a party of seventeen guests of the Cliff House went to Ogunquit Beach for surf bathing. This beach, which many of the former accounts have confounded with Wells Beach, extends for three miles in the general northeast direction from the mouth of the Ogunquit River. To the north

of this beach, and separated from it by a cove and rocky promontory on which stands the Atlantic House, runs Wells Beach—or Webannet Beach, as it is sometimes locally called, from the river which empties near it.

"This beach, owing especially to the rocky promontory just mentioned, is, as is well known, one of the safest bathing places on the Atlantic coast. At Ogunquit Beach, however, in certain unusual states of the sea and tide, bathing, as the event has proved, is perilous. Several members of the above named party have bathed upon the beach for years; in fact, the majority had bathed there in safety only the day previous. But on the day of the accident an exceptionally heavy sea had, without the suspicion of the party, scooped out a deep gully inside of the bar and at its lower end cut its way to the open sea.

"Ordinarily the water on the bar is only about one foot shallower than just within it. At the time the party went in bathing the tide was turning to flood, and knowing that with such a heavy sea as was then running to go beyond the bar was dangerous, our bathers remained upon it or just within it, where the water when level was not more than knee deep.

"Some of the party had finished their bath and returned to the shore. Two others, viz., Miss Safford and Edward Gould, had started to return, leaving the rest of their companions upon the bar, standing in a circle holding one another by the hands. But, insensibly to themselves, the whole party had been gradually moving northward until they had reached a point at which the deep gulch, spoken of above, intervened between them and the shore. They were first made aware of the existence of the gulch and their consequent peril by the cry for help raised by the couple just named on finding themselves suddenly in water over their heads.

"Immediately four of the five gentlemen, who had not yet quit the bar, viz., Rev. George O. Little and his sons, Arthur M. Little and Edward N. Little, together with Greenough Thayer—went to their aid, leaving three ladies, viz., Mrs. Little, Miss Marsh and Miss Emma Gould, together with Mr. I. G. Kimball.

"The gentlemen reached the imperilled ones and restored Miss Safford to her place on the bar, where two of them remained with her while young Gould, released from her convulsive grasp, swam for the shore, which he reached much exhausted.

"Meanwhile Mr. Kimball found that his party were being swept by the current and waves into the same peril with Miss Safford. In spite of his most vigorous efforts to prevent, this result ensued, and they soon found themselves beyond their depth. The ladies naturally tightened their grasp upon him and one of them seized hold of his neck, and in this predicament all went down together. His safety, therefore, on which theirs depended, compelled him to free himself from them. This he succeeded with difficulty in doing, and raised at the same time a cry for help. Rev. Mr. Little and his son Arthur responded to the cry. Arthur was caught by the current and swept to the shore without being able to reach them.

"Before Mr. Little reached them Miss Gould had sunk and Miss Marsh had floated away, his wife was keeping herself above the water, and when he came to her she grasped him and they went under once and again. Freeing himself from her, almost exhausted, he turned on his back for breath when he saw her swimming enough to keep her head above the water. As soon as he touched ground with one foot he was able to grasp her with his left hand, when Arthur, catching him by his right hand, and with Mr. Kimball's help, landed them on the shore."

"Meanwhile, Mr. Kimball observing that Mrs. Little's safety seemed to be provided for by the presence of her husband, and failing to discover Miss Gould, turned his endeavors solely to the rescue of the third lady, Miss Marsh. This lady, apparently in a state of unconsciousness, was drifting rapidly down the deep channel above described.

"Mr. Kimball succeeded in reaching her and barely bringing her to the shore, where his failing strength was supplemented by the timely intervention of Mr. Gould, the father of Edward and Emma Gould, who, partly dressed, heard the cries for help and went to their assistance.

"Efforts for her recovery were soon rewarded by signs of lingering animation and were efficiently seconded by Messrs. William Hamilton and Samuel Perkins, who had crossed the river from Ogunquit in response to the calls of young Gould. Others soon came upon the scene, and the rescued ladies, still insensible, were carried across the river to the office of Dr. Gordon, where, after four hours of unremitted and skillful efforts, in which many willing hands bore efficient part, their restoration was assured.

"But the saddest part of the affair is yet to come. It will

be remembered that we left Miss Safford and the gentlemen who came to her help upon the bar in apparent safety. Not long afterwards, however, they had all disappeared, in fact they were not seen again by any of their fellow bathers. One eye-witness, however, mentions having seen the three swimming; another clearly at a later moment saw but two, and almost in an instant thereafter they were seen no more.

"This sad accident seems to have been largely due to the concurrence of an unusually high tide and waves, and the continuance of the latter through several successive days and nights has delayed the recovery of the dead.

"The villages of Ogunquit and of Wells Beach have shown the profoundest sympathy with the bereaved and have left no resource untried for the recovery of the remains. These generous and devoted endeavors have at last been happily crowned with complete success."

When the four men left us to rescue Miss Safford and Eddie Gould, I had hold of the hands of Mrs. Little and Miss Marsh and Emma Gould had them by the hand, for the breakers were so heavy that a lady could not stand up alone. I was facing those in peril and instantly saw that each time we jumped to keep our heads above the breakers we were carried several feet in that direction by the strong current, and began to attempt to fight against it and asked the ladies to do the same, but almost instantly we were in deep water and went under holding each other's hands. At the moment of going under Emma Gould let go the ladies' hands and grabbed the collar of my bathing suit. Thought comes quickly under such circumstances and I at once decided that unless I could free myself there would be no chance for either of us, as no one knew of our peril. How I got free from their grasps I have no idea, but I did get loose, and as soon as my mouth was above water began to call for help, as stated in the foregoing account, and commenced to try to swim to shore. I never will forget the awful feeling I had for fear one of the ladies would clutch me before I could get out of reach and I knew that would mean death for all of us. I swam until thoroughly exhausted, then let my feet down to see if I could touch bottom. This, fortunately, I could do and recovered my footing. I am fully persuaded that if I had not found bottom, in my exhausted condition I would have drowned. The

moment I got on my feet I looked around to see the condition of the others. Mr. Little had reached his wife, who, although unconscious, was making her hands move as though swimming, and I believe that this saved her life, for it kept her up. Miss Marsh, who was a large, fleshy woman, was floating on her stomach face down in the water. I at once went to her assistance and got her to the shore, but could get her no further in my weak condition, and for a moment she lay in the surf until Mr. Gould came to my assistance.

I then turned to see about Mr. and Mrs. Little. The current had carried them down quite a way and I saw both go down several times. I went to their help, as Mr. Little was exhausted and could not rescue her alone. I called to his son, Arthur, who was quite a distance down the beach, having on my call attempted to swim ashore and been carried half a mile down the beach before he could get to land. Mr. Little had gone back along the bar and thus quickly reached his wife. Arthur and I got both Mr. Little and his wife ashore. I believe both would have been drowned without our help. From the moment we four went into deep water no one saw Emma Gould until her body was recovered the next Monday morning.

The lost were all young men and women, the youngest, Eddie Little, being sixteen, and the oldest, Grenough Thayer, nineteen years of age. One out of each of four different families, three children of ministers and one, Emma Gould, the daughter of a deacon in the Congregational Church.

The condition of Mrs. Little and Miss Marsh was such after they had been brought to consciousness that they had to be taken away as soon as possible, and Mr. Little was in little better condition. Arthur Little and I remained behind to search for and recover the bodies. The first night I went back to the hotel, but early in the morning, with representatives of the bereaved families, went back to the beach and did not leave it for five days and four nights. We had a covered wagon on the beach in which we slept in certain stages of the tide during which, as informed by fishermen, no bodies would land, and took our meals at the Atlantic House, near by, part of us going at a time but always leaving some one on the beach. At all other times, day and night, we patrolled the beach. Usually we had the company of some of the fishermen until midnight, after which we were alone, each one patrolling a part of the beach by himself as there were three miles to guard and a body might land at any point.

The sea gave up the bodies of Kittie Safford and Grenough Thayer on Sunday morning, August 26th. One of them was landed by the sea; the other was found by one of the many residents who were walking along the beach watching for bodies. There was a large mass of sea weed rolling in the water, but not landing. This man saw a hand roll above the water for a second in the mass of weed and made a rush into the water for it. When he got near, the hand or the body could not be seen, so he waited, and presently it appeared again and he grabbed it. What kept the bodies back so long was the immense body of sea weed floating just beyond the breakers. There were thousands of wagon loads of it.

On the morning of Monday, August 27th, at about nine o'clock, Mr. Gould and I had just come from breakfast and were sitting on the wagon. I sat where I could see down the beach. He was reading aloud from Revelation and just as he read, "And the sea shall give up its dead," I saw a wagon coming along the beach toward us as fast as the horse could go and a boy near us yelled, "They have got one." We both jumped down and ran to meet the wagon, which turned before we reached it, and we drove down the beach to where the waves had left Emma Gould lying face down on the sand. We picked her up, put her in the wagon and carried her to the hotel. On account of having been so long in the sea weed, her hair stood out in every direction, matted with the weed. I continued to patrol the beach until we gave up all hope of finding Eddie Little's body and then offered a reward and stayed on at the Cliff House, hoping yet doubting. About half past seven on Friday evening, August 31st, the ninth day, a Mr. Sperry and Mrs. George Perkins were riding along the beach looking for the body as they went, and saw it floating in the surf. Sperry ran into the sea where the body was, but could not get it to shore alone and Mrs. Perkins went to his assistance. Notice was sent to me immediately and Arthur Little and I went to where the undertaker had taken it, for we had arranged everything for just such an event.

While all that I have been describing was terrible and has left impressions upon me which time does not efface, I think the hardest to undergo was the patrolling the beach alone in the small hours of the night, hoping and expecting at any moment to have to get a dead body out of the surf. The worst of all these experiences occurred to me about one o'clock in the morn-

ing after three bodies had been found and the people had gone from the beach and I was alone. I saw a little ways from shore an immense mass of sea weed—thousands of loads. I knew it might land at any moment and I believed that Eddie's body was back of it, and stood watching it. It began to land and I never saw anything land so fast. It was impossible for me, standing on the shore, to know whether the body landed or not, as it would be buried instantly. I had on hip boots and waded out into the sea weed and went through every part of it in the water before it landed. I cannot describe my feelings while doing so—the time, the place, alone, and feeling that at any moment I might touch the body—was an experience few have ever had and one I never want again.

From the time I reached Washington again, September 5th, until I took my vacation in 1884, nothing unusual occurred which I now recollect. In the summer of 1884 my sister and I went via Watkins Glen, Niagara Falls and Saratoga to Lake George, stopping at The Hague as before. From there we went to the White Mountains and Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and then back to Washington. In 1885 I again went to Bald Head Cliff, but its associations with the events of two years before were too strong and I did not stay very long, and soon went, as I remember it, to visit my friend, Ed. Coffin, at Portsmouth, New Hampshire.

CHAPTER XXI.

My Second Trip to Europe.

In 1886, in company with Rev. George O. Little, I made my second trip to Europe, sailing on August 5th, on the steamer, *State of Nebraska*. We had an exceedingly rough passage during which our cargo of corn in bulk shifted and we were in great peril. Every effort was made to shift the corn back but without success and we reached Glasgow lying almost on our side. The sea was very rough and we rolled excessively as well as pitched. I saw the ship roll until the upper deck on the lower side went into the sea and was almost as perpendicular as the side of a house, so that moving about was impossible and we lashed ourselves to the ship in our chairs. Some of the passengers slept all night in their chairs lashed to the bannisters of the companion-way leading down stairs. I also saw the ship dip her nose into the sea many times and take over her bows a solid body of green water ten feet thick. The passage-way on the deck below between the deck houses and the rails was filled solid with water at every roll. Life lines were stretched everywhere to protect the sailors from being washed overboard. I slept, or at least attempted to sleep, in my stateroom at night. To dress or undress one had to sit on the floor and put his back against an immovable object and his feet against another and in that way get his clothes on or off. He had to brace himself in his berth to get to sleep at all, but when asleep, his muscles would relax and the rolling ship would make him roll over and wake up.

Much of our time abroad was spent in Scotland, of which I am very fond. Our trip took in Glasgow, Edinburgh, across the mountains to the head of Loch Katrine, down that lake, then to Loch Lomond and the scenes of Rob Roy's adventures, down that Loch and then back to Glasgow. We then went by steamers through the wonderful mountain scenery from Glasgow through the Crinin Canal to Oban, then through the Caledonian Canal to Inverness where we spent Sunday. We went to the Presbyterian Church and were much impressed at the sight of the ushers, who were staid, elderly men, dressed in kilts, going up and down the

aisles with their bare legs, but no one else seemed to notice it as anything out of the way and in fact in that part of Scotland most men are thus dressed, winter and summer.

From Oban we visited Iona where the Christian religion was first preached by St. Columbo and where the ruins of his church are to be seen, and where in its church yard are buried a large number of Scotch, Irish and Welsh kings, as well as those of other nations. We also visited Fingals Cave on the Island of Staffa, with its wonderful crystallized rocks precisely like those at Giants Causeway in the north of Ireland.

From Inverness we went back to Glasgow by rail through the mountains, stopping off at various places to see or visit water falls or other interesting things and making the journey through the historic Kilicrankie Pass on foot. Hearing of a meet at Killin on Loch Tay, given by the Marquis Bredalbane, we went to it and saw all the old Scotch games. Prizes were offered for the best pipers, dancers, jumpers, throwers of the stone, etc., and as the best performers and athletes in Scotland were gathered to win the prize, we saw them in their perfection. Although the pipes are the national and favorite Scottish musical instrument and I heard scores of the best pipers of the nation, I did not become enamoured with the music. What we saw, however, and the people gathered there made it very interesting to us.

We saw the present as well as the ancient castle of the Marquis. He is the owner of an immense estate. At his old castle we were shown a small cannon ball but recently found in its walls which had been shot by Cromwell's army when he attacked it. We were also shown the judgment seat under a large tree where, in ancient times, the Marquis pronounced sentence on the members of his Clan. If it was a tribesman who was to be executed he was hanged from the limb of a large plane tree still standing. If the criminal was a chief, he was taken to a pit close to the judgment seat where his head was cut off and the blood allowed to run into the pit. We were also shown a large tree in which men were always posted watching for travelers. If not too strong in numbers, the Marquis sent out a force to rob them, if too strong to be attacked, they were allowed to proceed. As I heard and saw these various things and realized how short a time ago they had been done with no thought of wrong, I could appreciate the great advance the religion of Christ has caused the world to make.

From Scotland we went to Port Rush, Ireland, and were there over Sunday. We heard the pastor of the Presbyterian Church preach in the morning and Mr. Little in the second service of the day. The pastor was a stout, vigorous Scotch-Irishman who had been its pastor for forty-three years. He laid his vigorous health to sea bathing and told me that in all the forty-three years he had been the pastor of that church he had never failed, winter or summer, to take his dip in the sea before breakfast, with the exception of Sundays and when away. When you remember that Port Rush is at the north end of Ireland, and how cold it must be in winter, you can realize the kind of constitution that could stand it. At Port Rush we saw the first electric street railroad ever built. It ran to Giants Causeway. A rail charged with electricity ran along the side of the road about two and a half feet from the ground. A sort of brush or broom projected from the car and took the electricity from the rail. The rail was wholly unprotected and liable to kill persons or cattle.

We went from Port Rush to Giants Causeway in a Jaunty car. On the way we visited the ruins of the palace of the Irish kings, situated on a high promontory overlooking the sea and having a passageway for boats to come within the walls, and connected to the land by a very narrow footway over which but one person could cross at a time. It had strongly fortified walls and gateway. On either side of the footway and all around the castle were sheer descents so that at the time it was in use the castle was impregnable. The shore is of high chalk cliffs worn by the sea into deep caves, some of them several hundreds of feet deep. Scattered through the chalk in regular layers are flint boulders of all sizes.

At Giants Causeway we took one of the large Irish row boats with four oarsmen and a guide. The sea was exceedingly rough, but the men were fine oarsmen and knew how to handle the boat. We went quite a distance along the coast seeing the caves and the peculiar basaltic formation. We stopped in front of the entrance to a large cave where the breakers were especially high and fierce. I never suspected that our oarsmen would attempt to pass through them, but waiting for the right moment, they went into the cave without taking in a drop of water. The cave was immense and very beautiful on account of the different colored rocks and the light coming in through the entrance. We went out through the breakers as safely as we came in. With great difficulty, on

account of the high sea, we landed one at a time on the Causeway without getting wet. The Causeway is composed of basaltic crystals, those of the same shape one above another forming a column. The different columns are of different sizes and shapes, from those having three sides to those of eleven sides, but all so closely fitted together that a knife blade could not run between them. If separated a man could not fit them together, but Nature has made them perfect. The crystals of each column are not alike. Some crystals have the top and bottom both concave, others both convex, and others one face concave and the other convex.

From Port Rush we went by train to Dublin and from there across the Irish Sea to Holly Head. The Irish Sea is said to be rough at all times, and that day it fully bore out its bad reputation. I have crossed the Straits of Dover and the English Channel several times, but I never saw them when they could compare in roughness with this trip across the Irish Sea. We stopped at Llundudno in Wales and took a long coaching trip through the mountain region of Wales. That country as well as the west coast of Scotland has the reputation of being very rainy, and, judging by my experience with both, that reputation is well deserved. It seemed to me that it rained every fifteen minutes in the day. A shower would pass and the sun come out to be shut in, in a few minutes, by another shower, but in spite of the rain we enjoyed the wonderful scenery and the quaint people and villages. We next made a stop at Chester and walked around its walls. Chester is a city of great historic interest and is one of the few remaining walled cities of England.

We next went to London where we stopped at the boarding house of Mrs. E. Phillips, No. 10 Duchess street, Portland Place, where I was so pleasantly situated when in London before. Finding that Cook had an excursion to Paris the next day which would give us ten days in that city, we concluded to make the trip, as we found that we could make it and come within the limit which we had set for our expenses. Before starting, I had told Mr. Little that our journey would cost us three hundred dollars each. We kept an accurate expense account and from New York back to New York, not including what we expended for pictures and clothes, our expenses were three hundred dollars and thirty-three cents each, or within thirty-three cents of my original estimate. We were in Paris ten days, stopping at my

old hotel, The Hotel de Dijon, in the Rue Caumartin. We crossed the channel by the Newhaven-Dieppe route and after our return from Paris spent an enjoyable time in London.

We sailed from London direct on September 25th, 1886, on the *Persian Monarch*, a cattle ship which carried few passengers. We had fine accommodations, having two rooms, a sitting room and a bedroom, well fitted up. This run down the Thames and out through the Goodwin Sands was especially interesting. We crossed over to Harve, France, to take on board seventy percheron stallions. Harve is a tide water harbor and can only be entered or left at half tide or above. At other times the great gates are closed. The exit is through locks made of stone. In taking us out the pilot ran us into the lock with great force knocking a big hole through our iron plates just above the water line. He tried to take us right out to sea, but the Captain refused to permit it and ordered him to take us back into the harbor which he reluctantly did. We lay there several days until the hole could be patched. This gave us a good chance of seeing this, the seaport of Paris. Two things struck me with great force, one was the extreme cruelty to their horses. Near our ship, pig iron was being loaded on long two-wheeled drays. No attempt was made to keep the weight from resting on the horses' backs, and the front part of the drays were loaded until the horses were nearly brought to the ground by the great weight and no attempt made to equalize it by putting on part of the load back of the wheels before the front of the dray was fully loaded and each piece of iron was thrown onto the dray coming like a heavy blow onto the horses' backs. All through France I saw extreme cruelty towards domestic animals.

The second thing that struck me was the great poverty of the lower classes. The garbage from the ship on the dock was overhauled by hungry men and every scrap of food was culled out and eaten.

From Harve we went down the English Channel skirting the English shore. We had a fine view of Eddystone Lighthouse and of the Scilly Islands. Before we reached Lands End the sea became quite rough and we saw a large amount of wreckage. Lands End is a high cliff upon which is a first-class lighthouse and a telegraph station to announce the arrival of vessels. It has an immense sign made by three letters, I. C. U., to indicate to shipmasters that they should display their numbers. The sea

is wearing away the cliff so that there are large rocks at its base extending some distance out, on which the sea strikes with great force. When we had passed the end of the land and could see along the west shore we saw a large three-masted steamer in the breakers, one of her masts was gone, the others had the sails all set and the sea was breaking over her half-mast high. Great crowds were on the cliff looking down but there was no sign of life on her. I never heard any account of the wreck and cannot understand how she came to be there, for the night before had been clear and the light on the Lands End must have been clearly seen. It may be that they mistook the light for Scilly Island and attempted to pass to the north of it.

We had some hard western gales, but all together a fine trip home. We took the northern route and the first land we sighted was New Foundland and we ran along its shores to Cape Sable. When we were about 100 miles off from Nova Scotia, land-birds alighted on the ship blown off the land by the strong western wind. They were so exhausted that they allowed themselves to be picked up where they fell. After being fed and rested they were let out of the cage and flew into the rigging and would not allow themselves to be caught again. As soon as we approached land they left us. We landed in New York October 13th, after an absence of two months and eight days.

My wife and Edna spent the time of my absence in Wilton, New Hampshire.

CHAPTER XXII.

Vacations in Maine.

Our vacations in 1887 and 1888 were spent at Friendship, Maine, and the vacations of the next four years, 1889 to 1892, inclusive, at Cushing, Maine. We enjoyed these vacations very much, for the life was out in the open and the fishing exceedingly good, and not only the boys and myself, but my wife and the girls were very fond of fishing. In 1892 the men at our boarding-house and some of those of the neighborhood took an all night fishing trip off the eastern end of the Island of Monhigan, which is several miles off the coast. We had such a fine time that the ladies were extremely anxious to go with us on a similar trip. Capt. Chadwick, the owner of the schooner, at first refused to take "women folks" on an all night trip, but after much persuasion consented and we went in his largest schooner. We gave the fine cabin to the ladies, and the men took the cook-house forward. We reached the fishing grounds shortly after dark and had such a splendid time that it will always live in our memories.

It was a glorious night with a full moon and how the fish did bite. The ladies fished until eleven and then retired. I fished until about one and then turned in but not for long for Capt. Fred Maloney was standing just over my head and every few minutes I could hear a big fish flopping on the deck and it was too much for me to stand. I had to get up and go at it again. The rest of the party got up very early in the morning and my son, Harry, and my daughter, Alice, raced to see which would be high line. Sometimes it would be one and sometimes the other. One or the other was hauling fish all the time. Each party took their own fish and my party had a barrel and a half of dressed fish. About ten o'clock at night the boat from Bangor to Boston passed between us and the shore and about three in the morning the boat going in the other direction passed us. Each was brilliantly lighted and made a beautiful sight.

Capt. Chadwick had such a good time that he invited the members of the all night party to go on a picnic to Burned Island,

on the last day we were to be at Cushing. There he secured from a lobster catcher a large number of lobsters right out of the water. These were boiled on the schooner. I never ate so many lobsters in one day in my life. I wanted to fish once more before going home, so the lobster men gave me the marks to enable me to find the fishing ground and I went in the boat's dory with lobsters for bait. I soon found the place and began to haul in cod and haddock two at a time for my line had two hooks. I fished until I used up all my bait and had to return. Sometimes the two fish at a time would be so large that it was almost impossible for me to pull them both up. The fishing was only for a short time but it was great. How I would like to try it over again.

In 1893 we went to Cape Rozier, Maine, for the first time, but the next year, 1894, we went back to Cushing, but the conditions were so unpleasant that we never went there afterwards, but each year, from 1895 to the present, some of us have spent our vacations at the Cape and it has been a very pleasant, happy summer home for us. There have been changes caused by the death of Capt. Van Buren Black and the growing up and marriage of some of the Black children, but the home still goes on and each year we are given a hearty welcome, not only by the family but by all the residents of Cape Rozier.

I believe our going to the Cape, as we call it, has not only been of great advantage to us physically, but that it has benefited the people of the Cape. The first year we were there, there was no church service within many miles and no Sabbath school. The second year, my daughter, Alice, who has always been a great church and mission worker, heard that a Sunday school had been started in the school-house and went to it the first Sunday we were there. She found an earnest Christian man, who had only recently been converted, trying to teach the children without any appliances and without any knowledge of how a Sunday school ought to be conducted, for he had never been in one in his life and had been to a church service only a very few times. He had a few loose pages from No. 1 Gospel Hymns, but no musical instrument of any kind and not a Bible. He had a few lesson cards, such as are used in primary classes, and a leaf from a lesson quarterly giving a form for the opening and closing of the school. He had little education, so that he read with difficulty. Under such circumstances, he was trying to teach the children about the

Christ he loved so much. Was it a wonder that under such difficulties he was very much discouraged? Alice took right hold and also promised that she would bring me the next Sunday.

The conversion of this brother, George G. Cousins, was not the result of any gospel message brought by man or from man, neither was it brought about by the Bible. He was a thoughtless, dancing, card playing, pleasure seeking young man with no thought of his future or of a future life. One night in a dream he had presented to him the hell to which he was going, in so clear a manner that he could not get rid of the impression it made, and for days he was in an agony of remorse, until one day in his wood lot he kneeled down and gave himself to Christ. From that time to the present he has been one of the most earnest, humble Christians I ever knew. And how he has grown in the Christian life. I can see his growth each year when I go back. He has been a great blessing to that neighborhood.

Every Sabbath that I have been there since the first, I have helped in the Sunday School except the few times when they have had no school. I am glad to say that now they have a beautiful church building and that the Methodist Episcopal Church has occupied the field and they have regular preaching service every other Sunday with a weekly prayer meeting.

Our life at the Cape has been very pleasant and healthful and there have been very few happenings to disturb our comfort. I recall only two. The first was when my son, Walter, who is very fond of a sailboat, went out in Captain Black's sloop, the *Katydid*, with Shipley and Richard Collins, and was caught in a terrific gale and could not get back. The sea was very high and they lost their tender, which was being towed. They ran before the wind and finally reached Rockland, about thirty miles away. Not knowing the channels or the rocks among the islands through which they came, their escape from destruction was something like a miracle. Then the great wonder was that they were not swamped in that terrific sea. This was largely due to the good seamanship of Shipley Collins, who had been at one time enlisted on a school ship. I do not remember how long they were out in the storm before getting behind the breakwater at Rockland, but when they arrived there they were a tough looking crowd—tired, hungry and dirty. Captain Frank E. Skinner, of Washington, found them there when he went to Rockland to take the boat for Boston, and supplied Walter with money. We were

extremely anxious about them and feared the worst, but did not know where to hunt for them. Late at night we received a telegram from them at Rockland.

The other instance occurred to my daughter, Edna, and to my son, Walter, and Clarence Church, of Washington. Early in the morning I had gone out fishing with Captain John Gray near an island known as Hog Island. The wind became so strong from the north that we had to give up fishing and started for home, intending as our course was north to land on the island and wait for the wind to die down, but when we reached it we found that it would be difficult to land and continued towards home, about three miles off across the deep ship channel of the bay. The tide was running very strong and that, with the high wind, made very large waves, especially in the middle of the channel. When part way across we saw a sail boat, with no sails set, nearing the bad part of the channel, but doing all in their power by rowing to get back to the shore from which they had come. When we got nearer we saw that it was the three named. Edna was steering and the boys rowing, but just about exhausted. The boat was an open boat, very heavy and ballasted with rocks, extremely hard to row, especially against the wind. Had she reached the high seas only a little further on she would have instantly filled and gone to the bottom. Not being able to land on Hog Island had brought us where we saw them. No one else knew where they were, for they had started for a sail in an entirely different direction, but when the high wind sprang up the boat became unmanageable and they drifted to where we found them. Our coming was all that saved them, for no one else was near. We took them in tow of our dory, but found it extremely difficult to make any progress. After a time a son of Captain Gray saw us and came to us, and with his help we finally got them in. I have always felt that my Heavenly Father directed us and that it was all due to His care for my dear ones.

CHAPTER XXIII.

My Connection with the Grand Army of the Republic and My Work for the Old Soldiers.

In 1894 I did what I had in mind for some time—joined the Grand Army of the Republic, becoming a member of Burnside Post, No. 8, of the Department of the Potomac, G. A. R., thus becoming identified with that splendid organization of patriotic men who have done so much for their country, both during the War of the Rebellion and since, and are still doing it. I found that Burnside Post was composed of splendid men, many of them occupying high positions in the Army and in the Executive Departments, men with whom it was an honor and a joy to associate.

My Post, the Department of the Potomac, and the Commander-in-Chief have honored me many times. I represented the Post several times in the Department Encampments. In 1899 I was elected Senior Vice Post Commander and in 1900 Post Commander. In 1901 the Department Encampment elected me Junior Vice Department Commander, in 1902 Senior Vice Department Commander, and in 1903 Department Commander. Each time the vote of the Encampment was unanimous.

In 1895 Commander-in-Chief Walker appointed me a member of his staff. I was appointed by the Commander-in-Chief a member of the Committee on Legislation for veterans in the public service with that splendid soldier and great fighter for his comrades, Joseph W. Kay, of Brooklyn, as chairman. In 1903 I was made chairman of that committee and have been reappointed chairman by each Commander-in-Chief since, and have been constantly at work for my comrades both in Congress and before the Executive Departments.

As Judge of the Police Court I saw each pension day a large number of old soldiers who had become drunk, lost all their money and gotten into trouble with the police. On some pension days I have seen as many as thirty or forty old soldiers thus under arrest. Upon inquiry I became satisfied that the mode of payment of pensioners was to a large extent to blame for

it. Pensioners came to the agencies for their checks, runners from the saloons met them there, and on the pretense of getting their checks cashed, got them to the saloons. As payment for the favor done them, they bought a drink, and the rest, drunkenness and loss of all their money, speedily followed. Many of these comrades were from towns in the vicinity and had to be furnished with the means for getting home.

I reported the facts coming to my knowledge to the Thirty-seventh Annual Encampment of the Department of the Potomac, February, 1895, and offered the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted:

"Whereas, a crying evil exists in this Department for which some remedy ought to be devised, if possible, for after each pension day it is shown by the cases coming before the Police Court and our charitable institutions, that there exists a systematic scheme on the part of certain evil-minded persons to get the old pensioners drunk and rob them of the money they have just received, which is their sole dependence for support until the next pension day.

"Now, therefore, be it resolved, that a committee of five be appointed by the Department Commander to investigate this subject and report to the next encampment what, if anything, can or ought to be done to remedy this evil."

I was appointed chairman of this committee. I saw Assistant Secretary Reynolds of the Interior Department, in charge of pension matters, and he became very much interested, and at my request asked each pension agent for a report of the conditions in his district, and for suggestions of a remedy. These reports were turned over to me and with but one exception showed that the same conditions existed as in Washington. That agent, whose report I did not believe, reported everything lovely in his agency and no need for any legislation. Most of the agents recommended the payment of all pensions by checks sent through the mail to the homes of the pensioners so that the wives and children could have a chance of getting the money before the saloon-keeper. I am making this matter much fuller than perhaps I ought to do, for it is a matter of great satisfaction to me that I helped to save to my comrades and their families many millions of dollars which otherwise would have gone to the saloons and to evil men and women who were ready to rob the pensioners after getting them drunk, and I will quote some of the agents' reports.

One said: "I have received many heart-rending communications from wives of pensioners, and even from their young children, portraying in touching language their deprivation and sufferings, while the husband and father was drawing a liberal pension and squandering it in dissipation."

Another agent writes: "I think the abolition of personal payments at the agencies would remedy the evil to a certain extent. I am well satisfied that in many cases if the checks were delivered at the homes of the pensioners * * * the family would be more likely to get the benefit of the money." He then states that the meeting of old comrades at the agencies leads them to treating each other for old times' sake and thus getting drunk.

Another agent says, "I have been informed by the police judge of this city (Indianapolis) that from 150 to 200 pensioners are arrested for drunkenness and brought before him at each and every quarterly payment."

These are samples of the reports and showed the need of a remedy. I drafted a bill requiring the sending of pension checks to the pensioner's home, but before it could be introduced Hon. Jesse Overstreet, a new member of Congress from Indianapolis, introduced a bill on the first day of the new Congress for the same purpose, and hearing what I had done on the subject, came to see me about it, and together we secured its enactment into law.

After a sufficient time to demonstrate its effect, at my request, Mr. Reynolds asked for another report from the pension agents, and these reports showed that the evil was almost entirely cured. This agreed with my own observations, for whereas before the law was enacted I usually had from thirty to forty old pensioners each pension day, after the enactment of this law it was seldom that I had more than one or two and these were confirmed drunkards whom no law could restrain.

I have had very much to do in securing employment for comrades and their widows. In this work I found that the Civil Service rules made it impossible to secure a position on the "Labor Rolls" of the Executive Departments for an old soldier, no matter how strong he was physically and how valuable he might be to the government service, for under the Civil Service rules a large percentage was taken off on account of his age from the markings he had received. He might be rated higher for physical condition than a younger man, but when the reduction for age

was made the younger man would be given a higher percentage and would secure the position. After careful investigation I found that no old soldier, however fit he might be physically, could possibly secure an appointment on the labor roll. The only chance for correcting this gross injustice was by appeal to President Roosevelt, and I felt sure he would remedy the wrong. President Roosevelt was the truest friend the old soldier ever had in the White House and was always ready to do all in his power for his benefit.

In presenting the matter to the President I took the case of Comrade Joseph Fought as an illustration of how the Civil Service rules worked. Fought had been the scout of General Custer and was one of the bravest men ever in the army, as was shown by letters from General Custer and other army officers. Some years before he had had a position in the Record and Pension Division of the War Department and his record there, as shown by the reports and by his promotions, was first class. At the time of the Ford's Theatre accident he was employed in that building and was one of the clerks called to testify in the investigation made by Congress as to the cause of the accident, and was assured of protection from discharge on account of the testimony he might give, but immediately thereafter the strangest thing happened. The monthly reports of this splendid clerk began to go down and became so poor that it was not very long before he was discharged for inefficiency. His friends did not hesitate to claim that his discharge was made because of the testimony he had given. Every effort was made to secure his reinstatement, but it could not be effected as the cause of his discharge was "inefficiency."

He could have been transferred to another bureau, but the Civil Service rules required that he must first be reinstated in his old bureau and serve there six months before being transferred to another, and the head of his old office absolutely refused to permit his reinstatement even when the strongest representations were made to him. Finally a temporary position was given him as a watchman in the Treasury Department, by Comrade H. A. Cobaugh, head of the Treasury Watch, and he proved to be such a valuable man, that Cobaugh was anxious to have him appointed on the permanent force. Fought was examined by the Civil Service Commission and his rating was so low on account of deduction for age, that all the young men were rated higher and

secured the places. (Fought was not now seeking reinstatement in the clerical force, but a new appointment on the labor roll.)

I wrote the following letter to the President and delivered it to him in person:

The President:

The last Encampment of the Department of the Potomac, G. A. R., held February 3d and 4th, 1903, directed me, as Department Commander, to investigate the charge made at said Encampment, that the regulations of the several Departments putting into operation the order establishing a registry list for laborers from which appointments were to be made, effectually excluded from any possibility of appointment, all Union soldiers and sailors who served during the War of the Rebellion, unless given a preference under Sec. 1754 of the Revised Statutes, by making such a reduction for age as results in their exclusion, and if warranted by the results found by said investigation, to bring the matter before the President, and advocate the giving of preference to said veterans who were shown to be physically qualified to perform the duties required.

The Civil Service Commission, upon my personal application and request, obtained a report from each Department operating under said Regulations, and said reports show conclusively that the reduction from his marks on account of his age, makes it impossible for a soldier of the War of 1861-65 to secure an appointment as laborer, however strong he may be physically.

As an illustration of all others I will refer to the Treasury Department, as the regulations are the same in each.

The general average which determines the place on the roll, and thus the chance for appointment is made by taking account of three things: first, age; second, physical condition; and third, industry and adaptability. A reduction of the applicant's percentage on either reduces the average and effects his chances for appointment. An applicant from twenty-five to forty-five years of age is marked 100 for age. Each year after forty-five reduces his per cent so that at fifty-four he is marked 87; at fifty-five, 85; at fifty-six, 82; at fifty-seven, 79; at fifty-eight, 76; at sixty, 70; at sixty-three, 58; and at sixty-nine, but 10 per cent, so that the soldiers who are fifty-four or older, and none are under fifty-four, when equally as strong and physically capable of doing the work, must stand on the roll for appointment after those who are younger, as, for instance, one between twenty-five and forty-five, who is marked 100 for age.

A new list is made every six months upon which is placed the names of those not yet appointed, and all the applicants who have qualified since the last list in the order of their general average, which again places the Union Soldier below the younger man, and lower down than before. I will illustrate this by an actual case from the Treasury Department. Joseph Fought, a gallant Union soldier, fifty-six years of age, who was so fortunate as not to receive wounds or contract disease in the service requiring his discharge and, therefore, not under the preference established by Sec. 1754, Revised Statutes, but of whom Gen. Custer, for whom he was a bugler, and frequently acted as a dispatch carrier, wrote in substance, "Joseph Fought is the bravest man I ever saw; I would rather lose my best platoon than to lose him," came out of the service physically strong. He has served in the Treasury Department under temporary appointments, as watchman, as fireman and as elevator conductor, and has in each place given entire satisfaction, so much so that the Chief Clerk has repeatedly tried to secure his appointment as laborer, but without success, because of his deduction for age. On the roll for September, 1902, Fought was number eighty, his markings having been age 82 and physical condition 94 (almost perfect). The six months expired before his name was reached, and on the new roll made March, 1903, his name stood one hundred and thirty, enough new names having been entered before his, to make up for all those appointed during the six months and fifty more, and this notwithstanding the fact that his physical condition had improved as that he was marked 95 per cent.

Here was a man in every way qualified for the work, whose appointment was greatly desired by the Chief Clerk who knew his ability, a man who had been a faithful soldier and deserved all the favor which a grateful government could show him, whose only desire was work, and not charity, and the regulations made it absolutely impossible to give him the appointment, but gave it to a young man without the claim on his country this soldier has.

This case is only a sample of many others, and fully sustains the claim that all Union soldiers are effectually excluded under the regulations as promulgated by the several Departments and the Civil Service Commission.

In the name of the great soldier organization, the G. A. R., I respectfully ask that you direct the change of these regulations,

so that justice may be done to the Union soldiers, that no deduction shall be made on account of his age, but that the sole qualification shall be his physical condition and that when physically qualified he shall be given the same preference as provided by Sec. 1754, Revised Statutes.

I know, Mr. President, your strong love for the soldiers who, during four years of the war, went through such hardships to save the Union, and believe this petition will not be in vain.

Very respectfully,

I. G. Kimball,
Department Commander.

The President read it carefully and immediately dictated in my presence the following endorsement to the Civil Service Commission:

"To the Civil Service Commission:

"It seems to me that this claim is just. Take the case mentioned of Mr. Fought. Please report to me specifically whether Fought is physically fit to do the work. If so, he ought to have preference. I do not wish any man who is unfit to be appointed, and if the veteran is physically unfit then no matter how great my sympathy for him I do not desire to have him appointed. But I do desire that the regulations shall be such that, if fit, the veteran's age shall not bar him from appointment.

"T. Roosevelt."

And then turning to me asked if that was satisfactory to me and I replied that it was entirely so.

As soon as the President's letter was received by the Civil Service Commission, the official physician of the Commission asked to have Fought ordered to appear before him for re-examination, stating that when he was rated 95% for physical condition, he, the physician, knew that a reduction would be made on account of age, but that if no such reduction was to be made, his age ought to be considered in estimating his physical condition, and Fought was ordered to appear for re-examination. I went immediately and saw the Chief Examiner about it. I got very angry at the effort being made to get around the President's order, and told the Chief Examiner that it should not be done; that the order for re-examination was merely an attempt to over-

ride the President's order, and that if such a thing was done I would immediately bring it to the attention of the President, and they knew he would sustain me. I then went to the chairman of the Commission and told him the same thing but in more diplomatic words, and he assured me in the most positive way that it should not be done. I told him that if the purpose was merely to see if Fought was in the same condition as at the last examination I would consent to it, and he assured me that that was all that was intended. I therefore directed Fought to present himself for examination, which he did, and received as high marks as before and was immediately appointed. Further, I secured the modifying of the rules so that comrades physically able were given preference and were sure of appointment on the labor rolls.

This is another of the great things which I accomplished for the old Soldier, which is very gratifying to me, but I could not have succeeded without the strong backing of President Roosevelt. I reported this matter to the National Encampment at San Francisco in 1903, and it is printed in its proceedings.

Sometime after this, Department Commander Tasker, again took up the matter of the reinstatement of Fought in the clerical service, and, the head of his old bureau, under strong pressure withdrawing opposition, he was reinstated. In this I had a part. I also secured the appointment of Fought's son, Joseph Fought, Jr., in the fire department and helped, after Fought's death, in getting his daughter appointed under the Civil Service by an Executive Order.

Of late years many young men have come to Congress who were not old enough to remember the Civil War and do not appreciate what they owe to the old soldiers and they have made persistent efforts to discharge or reduce all Civil Service employees when they arrived at certain specified ages without reference to their ability to perform the duties of their offices. Had their efforts succeeded, it would have reduced or discharged every soldier of 1861-5 from the Civil Service. It has been my duty as chairman of the Committee on Legislation for Veterans in the Civil Service, to fight all such efforts and, up to this time, I have been successful.

On April 20th, 1904, House Bill No. 15254, to prevent superannuation in the public service, was introduced by Hon. F. H. Gillett, of Massachusetts and referred to the Committee on Reform in the Civil Service, of which he was chairman, and in

two days thereafter was referred back to the House with the recommendation that it do pass. I knew nothing about it until it was reported back. Had it become a law, it would have caused the discharge of at least five hundred comrades on June 30th, 1907, and all other comrades as each arrived at the age of seventy. (See Report of the Legislative Commission to the 38th and 39th Annual Encampments.) I immediately by correspondence and interviews did all in my power to defeat this unjust bill, as did the other members of the committee. Fortunately, Commander-in-Chief Blackmar was intimately acquainted with Mr. Gillet, and as soon as I had informed him of the bill, went to work with him to defeat it. The result of these efforts was that the bill was never called up for action but died with that Congress. In my report to the 39th Annual Encampment, I warned the comrades of the danger of further efforts for the same purpose. My fears were justified, for in the legislative, executive and judicial appropriation bill of the next session of Congress, as reported by the Appropriation Committee on March 6th, 1906, (to which committee Mr. Gillett had been assigned), was added a section (Sec. 8) which would have reduced the salary of every old soldier in the executive departments and would have absolutely discharged every old soldier on June 30th, 1913, if they were then seventy, as most of them would be. This reduction or discharge had no reference to the ability of the old soldier but solely to his age. I immediately took up the fight against this section and brought it to the attention of every old soldier in the House and their sons or friends and received many pledges against it. When the section came up for action it was stricken from the bill on a point of order, that it was new legislation on an appropriation bill, made by Gen. Keifer, late Speaker of the House and a soldier of two wars. Since 1906 no further attempts have been made to discharge the old soldiers on account of age, but many have been reduced by the action of the heads of the various departments, but when a comrade is not mentally capacitated for the higher positions, the G. A. R. has not attempted to oppose such reductions.

Just after the defeat of Section 8, President Roosevelt called upon the Civil Service Commission to investigate and report to him the number and efficiency of the employees, civil and veterans, in the Civil Service at Washington over sixty-five years of age. Learning of this examination, I wrote the President asking for

a copy of the report to be used in the report I had to make to the 40th Annual Encampment at Minneapolis. My request was granted and a copy was given to me by the Civil Service Commission before it was sent to the President, and can be found in my report, commencing on page 380 of the journal of that Encampment.

I attended the first Memorial Day service the G. A. R. ever held. It was at Arlington and was presided over by Gen. Logan. A small stand was erected in front of the house. There was a comparatively small attendance. I have attended many Memorial Day services at Arlington since that time, at one of which, May 30th, 1903, I was the presiding officer, and directly after the closing of the exercises at the Amphitheatre I presided at the unveiling of a monument erected in Arlington by his widow to the late Cushman K. Davis, Senator from Minnesota.

Arlington is the great burial place for the soldier dead of the Nation, and on Memorial Day there are gathered there representative men of this and other nations to honor the dead soldiers. The Amphitheatre where the exercises are held is entirely inadequate and unsuitable for the purpose. For several years I have been trying to secure the erection in Arlington of a Memorial Amphitheatre which would be suitable and an adequate monument to show the Nation's appreciation of the great work done by the soldiers and sailors of the Civil War. I first presented it to Secretary Root when he was Secretary of War and he was strongly in favor of it and made an estimate for an appropriation to secure plans for such a structure. Through Secretary Root, I corresponded with Carrere & Hastings, the celebrated architects of New York, and they made tentative sketches which I presented during my argument before the appropriation committee for the necessary appropriation. Mr. Hastings was also present. The appropriation was not made. The next year I presented the matter to Hon. William H. Taft, then Secretary of War, and he renewed the estimate, as he continued to do from year to year at my request until the bill drafted by me making the appropriation was finally included in the Public Buildings Bill, approved May 30th, 1908.

While President Roosevelt was preparing his message for the beginning of the second session of the 59th Congress I asked him to include in his recommendations the item asked for by the Secretary of War for the Memorial Amphitheatre at Arlington.

At first he was in doubt about it, but upon my showing him that it was a National and not a local matter, he finally agreed and asked me to prepare the paragraph for his message, which I did, and it is to be found on page 28 of that message.

That bill provided for a commission to consist of the Secretary of War, the Secretary of the Treasury, the Superintendent of the Capitol Buildings and Grounds, a representative of the Grand Army of the Republic and a representative of the Spanish War Veterans. As organized the Commission consisted of Hon. George B. Cortelyou, Secretary of the Treasury, as Chairman; Hon. William H. Taft, Secretary of War; Hon. Elliott Woods, Superintendent of the Capitol Buildings and Grounds; I. G. Kimball, of the G. A. R., and Gov. Curtis Guild, of the Spanish War Veterans, with H. C. Weaver, as Secretary. Before the report was made to Congress by the Commission, on February 15th, 1909, Hon. Luke E. Wright had succeeded Secretary Taft and M. Emmett Urell had succeeded Governor Guild.

The report of the Commission, which is House Doc. No. 1456, Second Session, 60th Congress, presented the plans adopted and asked for an appropriation to carry them out. I have been actively at work to secure the appropriation, but for political reasons on account of the large appropriation required have failed up to this time.

My position as Department Commander and as Chairman of the Committee on Legislation for Veterans in the Public Service, brought me into constant contact with public officials from the President, Cabinet Officers and Members of Congress down, and I was treated with the greatest courtesy. I saw President Roosevelt many times, not only when I saw him in the interest of the G. A. R., but he sent for me to get information he wanted. At one time he was anxious to appoint Corporal Tanner, a comrade very highly thought of and honored by the G. A. R., to an office in the District held by a young man who had been in the consular service. I was sent for and asked to see the incumbent and tell him what the President wanted to do and to offer him a consulship paying as much or more than the office he held, which I did, but he refused to take the offered place, not wanting to leave the United States. The G. A. R. comrade was appointed to the place and still holds it. On one of my visits to him, the President made a statement which is eminently characteristic of the man and his purpose through life to do only what is

strictly right. I do not know how the conversation started. We were alone in his private office and he began to tell me of his high opinion of Lincoln and then said, "In all my official life I try to do exactly what I think Lincoln would have done in like circumstances." No one could ever come in contact with him as I did without becoming a great admirer of him and of his great abilities, but above all of his strong purposes to do what was strictly right and for the best interests of the Nation of which he was the head. I was greatly disappointed when he refused to run again for President.

On my return from the Pacific Coast in 1906, I went to see him and told him about my trip, and I began to tell him how universal was the desire in the West that he should run again. He at once stopped me, saying, "No, no, Judge, we won't talk about that, there is something more important. How did you find that the elections for congressmen are going? That is the important thing now." After leaving him I saw his private secretary, William Loeb, Jr., and told him what I had tried to tell the President. Loeb listened to it all and said it was what was being heard from every direction.

At the Department banquet to the Commander-in-Chief, in February, 1904, I presided and had the honor to escort the President to his seat at the banquet table, placing him, of course, at my right, and when called on he made one of his happy addresses, of which I have no copy. My address on that occasion was as follows:

"Gentlemen and Comrades: For many years, at the close of the term of the Commander, the Department of the Potomac has been accustomed to give a banquet in honor of the Commander-in-Chief. At this banquet are gathered our Comrades, our invited guests and friends, representative men of our Order and of the political and business life of the Nation. Such occasions are always delightful, bringing old friends together and recalling many a story of the experiences of forty years ago, talks of trials, hardships, dangers, and amusing incidents, making all young again, and showing the younger men gathered at the feast with us, something of what their fathers endured and were, in the long ago.

"As one looks around this banquet hall, filled with the veterans of the great war which closed thirty-nine years ago, and sees the men in possession of all their mental powers and full of

vigor, occupying places of responsibility in the affairs of the Nation, he can appreciate the fact that we are not yet ready to take a back seat.

"President Roosevelt, who will honor us with his presence to-night, (the President had not yet arrived) delights to call us by that name, which is very dear to the old soldier, the name of 'Comrade.' No truer friend of the soldier ever occupied the White House than our soldier comrade, President Roosevelt. We are proud to acknowledge him as a comrade. He is a comrade in words and in deeds. He has recently shown that comradeship by writing the Civil Service Commission that it was his wish that no veteran should be barred from appointment to the labor roll on account of his age, by issuing an executive order to that effect, and by informing his Cabinet that when a veteran passed 85 per cent. for physical condition, he wished him preferred for appointment on said rolls.

"He has recently shown his love for the G. A. R. and his thorough belief in their ability to fill responsible places in the government service by appointing Gen. John C. Black, Commander-in-Chief of the G. A. R., a Civil Service Commissioner; Comrade James Tanner, Judge Advocate General, Register of Wills for the District of Columbia; the Commander of the Department of the Potomac, a Judge of the Police Court for said District; and Comrade Charles F. Scott, to the same position.

"The time will come in this Department, composed in large part of employees in the government service, when they will no longer be able to discharge the duties of their offices, and younger men will have to be appointed to do the work. The veterans, during four years of war and all the years since, have served their country faithfully, and have been an incentive to their children and grandchildren, teaching them patriotism and love of the flag. Congress should provide for their retirement at a salary sufficient to support them in comfort for the balance of their days, and not compel them to go to soldiers' homes away from their friends, their old wives, and the homes they have known so long. The expense will be only a trifle, not to be compared with the great work our comrades have accomplished, and should not be taken into account. The securing of such legislation should be the work of this Department, and should be undertaken without delay.

"Commander-in-Chief, General Black, in the name of the De-

partment of the Potomac, I welcome you to this feast. We are honored by your presence. You have been honored by the President, who has appointed you a member of the Civil Service Commission. I have no doubt that you were thus honored because of your service to your country and because you are the Commander-in-Chief of the G. A. R. There has been great need for some one on that Commission friendly to the veteran. The great organization of which you are the head looks to you to see that the veterans have justice done to them, and that the opposition which has been so strongly manifested against them ceases. You have a great opportunity, and I believe you will fully live up to it.

"Senators, Representatives in Congress and invited guests: the Grand Army of the Republic is the greatest and most unique organization of soldiers the world has ever seen. Its foundation stones are Fraternity, Charity, and Loyalty. During the war it stood for the Union, one country, one flag. Since the war it has always stood for obedience to law and good government. It is recognized by the Executive, the Legislative and Judicial branches of the government as speaking for the soldier, not alone for those enrolled in its ranks, but it has fought the battles of all soldiers, and in that work this Department stands in the forefront.

"Representing that great organization, I welcome you. You are, one and all, warm friends of our organization. You have shown your friendship in the past both by word and deed, and we desire to show our appreciation for what you have done for the veteran. We hope that this evening's entertainment will make you better acquainted with us than ever, and increase your friendship for us. The most successful leaders are those who are able to secure the best agents to carry out their plans. I have acted upon this theory and appointed as chairman of the Banquet Committee and Toastmaster, one who has been most successful in the past, and whom I now have the pleasure of introducing to you, Past Department Commander, Thomas S. Hopkins."

This address was repeatedly interrupted by bursts of applause, and at its close received an ovation.

Nothing ever interferred with my cordial relations with President Roosevelt from first to last, although some of my friends very much feared that my refusal to send Harper to jail, as he

strongly urged should be done, would make him angry with me, but I always replied that he was too just a man to allow what I did in that case to effect our personal relations. (I have written about this case in Chapter 18 of these memoirs.) The President never referred to the matter and his greetings were as hearty as theretofore.

A New York G. A. R. Post came on to muster the President into the Post as an honorary member. The services took place in the cabinet room at the White House. I received a special invitation from the White House to be present and was the only G. A. R. Comrade from Washington there. The presiding officer who officiated at the ceremony was Gen. Horace Porter, who, while minister of the United States at Paris, searched for and found the body of John Paul Jones and brought it to this country. During the ceremonies the President made an address in which he spoke of his high appreciation of the services of the G. A. R., and commended in strong terms Maj. Loeffler, his doorkeeper, a regular army soldier, and a Comrade of the G. A. R., who had been attached to the White House since the time of Gen. Grant.

I heard President Roosevelt make many speeches, but I can refer to but few of them. Upon his election for his second term, the citizens of Washington, without reference to party affiliations, called upon him and congratulated him. All I remember of what he said was that he would have the unique experience of serving two terms as President although elected but once. I heard him speak at the unveiling of the statue of Frederick the Great and at several other unveilings.

On the last day of my term of office as Department Commander, I saw the President and thanked him in my own name and in that of the G. A. R. for the many things he had done to help the old soldier, to which he responded in the warmest terms as to his high appreciation of the services of the old soldiers and his pleasure in doing all he could for them and then said, "I want you to feel perfectly free to come to me at any time. I shall always be glad to see you and will do all I can in matters in which you are interested." This I continued to do and always found him as ready to help the old soldier as before. I ought to say here that I never went to him about any matter not connected with them or their widows and orphans, and never went to him unless it was a matter I could not arrange through a mem-

ber of his cabinet or his private secretary, William Loeb, Jr. Mr. Loeb was a very efficient man and as great a friend of the soldier and as ready to help them as his chief, and I took a great many matters no further than to him. The comrades at large do not know how large a debt is due these two great men and they ought to be held in strong regard by every old soldier.

The last of February, 1909, just before the inauguration of President Taft, during the session of my court, a bailiff told me that there was a messenger from the White House to see me, and when he came to me he said, "I have something for you from the White House which will please you very much," and he undid two photographs one of President Roosevelt inscribed in his own handwriting,

To

Judge Ivory G. Kimball

with the regards of his comrade

Theodore Roosevelt.

Feby. 23d, 1909.

and the other of his private secretary, endorsed by him,

To

Judge I. G. Kimball

with the regard of his friend

William Loeb, Jr.

Feby. 22d, 1909.

I need not say that I was extremely pleased with this evidence of the regard of the two great men whose names will go down to history, as that of one of the greatest men who ever occupied the presidential chair, and the other as his good right hand.

Just before March 4th, 1909, I visited the President by appointment to say my farewells and to wish him a prosperous journey through Africa. In making my farewells, I said I wanted to thank him again for what he had done for my old comrades, that I had never presented a matter to him that, if it was possible for him to grant it, he had not done so, and where he had been

unable to grant it, his refusal had been made in a way to show that it was a matter of great regret that he had to refuse. In reply he expressed his gratification at my remarks and said that nothing I could have said could have given him greater pleasure. His expressions of good wishes were very hearty and after the several years of our acquaintance were very gratifying to me.

I first became acquainted with President Taft the first year he was Secretary of War when I presented my request that he make an estimate for a Memorial Amphitheatre at Arlington. He became very much interested in the matter and continued to make the estimate at my request year after year until the action by Congress heretofore referred to. I saw him many times and he was always very cordial.

On May 30th, 1908, he was the principal speaker at the memorial services held at Gen. Grant's tomb, and to illustrate Grant's strength of character, referred to his early drinking habits and his complete cure by his wonderful will power. He said this in eulogy of Grant. A certain class of newspapers all over the country tried to injure Taft, who was then the prominent Republican candidate for nomination for the Presidency, and tried to get the G. A. R. to take it up as a slur on Grant so as to injure Taft. One New York newspaper went so far as to send a telegram to the Department Commander asking for a telephonic reply on the subject and sent a reporter to me for the same purpose, but we refused to be interviewed and I saw no criticism on the part of the G. A. R. Right after May 30th, and during the time of the newspaper activity, I had occasion to visit Secretary Taft and as soon as I had entered his room he began to refer to the matter and I saw he was considerably exercised over it. He asked me what stand the G. A. R. would take about his speech, and said that he would be the last man to make any remarks derogatory to General Grant; that with his record and his father's record before him, no one ought to have misunderstood him, and much more to the same purport. I told him he need not fear adverse criticism from the G. A. R.; that they understood his position and his address, and then told him what efforts had been made to get the G. A. R. leaders here to express themselves, and that they had failed. He said, "What you tell me relieves me very much." During one visit I made to him, either this one or

at another time, I referred to his being the Republican nominee for President, and he said, "I do not want to be President. What I have always wanted was to be Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court, and if Chief Justice Fuller had retired, as he ought to have done, I would have been Chief Justice long ago." In the many interviews I had with him he always treated me with the greatest cordiality.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Trip to Pacific Coast in 1879.

I have always been fond of travelling, and especially by sea, and one of the regrets I have at the fast passing years is that I will soon reach an age when I cannot travel, and thus very many of the places and countries I greatly desire to see I will not be able to visit.

I have made three trips to the Pacific Coast, the first in 1879, when there was but one line of railroad across the continent, the Union and the Central Pacific, and when the country west of Omaha had very few inhabitants and a large part of the route was inhabited only by prairie dogs and jack rabbits. There were no buffaloes to be seen, but I saw many herds of antelope, the most graceful of all wild animals.

I had a letter of introduction to the Territorial Governor of Utah and he showed me every attention. I went with him to Fort Douglas, situated on a bench of the Wasatch mountains at quite a height above the present valley of Salt Lake, on what was at one time the shore line of the lake. The fort was a beautiful place, from which the whole valley, lake and city could be seen as well as the surrounding mountains with their peaks covered with eternal snow. He also went with me for a dip into Great Salt Lake. I said dip, for it is impossible to swim in it, for it is so buoyant that one floats like a cork. It was a queer sensation to have water apparently so clear and normal and not to be able to wade into it deeper than one's chest or swim in it.

At Humboldt, in the very midst of the most desolate part of the desert, where only sage bushes grew, I saw illustrated what that desert would become had it plenty of water. Suddenly right out of this desert we came into a paradise of green grass, trees and flowers, with fountains and singing birds, a most beautiful oasis made by bringing water through pipes from the mountains ten miles away. On leaving there a short distance took us again into the desert. While at Humboldt the conductor took me to the express car to see the silver. The

car door was open and I saw that the floor of the car was covered with great ingots of silver being carried to San Francisco. There was no guard, for there was no need of one. The ingots were so heavy that no one would attempt to carry one away. I tried to lift one, but could not lift it off the floor.

I saw the sink of the Humboldt River. The river is broad, but quite shallow, and finally comes to a place where it disappears, every drop of water sinking into the sand. Whether it ever appears again I do not know.

On that trip I visited Steamboat Springs, so called from the noise made by the escaping steam which sounds like that escaping from a steamboat. The springs are sulphur and are numerous. I then went to Virginia City and went down 2,200 feet into the Savage mine by means first of a cage, by which we went down 1,100 feet, and then by an inclined railroad for the rest of the distance. The mine is the hottest of the group, the temperature being 125 degrees, and was made almost unbearable on account of the moisture. All the water they struck was boiling hot. The miners could not work more than fifteen minutes at a time, and then went to the cooling houses, into which streams of air from the surface were forced. In each cooling place was a hogshead of ice water, of which the miners not only drank freely but threw it over themselves. They told me that it did not hurt them to drink this ice water, for it immediately came out through the skin in the shape of sweat. The hot water was pumped to the surface by immense pumps. After my visit a tunnel was constructed, tapping the various mines and drawing the water off by gravity

The railroad to Virginia City was a marvel of engineering skill and the scenery, as it wound through the mountains, was wonderfully grand. The train went thoroughly guarded, as it carried much treasure from Virginia City and had been held up several times. From there I went to Carson City by rail, and then by stage to Lake Tahoe, one of the highest lakes in the world, being the same height as the top of Mount Washington. The stage route was along a flume which carried lumber, logs and wood from the lake to Carson City. The flume was V shaped, filled with water, and carried the contents with great speed. The lumber, etc., was brought to the flume by a lumber railroad from around the lake and unloaded directly into the flume. I do not know the capacity of the flume, but

it was very large. Our stage driver was the one made famous by Horace Greeley in the account of his celebrated trip through the West. Lake Tahoe is wholly fed by melting snow and is surrounded by high snow-capped mountains. The water has very little buoyancy and is wonderfully clear. Small stones and sticks could be clearly seen at a depth of fifty feet. It is said that wood would not float in it, but sinks to the bottom, and that a human body would not rise in it. I took a steamer for Tahoe City at the western end of the lake, and from there to Truckee by stage. On this stage trip we saw two very interesting things. One was a brook trout hatchery. The owner gave a whistle and trout by the hundreds rushed to the edge of the brook to be fed. It was a beautiful sight. The other was a slide for logs down the side of the mountain. The slide was made of great logs fastened to the side of the mountain, down which the logs plunged with terrific speed into the river at the bottom.

Sometimes they would shoot for a long distance after striking the water, landing on the other side of the river. Many of the logs were of immense thickness and very long. It was an extremely interesting sight to see the logs come down. I arrived at Sacramento, August 2d, and will never forget the relief I experienced at having a cinder taken from my eye from which I had been suffering greatly. The Sacramento Valley is extremely hot and I found it hot all the way to Madera, where I took the stage for the Yosemite Valley. I reached Madera late Saturday night and the stage did not leave till 6:30 Tuesday morning. I stopped at the only hotel in the town and the barroom was its only office and sitting room. It was crowded all day Sunday and late into the night with men drinking and throwing dice. All this was horrible to me, but I heard of a Sunday school, to which I went, and was then invited to another some miles across the valley. I took dinner at the home of the gentleman who carried me to the second Sunday school. I took part in both Sunday schools, making an address at the second.

At this hotel, for the only time in my life, I lost my hat. I wear so large a size that there is little danger of an exchange being made. My hat was a fine slouch. When I came out from dinner my hat was gone and in its place was a very old and cheap one. I made complaint to the landlord, who said he

knew every man who had taken dinner there and he would be sure to get it back. He found it in the possession of a man at his house a mile away, who pretended to be very much surprised to find he had exchanged hats. Of course that was pretence and all bosh, for one touch of his fingers would have shown him the difference in the two hats.

We left Madera in a four-horse stage, and I had the good fortune to sit with the driver. The distance was ninety-five miles, at first across the valley to the foot of the mountains and then up the mountains. The road, built and owned by the stage company, was just wide enough for the stage coach, and frequently there was not more than a foot from the outside wheels to the edge with a clear descent of hundreds of feet. The horses were changed every few miles, for they were driven on a clean run all the way. It was terrifying to go around curves at such speed, where if an accident had happened nothing could have saved us from going over the precipice. There was also danger of meeting other teams going around curves, and then an accident could not have been avoided. We met but one team on the trip and they heard us coming and ran their outside wheels clear over the edge of the road, their inside wheels just holding on the outside track. All this region was inhabited solely by wild Indians except the employees of the stage line and a few miners.

We took dinner at Fresno Flats, a wild but beautiful place, surrounded by mountains and in a thick forest. Besides the stage buildings there was a store to supply the miners and Indians. On the porch of the store when we arrived were three Indians under charge of a sheriff's posse and a large number of other Indians, apparently ready for a fight. On the way there the driver had told me of an incident which happened on his last trip. A young Indian had gone crazy and his friends called in some Indian doctors, or wizards, who, without success, had held their incantations to drive out the evil spirit. The crazy Indian afterwards climbed a tree and, jumping down, killed himself. At the funeral three Indians had attacked and killed the two doctors. What I learned at Fresno Flats was that the friends of the murdered doctors had sent for the county sheriff to come and arrest the murderers, and these were the Indians whom I saw under arrest. I went over to the store to look at them. The large number of Indians were friends of the

two sides and the least thing might have led to a massacre. I was very glad when we got away from there. When we came back I learned that the sheriff let his prisoners go, evidently fearing the consequences of any attempt to take them away. What occurred afterwards I never learned.

That night we stopped at Big Tree Station and the next day took horses and rode over a trail to the top of Sentinel Dome, 4,125 feet above the valley, and then to Glacier Point, 3,200 feet above the valley, where we spent the night. As I remember it, the party consisted of two ladies and four gentlemen with two guides. The buildings where we spent the night were made of logs and consisted of a house and stable. In the stable another man and I slept, as the house could not accommodate the whole party. As we were right in the region of grizzly bears and I had seen a rattlesnake right in front of the house as we rode up, and the stable door was wide open all night, I did not go to bed with the most comfortable feelings, but the night passed without anything happening.

I shall never forget the evening we spent on the back porch of that log house. It was almost on the brink of the valley running up between Glazier Point and the mountains from which came the river, in which was Nevada and Vernal Falls. Both falls and the rapids and the smaller falls between and below them were directly in front of us and not far away, and could be clearly seen, for the moon was at its full. The roar of the falls and rapids was terrific, for the river was a large one and the water fell about four thousand feet in all. One fall was a sheer descent of seven hundred feet, nearly five times the height of Niagara, and the other three hundred and fifty feet. At the right and left were much higher mountains covered with perpetual snow. Upon all this scene the full moon shone. It was hard to tear ourselves away, but we were very tired and had a hard day's travel before us.

The house was kept by a man and his wife for the benefit of tourists. Everything had to be packed up the trail on mule-back, so all the furniture except the wife's rocking chair was made on the spot. At breakfast we had baked beans and brown bread cooked in New England style, which was very suggestive to me, so I asked the madam where she came from and her answer, "Boston," did not surprise me in the least.

Glazier Point has a sheer descent of thirty-two hundred feet

into the valley, and one with a steady head can stand on the very edge, protected only by a piece of gas pipe, and look straight down that depth. One of the guides made the statement that we could not throw into the valley. It looked as though we could drop a stone and that it would go straight down, but the guide gave us bottles and other missiles that could be easily seen and they were thrown as far out from the cliff as possible. Very soon we could see them begin to curve in towards the cliff, which they would hit long before they got to the bottom. This was caused by the attraction of the great mass of rocks.

Our trip the next day was down a trail cut into the side of the mountain to the valley, thirty-two hundred feet down, then across the valley and up the other side for four thousand feet, then down along the river and beside the various falls four thousand feet to the valley, then along the valley and around the shores of Mirror Lake to the hotel in front of Sentinel Domes, giving us a full view of the many great peaks and falls of the valley. On the Glazier Point trail there was just room enough for the horses to walk in single file; one foot of the rider hung over the side of the mountain and the other scratched the rock. It was not possible to dismount whatever happened, but our horses were used to the work and we had no trouble with them. At one place there was a jutting rock around which the trail could not be made, so the trail zigzagged and the horses turned as on a pivot and went down the other way until below the rock. The most dangerous place for me was in coming down the last four thousand feet. For about thirty feet the trail was over a bare, flat rock, very smooth, which dipped with the trail at quite an angle. It had been covered with earth to give the horses a footing, but a flock of sheep had gone over it and taken off all the earth, leaving the bare, smooth rock. My horse was slow and I was the last one in the line. When he reached this rock he refused to go over it. I could not get off and lead him, so kept urging him. He finally put his front feet on it and stopped. After much urging, he started. The moment he put his hind feet on it he slipped with all his feet, but held them rigid without struggling and slipped clear across the thirty feet just as a boy would slip across a piece of ice. When his front legs struck the other side where they could hold, he came down on

his haunches and then carefully gathered his feet under him, and we went on. Had he struggled, or had he slipped off the edge of the rock, we would have fallen hundreds of feet. The intelligence of my horse was what saved me.

The trail beside Vernal Falls was a zigzag down which our guides would allow no one to ride. I will not attempt to describe the peaks or waterfalls, but will merely say that the impression produced on me by them has never ceased and I live the trip over again in memory with undiminished pleasure.

On our way out we visited the wonderful Mariposa grove of big trees.

My visit to San Francisco was extremely interesting. The city with its great public buildings and business houses and the private residences with their masses of flowers was very beautiful, and then there was the added attraction of the Old Mission, the sea lions and the parks. I visited Chinatown in the middle of the night under the escort of the police sergeant in charge of the precinct, who took us into all sorts of underground dens and gambling houses, where we saw the life the Chinamen lived. This made me understand the deep-seated feeling of the Californians against them. I took a very interesting trip to the geyser region in northern California, and on the trip saw the petrified forest and the largest grape vine in the world. On my return east I reached Winnemucca, Nevada, during the annual gathering of the Piute tribe of Indins. At that time Winnemucca was a mere hamlet. The Indians were at the station in large numbers when the train stopped and swarmed onto the platforms of the cars, and rode quite a distance. It was great fun to see the young bucks tumbling off and go rolling over the desert. They thought it great sport and would pick themselves up laughing heartily. There were many Indians in all that region and they rode on the platforms as they chose without paying fare. Had the railroad taken any other course with them in that early day they might have given the road considerable trouble.

Business Trip to Kansas.

In February, 1881, I was employed to go to southeastern Kansas on legal business and travelled in carriages quite extensively over that part of the State. The country was quite new and had no hotels and I had to depend on the settlers for

board and lodging. I usually had some one with me who knew the people and the country. There was seldom any difficulty in getting accommodations, but one evening after a hard day's ride one after another refused to take us in until it got to be dark, and my companion said that we must get accommodations at the next house, for our horses could go no further. When we reached the house he went to the door and I heard a woman's voice say, "No, we cannot keep you. My husband has not got back from town and we cannot keep you." Then my friend told her how far we had come and the condition of our team, and that we had been told that we could surely find accommodations there, for they kept travellers. She got mad at that and said that people had no business sending us to them. He kept pleading and finally she said, "Well, I will let you stay all night, but I will not give you anything to eat." He said, "All right, let us feed our horses and have a place to sleep and we will be satisfied." She sent a boy with him to put up the horses, and I went into the house with her. There was a girl of about eighteen or twenty and some smaller children in the sitting room. I sat down by the fire, but determined that we were going to have supper, for we were very hungry, but not a word did either of us say about anything to eat. I began to tell stories and play with the children and presently the woman's face began to relax from its sternness, and I finally got her to smile. I kept at my story telling for what seemed to me a very long time, and finally the woman became very pleasant and nodded to the girl, who went out into the kitchen. I surmised what she was doing there, but I kept up my talk and presently the girl came to the door and said, "Supper is ready." How good that supper tasted, and it was good, but I felt that I had fully earned it. We paid a dollar each the next morning.

One night we stopped at a tavern situated on a hill, from which the country could be seen in every direction. The farmers were burning their prairies, as they do every year, so that the grass would grow better in the spring. These prairie fires could be seen on all sides and it was a beautiful sight. To protect their stacks and buildings, furrows were ploughed around them broad enough to keep the fires from crossing. A farmer at whose house I took supper told me that one year he had thus protected his stacks and the next morning went to them

to see that everything was safe. He had a stick in his hand, and thoughtlessly hit a clump of burned grass and knocked it across the protecting ploughed ground. The grass had a little fire smouldering in it and at once blazed up, setting his stacks on fire, and his whole grain crop was burned.

CHAPTER XXV.

Trip to the G. A. R. Encampment at San Francisco.

In 1903, the year during which I was Commander of the Department of the Potomac, G. A. R., the National Encampment was held at San Francisco. This department had a special train of four Pullmans and a baggage car. We went over the C. & O., the C., M. & St. P., the Denver & Rio Grande and the Southern Pacific. Every arrangement was complete and no trip could have been more enjoyable. There was but one unpleasant incident. At Cincinnati, while we were at supper, the Pullman agent removed our banners from the cars under the claim that they had been put on without authority, but afterwards, during the trip, we replaced them. Most vigorous protests were made by me to Hon. Robert Lincoln, the president of the Pullman company, and ample apologies were made, not only in writing, but one of the officers of the company came from Chicago to see me about it. The company also refunded to the G. A. R. the cost of the banners.

Had our itinerary been carried out we would have reached San Francisco on Sunday morning, but we did not reach there until Monday morning. On Sunday we had religious services in the headquarters car, all coming into it from the other cars of our train. Rev. Dr. Ward, of the North Carolina Avenue M. P. Church, preached the sermon, and Comrade A. P. Tasker, Asst. Q. M. Gen., and my son, Harry, led the singing. It was a most delightful service, enjoyed by Protestants and Catholics alike. I saw one Catholic lady, a member of the Woman's Relief Corps, with the tears streaming down her face, and she told me how greatly she had enjoyed the service. During the service the train stopped for ten minutes at Winnemucca, Nevada, and during our stay there we sang several gospel songs. The car windows were open and the cowboys and townspeople gathered in large numbers and joined in, sending up a great volume of song. None on the train will ever forget it and I believe it will be equally as well remembered by those on the platform.

On our way to San Francisco we stopped at Salt Lake City, Denver and Colorado Springs, where we ascended Pike's Peak and saw the sun rise. We also visited the Garden of the Gods. One of our party to Pike's Peak will never forget his experience. Our train was to leave Colorado Springs at noon, and just before the train started this comrade got on board more dead than alive. I had thought that all my party was on board the cars coming down from the top, but it appears that he was left behind; he had wandered over the top of the mountain out of sight of the cars, and when he came back to take them for the foot of the mountain he was alone, every car and every burro gone. He rushed down the trail, caught up with the men driving the burros and tried to get them to take him to the foot of the mountain in time to catch our special train. They told him it could not be done, but he finally got one of them to attempt it. The ride down that awful trail was terrible. The burro was urged to the limit of his powers, and his passenger was most of the time standing in his stirrups, with his head back over the burro's rump. The trail much of the way was along precipices where one misstep would have been fatal, but he made his train. All the rest of the trip his fellow passengers were offering to get him a burro on every occasion.

San Francisco at the time we were there was at the height of its prosperity and beauty, very different from what it was on September 1st, 1906, just after the earthquake, the time of my next visit. Everything was done to make the Encampment successful and to give us a good time. Our department had a suite of rooms at the Palace Hotel for its headquarters, where we made all visitors welcome. Past Department Commander Charles C. Royce had had a ranch at Chico, California, for some years, and each morning during our stay sent a large box of peaches, pears, grapes, oranges and other fruits to our rooms from his ranch. He sent so much that our Department and visitors could not consume it all and we left a large amount when we left the hotel.

From San Francisco our party scattered, each returning his own way. I had arranged for a trip through the Yellowstone Park and those taking that trip gathered at Tacoma. Our tickets covered a trip to Los Angeles and most of the party went there, some making that the starting point for home by the Southern route. Our party for the Park included forty-five ladies and

gentlemen, some of them not being of our original party, but joining us for the trip. One of them was my comrade, H. C. McMaken, of Fort Wayne, Indiana, who was a member of my company in the army. I had made all the necessary preparations for the trip with Mr. Wylie, the owner of Wylie's Permanent Camping Outfit. This is the finest way to see the Yellowstone Park. We had nine two-horse wagons, taking our noon lunches and stopping at night at permanent camps. The employees were college boys and girls, taking this service to earn money for their school course or to recruit their health. They were all intelligent and refined. Our driver was a nephew of the Governor of Missouri. The matron of our first camp was an elocution teacher from Boston.

The weather at the high altitude of the Park was always cold when the sun was down and water froze every night. The tents were pitched so as to leave a large clear space in the center of the camp, in which were piled large masses of dry wood. Immediately after supper this would be set on fire, an organ (for each camp had an organ) and seats brought out, and the whole party, including drivers and attendants at the camp, would make the evening enjoyable with songs, stories and music. On Sunday we had a service suitable to the day, and on our last night we had a farewell service. I will not attempt to describe all we saw in that wonderful trip of five days and a half, but in my judgment, the last, the Yellowstone Canyon, was the most beautiful of them all. Its wonderful coloring, painted by God's own hand, in which could be seen all the colors of the rainbow, surpassed everything else. Up to this point all we had seen impressed us greatly, but not so much so that the party could not, by story and joke, let their spirits be shown, but when we stood on the edge of this canyon, everyone was silent, speechless, in such a presence, until one of the party broke out with that wonderful hymn as expressing our feelings, "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty!"

One of the most interesting things connected with a trip through the Park is the large number of wild animals to be seen everywhere. We saw bears at every camp and at some we saw large numbers of them. They were fearless of men and would circle around the camps close to the tents during daylight, and at night go through the camps searching for food, especially sugar. Anything which would tempt the bears was

hung up to the limbs of trees in such a way that the bears could not get it. I watched a she bear with two half grown cubs at play, not twenty-five feet from our camp. The cubs played like two kittens, but no one dared approach them. We saw more bears at the Lake Camp than at any other place. Just after reaching this camp one of our party started through the woods to go down to the lake. A man called to him, but he, not understanding what he said, went on, and in a few minutes found himself between a she bear and her two cubs. Under these circumstances he lost all desire to see the lake and backed out. How he got away without being attacked by the bears, no one could tell. It was dangerous at that camp for any one to be alone, the bears were so plentiful. About half a mile back in the woods is their gathering place, for there the hotel throws its garbage. A number of our party went there to see them. When I reached the place there were four grizzly bears pawing over the garbage and the trees all around were decorated with large black bears, for the black bears are afraid of the grizzlies. The black bears had been eating when the others came out, but immediately climbed the trees to get away, for grizzly bears cannot climb. When the latter had finished eating and had gone into the woods, going in single file, the other bears began to come down from the trees, coming backwards. They would come down a little way, then stop and look in every direction, to see if the others were gone, and even when down to the ground, they stopped for quite a time at the foot of the trees to be sure they were safe before they went to the garbage.

There were nine immense black bears—all the full-grown bears in the Park are of great size. They had not been eating very long after their return when one more grizzly came out of the woods, and the black bears scattered in every direction. One very large and very ugly one came within a very short distance of where our party was. He had evidently been in a fight very recently for his hip had a place six inches square torn off and was very bloody. One of the cavalry guards was with us, and his horse and another one were feeding not far away. The bear went towards them. The nearest horse backed away and the bear kept approaching him. Suddenly the bear struck a blow at the horse with one of his front paws, but missed him. It was an awful blow, as swift as lightning, and would have killed the horse had it hit him. I had heard of the power and swiftness

of a bear's stroke, but I did not realize what it really was until I saw it.

One other scene made a deep impression on me. At the place where we crossed the Continental Divide there was a small pond having outlets at both ends. The water from the stream at one end ran through the Columbia River into the Pacific Ocean, and that from the other ran through the Missouri and Mississippi into the Gulf of Mexico and the Atlantic. Just beyond this pond the corkscrew road commenced. It is so named from the way it winds down the mountain side. Just as we started down this road our driver stopped the wagon and told us to look. What I saw will be difficult to describe so that the reader can have an adequate conception of the scene. At our feet, hundreds of feet below, was what appeared to be a vast grass-covered plain. It was, in fact, covered with a forest of mountain pines and extended twenty to thirty miles each way. Through the green we could see the glimmering water of several large lakes; on the right and left hand side of this plain, as we faced it, were encircling mountains, which did not come together at the front. To the space thus left open, our driver pointed and said, "What do you see there?" At first I could only discern what appeared to be white, fleecy clouds, but I soon made them out to be high mountains, covered with eternal snow, and was told that they were the Teton Mountains, about 14,000 feet high and nearly sixty miles away. No description is adequate to give an idea of that wonderful view. I can see it now but cannot describe it. While the Grand Canyon of the Colorado is more vast and awe-inspiring, it cannot equal the wonders of the Yellowstone Park, which does not consist of one wonder alone, but of a multitude of wonders.

Our party impressed the Wylie employees greatly, and I heard from several who visited the Park afterwards of the stories they told about that "wonderful Washington party."

CHAPTER XXVI.

My Third Trip to the Pacific Coast.

I made my next western trip in 1906 in company with my cousin, George E. Kimball, and his wife. They met me at Minneapolis, where I was attending the 40th Annual Encampment of the G. A. R. The weather was extremely hot, the official weather report showed 96° in the shade the day before we left there. Our trip to the Pacific was made by the way of the Canadian Pacific and I found the scenery the most picturesque and grand of the five different routes by which I have made the trip from ocean to ocean. It was in August, when the wheat in that great granary of the world was getting ripe, and for hundreds of miles, as far as the eye could see on either side of the road, was ripe, waving grain. No wonder that hundreds of families from this side of the international line emigrate into that great Northwest every year.

Our first stop was at Banff in the heart of the Selkerk Mountains. Banff lies surrounded by at least twenty high peaks, so surrounded that one wonders how the train reached there and how it will get out. We stopped at a hotel owned by the railroad, for it owns a chain of fine hotels across the continent. At night it was so cool that we had wood fires in each of the large fire-places in the parlor and the guests were glad to gather around them. We took rides over the mountain roads and had magnificent views. We also went to the park where the Canadian government has a large herd of buffalo which is increasing rapidly. It also has there other wild animals of that region. Banff is the headquarters for the Canadian National Park. We drove to the Hot Sulphur Springs, where the water comes bubbling up from an immense depth into a cave and from thence is conducted into a swimming pool. It was raining when we went to bed, but in the morning we found that it had been snowing on the mountains and that they were covered with pure white snow, two-thirds the way down. The sight was wonderfully beautiful.

From Banff we went to Glacier. On the way there the rain which had been falling all the morning suddenly turned to snow and it came down very rapidly so that the ground was soon covered with a beautiful white mantle. This was August 22d, and the contrast from 96° in the shade the week before to a heavy snow storm was very great. We spent a day and a night at Glacier, which was perfectly named as it is in the midst of glaciers and immense snow fields which can be seen on every side. The largest is called the Great Glacier and covers ten square miles. It is within easy walking distance of the hotel. On visiting it one sees in action the great power which has carried from their original positions in the mountains the boulders to be seen scattered everywhere over the northern part of the United States. This glacier is slowly melting back and at its front are piled immense boulders, some as large as a small house, which have been brought by it out of the mountains as the ice slowly moved forward. From beneath the glacier runs a stream of ice cold water from the melting ice. In eddies along this stream, sand is deposited, ground fine as the finest flour by the action of the ice on its slow course downwards. Looking at the glacier from below, the ice was seen to be broken into caves and caverns and was intensely blue. On top the glacier was white and covered with the tracks of animals which had walked over the snow when it was higher up in the mountains. It was also dotted with boulders.

The road comes into Glacier through large snow sheds, for in winter there are frequent avalanches and the sides of the mountains are denuded of all trees and loose stones, showing where this had occurred. I was told by the manager of the hotel that in winter the snow stands eighteen feet deep on a level and that he had known a single snowfall of ten feet. No wonder there are frequent avalanches. We did not stop over at either Field or Laggan as I would do if making the trip again, as the mountains and lakes to be visited from there are very beautiful.

Vancouver is the end of the railroad. This city is the creation of the railroad, having been a dense forest but a few years ago, so recently in fact that in every direction can be seen the stumps of immense trees that were cut down in building the city. In the neighborhood we saw some of the huge lumber mills and the great logs for which the Pacific Coast is famous. From there we went on one of the Canadian Pacific steamers to Victoria,

the capital, situated on Vancouver Island; then to Seattle and by rail to Portland where we visited my daughter, Edna, and her husband, Otho L. Ferris.

While at Portland, we took a trip up the Columbia River as fas as the Rapids. Of all the cities on the Pacific Coast, I like Portland the best and were I a young man I would be inclined to make it my home. The view of the five snowclad mountain peaks to be seen at one time from Portland Heights is wonderfully grand; although not so high as many others I have seen they seem higher as their bases are so near the level of the ocean. When ready to leave Portland for San Francisco, we were delayed by an accident which occurred near Shasta Springs. A farmer who had a fine orchard on the side of the mountains above the railroad, irrigated it so much that the soil was loosened and the orchard slid down onto the tracks. The apple trees stood twenty feet above the railroad track. When we reached Sisson, the station north of the wreck, we were detained for twenty hours before we could get through, and then there were great masses of earth just ready to slide down onto the tracks.

Our stop was in plain sight and not far distant from Mount Shasta, that grand snow-covered mountain higher than Pike's Peak and, not being surrounded by other high mountains as Pike's Peak is, making a much finer show. On my first trip over that road this mountain was in view for a whole day. As the road wound in its course through the foothills it could be seen from every point of the compass. At Shasta Springs is to be seen the most notable mineral springs in the world. The mineral water gushes from the side of the mountain in great rivers, and in quantities sufficient to supply the world. The water is delicious to drink and I could not get enough of it. Some people, however, do not like the taste.

Ashland, near the southern line of Oregon, is celebrated for its fruit. Time was given the passengers to lay in supplies. Having lived so many years in Washington, in the center of a peach and melon country, I thought I knew what fine fruit was, but I never saw such peaches, pears, grapes, watermelons and other fruits as we bought there, and my mouth has watered ever since for more of it. If I ever go through there in the fruit season I intend to stop off and get my fill, if that is possible.

We reached San Francisco the first day of September, only a few weeks after the earthquake and fire. I never saw such deso-

lation as the fire and earthquake had left, and such a change from the beautiful city I saw in 1903. The sidewalks, covered with ruins and with toppling walls adjoining, were impassable. The streets were nearly as much so, being covered several inches deep with ashes from the fire and in great ridges thrown up by the upheaval of the earthquake. No attempt had been made to clear or clean them. No street cars were running as there was a strike and visitors had to get to the temporary hotels as best they could. We walked to the St. Francis, a one-story building made of wood, situated in one of the city parks.

We viewed the ruins of the City Hall, the Palace Hotel and the other large buildings, we also went up on Nob Hill which had been the residence section of the multimillionaires of the city, and the only things left were piles of bricks and ashes. From there we could see only absolute desolution in every direction. It was my belief that it would take fifty years to rebuild the city equal to what it was before. Five years have passed and I am informed that it has been rebuilt finer than before, showing the wonderful power of recuperation inherent in the Anglo-Saxon race. That night we went to Del Monte and stayed over Sunday. The change from the desolation of San Francisco to the wonderful beauty of Del Monte was marvelous. At Del Monte, geraniums, fucus and heliotrope, which in Washington are seen only as potted plants, grow to the height of a two-story house and then have to be trimmed to stop their upward growth. Other flowers showed the same marvelous growth and all were covered with a wealth of blossoms. We enjoyed the place and the rest exceedingly.

From there we went to Los Angeles. We took excursions to Long Beach, Pasadena, the ostrich farm and Catalena Island. Pasadena is noted for its profusion of flowers and Catalena Island for its fishing. On our way out to Catalena, we saw flying fish for the first time. Those in the Pacific are very much larger than those I afterwards saw in the West Indies. We hired a motor boat and went fishing for tuna; the largest fish we caught was an eight pound yellow tail which I caught on a rod and reel and it gave me all the sport I could manage for some time. I do not know what I would have done had it been a two hundred and fifty pound tuna, as is frequently caught there, but I am willing to try again and find out.

From Los Angeles we went via the Santa Fe over the Arizona

desert to Williams, where we changed for the Grand Canyon. We arrived there after dark so that we saw nothing of the canyon until the next morning. The hotel, the El Tovar, is owned and run by the Santa Fe and is one of the best conducted hotels at which I ever stopped. It is built of immense logs, almost on the edge of the canyon. My first view of the canyon was disappointing for it was early in the morning and the sun had not reached down into the vast depth. The Grand Canyon is five thousand feet deep and from thirteen to seventeen miles wide. That does not mean, however, that the whole width has been dug out by the Colorado River to the depth of five thousand feet, for that is not the fact, for only a comparatively small part, except that through which the river actually runs, has reached that depth. The top rock for about two thousand feet was limestone, that is entirely gone; below that as far as the excavation has gone, a red sandstone, and that is left in all sorts of shapes, pinnacles, towers, ridges, etc., some extending lengthwise and some crosswise of the canyon, the excavation between reaching in many places almost to the level of the river.

When one stands on the edge of the canyon and sees the irregular way it has been excavated, the great wonder is how it was done. When one goes to the bottom and sees close at hand the raging river, thick with the finest sand made by its wearing away the rocks in its downward course to the sea, and appreciates the fact that in its whole course through the canyon it is a succession of falls and rapids, he can understand the wearing away of the rocks, but cannot understand how the side canyons seen on every hand out of the course of the river have been excavated. To get to the river after we left our mules we went through a canyon at least two thousand feet deep and so narrow that we could almost touch both walls with outstretched hands. The sand left in the eddies of the river was of the same character as that I saw at the Great Glacier, as fine as the finest flour.

My cousin and I joined a party of fourteen with two guides and made the trip down to the bottom of the canyon the morning after we arrived. Standing on the edge of the canyon we could not see any possible way that a trail could be made down those sheer walls, but we found that one had been made, sometimes out of the sides, at others built with rocks and earth supported by small projections, and at still other places running along a razor-like ridge with a sheer descent on either side. It was a

fearful trip but I am glad I made it. It would take a very large inducement, however, to tempt me to make it again. The most dangerous places were those built up, as I have described, for should one stone roll out of place the whole pathway and those on it would go into the canyon. Almost, if not quite as dangerous, were the places where the trail was a zigzag. One part of the trail was for quite a distance along a narrow ridge, just wide enough for the mule's feet, and at the end it turned into a zigzag made by building up the trail on projections, and by this zigzag we went down nine hundred feet. It was bad enough going down, then our animals kept in motion, but when we came back the path was so steep that it was very hard work for the mules, and the guides made frequent stops to rest them. It seemed to me that every time we stopped, my mule was at a place of greatest danger and that the path could not possibly sustain our weight, but it did and I got up in safety.

The length of the trail from the top to the river was about seven miles. About half way down was a sort of level valley in which were tents and buildings for the accommodation of those who wanted to stop over night going up or down, for frequently persons make the trip on foot and spend the night there. Looking back from this point, we could not see the trail or any chance to scale the walls which appeared to be perpendicular. I saw one thing which surprised me. Along the top near the hotel, three and a half miles away from where we were, ran a telegraph line. Looking up we could see clearly the line of poles and the telegraph wires. We saw at different places on the sides of the walls outcroppings of copper ore, but not in paying quantities, also ruined houses of cliff dwellers.

When I reached the top on our return I had to be helped from my mule by two men, as I was so stiff that I was unable to dismount alone. We could not secure berths at Grand Canyon for the continuation of our journey from Williams and risked securing them on the train. The conductor told us he had none, but to get on the train and if he could not arrange it we would have to get off at the next station, which would have been bad for us, as we were in the Arizona Desert, but the fact that both he and I were Masons made everything all right, for he changed the passengers about and gave us the berths needed.

We stopped over at St. Joseph, Missouri, and visited my brother, Israel E. Kimball, who had lived there for many years.

We had a fine time, and I was much pleased with St. Joseph. From what I saw, I thought it would be just the place for my son, Walter, to locate himself in his business as an optician, as there was no first-class optician there. Upon my report, Walter made a visit to his uncle in March, 1907, and decided to locate there. He rented a store in a block just being finished and opened for business in August or September, 1907. I have visited him twice since, the last time in September, 1910, and found that he had a fine business which was constantly increasing, and that he was well satisfied with his location in St. Joseph. The last time I was there, I had the pleasure of seeing him take the Scottish Rite degrees including the thirty-second degree as well as the Shrine degree.

CHAPTER XXVII.

My Masonic Connections.

In the fall of 1901, I gave my petition for the Blue Lodge degrees to my friend, Warren C. Bickford, a Past Master of Hiram Lodge, No. 10, F. A. A. M., my son, Harry, giving him his petition at the same time. We were both elected and received the degrees as follows, my friend and comrade, Thomas I. Hopkins, taking his degrees at the same time:

Entered Apprentice.....December 20th, 1901.
Fellow Craft.....January 17th, 1902.
Master Mason.....February 21st, 1902.

The following year my son and I were elected in Mt. Vernon Chapter, No. 3, R. A. M., and received the various degrees as follows:

Mark Master Mason.....May 11th, 1903.
Past Master.....June 13th, 1903.
Most Excellent Master.....June 13th, 1903.
Royal Arch Mason.....July 6th, 1903.

In 1905, I took all the degrees of the Scottish Rite in Mithras Lodge of Perfection, No. 1; Evangelist Chapter, Rose Croix, No. 1; Robert de Bruce Council, Knights Kadosh, No. 1, and Albert Pike Consistory, No. 1. Of these degrees I took the following named:

4th degree, Secret Master.....October 17th, 1905.
14th degree, Perfect Elu.....October 18th, 1905.
15th degree, Knight of the East.....October 24th, 1905.
18th degree, Knight Rose Croix.....October 30th, 1905.
30th degree, Knight Kadosh.....November 4th, 1905.
31st degree, Inspector-Inquisitor.....November 17th, 1905.
32d degree, Master of the Royal Secret..November 20th, 1905.

I was on the platform at the laying of the corner-stone of the new temple for the Supreme Council of the Scottish Rite on October 18th, 1911.

In 1906, I received the degrees in Washington Council, No. 1, Royal and Select Masters, as follows:

Royal Master.....November 19th, 1906.
Select Master.....November 19th, 1906.
Super-Excellent Master.....November 30th, 1906.

I became a member of Almas Temple, A. A. O. N. M. S., on September 15th, 1908, and of Columbia Commandery, No. 2, K. T., in 1909, receiving the degrees as follows:

Red Cross.....August 20th, 1909.
Temple and Malta.....September 3d, 1909.

All of my degrees in the "York Rite," that is, Lodge, Chapter, Council and Commandery, were taken with my son, Harry, except the Royal Master and Select Master degrees.

A very important part of the Master Mason's degree was worked on me by Hon. John C. Chaney, a member of Congress from Indiana and a Past Master of B. B. French Lodge, in the District of Columbia. He had been one of the scholars in my school the second year I taught near Ft. Wayne.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Trips to the West Indies.

On December 17th, 1908, I sailed from New York on the steamer *Guiana* of the Quebec S. S. Co. for a trip to the West Indies and South America, to be gone a month. I had had this trip in contemplation for several years, but had not found it possible theretofore to get away in the winter. The steamers of this line carry a large amount of freight for the various West India Islands and have accommodations for passengers. I was surprised to see that so large a proportion of the first class passengers were negroes and found that they were going back to their homes on the various islands, having by a few years of service with the wealthy families or in hotels of New York acquired money enough to make them rich in the West Indies. It was amusing to see them dressed in all their New York finery when ready for landing. The women, having on their broad hats and everything else which would make them attract attention among the island people; the men with white duck suits, yellow shoes, colored socks and elaborate neckwear. The contrast between them and the barefooted, half naked negroes on shore was very striking, and they surely did attract the attention they sought from their own people, and elicited laughter from the white passengers.

It began to snow shortly before we sailed and covered the deckhouse with white, but it soon melted. Our first stop was at St. Thomas, five days out from New York. We did not see a sail or sign of human life until we reached that island. The first part of our trip, or until we reached south of Cape Hatteras, was quite rough. The sea constantly broke over the lower decks and made it very uncomfortable for the mules and horses stabled aft, as the seas constantly washed through the deckhouse in which they were stabled. The animals were for the sugar plantations of Martinique. On the third day from New York the officers of the ship and the male passengers came out in white duck suits and continued to wear them until we

got back to the same region on our return. I will never forget those beautiful days at sea after we reached a warmer latitude. I spent most of my time in my steamer chair by the pilot house with a book in my hand, but reading was only a pretense, for the perfect air and the beautiful sea, with its millions of flying fish, were so attractive that reading was impossible. The flying fish came to the surface in great schools, scared by the commotion of the steamer, and looked like flocks of small birds, flying just above the surface of the waves and frequently going through their crest. If they flew directly from us they had the appearance of birds with dark feathers, for their backs are black, and if they flew parallel with the ship they appeared to be pure white, for their sides and wings are as white as snow. I found that their flight was not necessarily in a straight line, as I had supposed, but that they could turn from a straight course.

St. Thomas has the finest harbor in the West Indies, large enough to contain an immense fleet. In former days it was very prosperous and most vessels stopped there for orders. This is now changed and vessels stop for orders at Barbadoes and the prosperity of St. Thomas is a thing of the past. It, like nearly all of the West India Islands, is volcanic in its origin and has high mountains. Many mountains, like Pelee and the La Soufierre, still show signs of activity. One of the smoking volcanoes is situated much nearer to Basse Terre, the capital of Guadaloupe, than Pelee was to St. Pierre at the time of the terrible eruption in May, 1902. Several of these mountains at that time were in active eruption, ejecting lava and ashes. They did much damage to property and killed many persons.

St. Thomas was at one time the headquarters of buccaneers and pirates, and the castles of two of them, Bluebeard and Blackbeard, are still in good preservation. From them they had a good view of the sea and could discern any prey or any enemy approaching the island. At the former are shown ten ancient cannon which had been mounted on the castle.

The greater part of the cargo of our steamer was flour, corn, corn meal, lumber and coal oil, but only a very small quantity of manufactured goods. This cargo was unloaded into great lighters brought alongside, for there are very few docks in the West Indies, there being but one out of the ten islands at which we stopped which had a dock at which our ship could unload. We went from island to island at night, unloading in

the daytime. This gave us a splendid chance to see the country and the people. These trips among and upon the various islands gave me a knowledge of the people and their mode of life which I could not acquire from books. The boat landed at the two Danish islands of St. Thomas and St. Croix, at the two French islands of Guadeloupe and Martinique and the British islands of St. Kitts, St. Lucia, St. Vincent, Antigua, Dominica and Barbadoes, and then west to British Guiana in South America. The inhabitants of all these islands are largely a mixed race, there being very few whites. They are a mixture of white, black and the Caribs, or original inhabitants. The result of this mixture is a many-hued people of fine physique and of very straight forms, resulting from carrying all burdens on the head. At St. Kitts I saw a negro woman march off at a swinging gait with an immense trunk on her head, with as little concern as though she was carrying a small burden. At St. Vincent I saw a girl carrying a quart bottle of milk upright on top of her head with a basket in each hand, walking down the mountain road at a rapid gait without fear of its falling. Before the destruction of St. Pierre it was the shipping port for the whole island and all goods had to be carried from there by porters over the mountains to other parts of the island. This was done by women who were noted for their endurance. It is said that these women porters carried loads of from one hundred and twenty-five pounds to one hundred and fifty pounds on their heads and made a daily journey of twenty-five to thirty miles. They could rest only when relieved from their burden by others, for it was too heavy to put on or off their heads without help.

Only those in authority among the colored people wore shoes, and in that warm climate very little clothing is worn. Young children go naked and many men wore little except pantaloons. The great game of the boys in the English islands is cricket, and when the game becomes interesting, off comes their pantaloons so that they can run better, and no one pays any attention to such things.

The islands are very populous and the people exceedingly poor. Barbadoes is said to be the most populous place in the world, even exceeding China. The men seek work wherever it can be found and work for very small pay. Most of the laborers on the Panama Canal are from the West India Islands. As there

was yellow fever at Martinique, we took on board a large number of stevedores at St. Kitts, the second island at which we stopped, and they made the round trip so that there would be no communication with any island where there was yellow fever, but in spite of all the precautions taken it was with great difficulty that we kept from being sent to Quarantine at Georgetown, in British Guinea, as we had landed freely at Barbadoes, not knowing that there was yellow fever there. All the passengers went on shore at that island and I went twice, but our captain and surgeon convinced the port surgeon that we were all right and he permitted us to land after some hours delay. I also landed at Barbadoes on my return, as did the others, but we were not allowed by the health officers at the various islands to land at any other island on our way to New York.

I never saw worse poverty than I saw at St. Kitts. Beggars were everywhere. The authorities had opened a sort of soup house, or place where provisions were given out to the needy, and it was fairly mobbed. So many men leave the islands, especially Barbadoes, to get work that there is a large surplus of women, and they do the hard work which elsewhere is done by men, such as building roads, loading and unloading coal vessels, digging in the fields, carrying stone and building materials, and bearing all sorts of burdens.

The island of St. Lucia is the coaling place for the British fleet in the West Indies and for merchant steamers engaged in the South American trade. This takes an immense amount of coal, which is shipped from England and unloaded at the island and then loaded on steamers as needed. Most of this work is done by women, who carry the coal on their heads in bushel baskets. If a lump is too large for their baskets, it is carried on their heads. They wear no shoes or stockings and are dressed in skirts shortened by tying a cord around them so as to make them reach about to their knees. Their feet must be as hard as leather, for they walked over the sharp broken coal all day long without appearing to mind the fact that their feet were unprotected. At St. Vincent a party of us took a drive to visit an old Spanish fort on a high point giving a fine view of the sea. Before we reached the fort we had to walk quite a distance, part of the way over a foot path just repaired with broken stones, so sharp that they hurt my feet through the soles of my shoes and I could not walk on them.

It was New Year's day of 1909 and the country people were coming to town for the occasion. We met two girls, each about eighteen years old, coming down this footpath barefooted, walking with a springing gait right over those sharp stones over which I could not walk with shoes on.

The Danish Islands are exceedingly anxious that the United States should buy them. Their chief product is sugar and the United States is their principal market, but having to pay duty makes it almost impossible to receive enough from it to pay the expense of production. This condition has caused the planters to use the most scientific methods to overcome this handicap.

On the wharf at St. Croix I saw a very large tubular boiler, like a steamboat boiler, and was told that we were to take it to Martinique. I supposed, of course, that it would be brought out on a large lighter, but what was my astonishment to see it floating, being towed by several boats. It weighed many tons, was six or seven feet high and about fifteen feet long. The explanation was that each of the tubes was plugged and they contained air enough to keep the boiler from sinking.

The farthest point of our voyage was the City of Georgetown, the capital of British Guiana. Sixty miles at sea the water showed discoloration and when near the land it was exceedingly muddy. The land is very low and three large rivers flowing into the ocean near that point carry a large amount of sediment which does not disappear until a great ways from the land. This condition causes a very bad bar, so that loaded vessels can cross it only at high tide. We had unloaded most of our cargo and were comparatively light, so that our captain crossed the bar at about half tide, but we hit the bottom and dragged across the bar for about a mile. The mud was so soft that we had no difficulty in ploughing through it. One of the officers told me that it was all right as long as we continued in motion, but if we should stop we would sink several feet into the mud. Passengers making the round trip go to a hotel at Georgetown, for two reasons: first, the mosquitoes are so numerous that they take possession of the ship and make life miserable, and second, the water of the river and harbor is so foul that the odor is unbearable. So, the five passengers making the round trip went to the Tower Hotel. We spent four days at Georgetown, which was long enough for us, and the five who made the round trip were very glad to leave when the time came. We reached there Janu-

ary 3d, but as it is only six or seven degrees from the equator, the weather was like midsummer in Washington. The land is very low and wet, being below high tide, and has to be protected by great dykes. In every part are ditches, like small canals, to drain off the water. These canals lead to gates which give outlet to the sea. When the tide goes down these gates are opened to let off the water. When the tide turns the gates are closed. The better class of houses have the first story open and the family live above. The poor blacks and the Hindus, of whom there are about 120,000 working in the sugar fields, live on the ground level. These Hindus dress just as they do in India. The men are frequently seen on the streets wearing nothing but a breech cloth. Their legs are always bare up to their thighs. The women wear a very short, sleeveless jacket, reaching just below their bosoms; then a short skirt from their waist to their knees. They have no shoes or stockings and their bodies are bare between the jacket and the skirt. On their arms from their wrists to their shoulders, and on their legs from their ankles as far as bare, they wear silver bracelets, and around each nostril and the lobes of each ear gold rings as thick as could be placed. I was told that was the way the Hindus invested and saved their wages.

At every place at which we stopped on our trip I tried to find the market place, for there I saw a great variety of people and all the fruits of the country. At Georgetown I found the market house before I went to breakfast the first morning and was exceedingly interested in it. Many of those having things to sell were Hindus dressed as I have described. I saw there types of the different peoples besides the fruits, vegetables, fish, birds and animals, many of which were new to me. The market house covered a large space and was not only interesting, but instructive. When I returned to the hotel I told the two ladies from our ship where I had been and they started at once to find it. In about fifteen minutes they came back, badly frightened and disgusted at the amount of nakedness they had seen. Mr. Reinhart, the husband of one of them, was immensely tickled at the incident. At the market place at St. Kitts I witnessed an incident which proved that false weights are in use in other places besides the United States. A colored girl was buying a small piece of beef and the dealer was about to weigh it on a pair of balances, but the girl would not let him do so until

she had tipped the scales upside down to see if there was any extra weight underneath. I have tried several persons in Washington for cheating in that way. The inhabitants of British Guiana are about equally divided between blacks and Hindus, with a few thousand Chinese and only about five thousand whites. We visited a sugar manufactory, said to be the largest in the British possessions.

For a return cargo we took on board two thousand tons of raw sugar, being all the cargo with which the steamer could cross the bar. On our voyage we stopped at the various islands to take the mail and passengers for New York. The only place at which I went ashore was at Barbadoes. None of the other islands would permit any one to land after our stop at Barbadoes, and therefore the captain would not take passengers for the other islands. At Martinique we took on board a French negro girl, apparently dressed in a single cotton skirt as they did on the island. Before we reached New York we struck some pretty cold weather and that girl nearly froze to death. Some of the passengers gave her some extra clothing to keep her from freezing.

The captain expected to reach New York Saturday, January 16th, but he ran into a heavy fog bank early in the day, so that he could not take his noon observation, and towards night he knew he was at the entrance of New York, but could not see or hear a thing to guide him into the harbor. Not daring to take any risks, he headed out to sea for the night and in the morning ran in again. In addition to a thick fog, there was a very heavy northeast gale, which made it extremely unpleasant for the passengers. I was standing in the doorway leading from the music room onto the deck with my left foot advanced, holding to the left hand door jamb, watching to see if I could discern anything, and had stood there about ten minutes when suddenly, the door, which opened forward and was fastened open, swung to and struck my left leg. The force of the blow was on the inside of the knee; it also bruised my ankle so that it was black and blue for several days. The X rays showed a fracture of the upper end of the tibia and the ligaments and tendons were torn loose. I also received a very slight blow on the side of my nose. The first sensation was a sort of numbness, but in a few minutes I became quite lame and my knee pained me very much. When first hurt I

had no idea my injury was anything but a slight bruise and was very much astonished when the surgeon for an accident company who examined it told me I was very seriously hurt. As a result of my accident I was under surgeon's care for about six months and they state that my knee will never be strong again.

Our captain finally found his position by seeing a steamer coming out of the harbor and worked his way in so that we docked about 4 p. m., January 17th, 1909. I was handed a letter from Harry before I left the ship, telling me of the very severe illness of my wife and I took the first train for Washington and reached there about 11 p. m. My son Arthur met me at the train and I learned that while my wife was still very sick, she was better than when Harry wrote. From that time to the present she has had to have the constant attendance of a trained nurse, but is greatly improved, so that she is able to walk out, and on Sunday, December 10th, 1911, she attended church.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Trip to West Indies and Panama.

I did not take my regular vacation in the summer of 1909, as I wanted to take the trip on the *Avon*, leaving New York February 19th, 1910. When I found the Attorney General had determined not to recommend my reappointment after the end of my third full term, January 10th, 1910, it looked as though I had lost my vacation. After careful thought I wrote to the President that I had taken my vacation of 1908 in the winter of 1908-1909 and had enjoyed the trip so much I had intended taking my vacation for 1909 in the winter of 1909-1910, and had therefore taken no vacation in 1909, and asked him if the Attorney General did not intend to reappoint me not to make the appointment till after I returned from my trip. I received no reply, but made my contemplated trip and returned March 22d, 1910, and the appointment was not made till after that, and I continued to hold court until April 2, 1910.

This second trip was most delightful. The ship was of more than 11,000 tons and was the largest and the most steady I ever went to sea on. As the trip was not a commercial one everything was done to secure the comfort and happiness of the passengers and every effort was made to give them a good time. Excursions were planned, games were provided, and the ship was so broad there was plenty of room on deck for cricket, netting being rigged up to keep the balls from going overboard. A swimming pool was provided when we reached warm waters. The usual four meals had on shipboard were regularly served, but in addition ice cream and cake were passed around the deck in the middle of the forenoon, and coffee and sandwiches served in the smoking rooms, besides early coffee, biscuits and fruit before breakfast. I had a fine outside state room all alone and enjoyed every moment of the trip.

At each port the steam launches, of which we carried two, made frequent trips between the ship and shore. This trip was enjoyable because it took us to so many historic places I had never visited before. Our first stop was at the beautiful Ber-

mudas, the favorite winter home of so many Americans. We then went to Porto Rico, taking a trip by rail to the interior, then to Santiago, Cuba, and over the battlefields of San Juan and El Caney. On the way to Santiago from Porto Rico we sailed along the north shores, and in plain sight of Porto Rico and San Domingo. From Santiago we went to Kingston, Jamaica, which still showed the awful effects of the earthquake of 1907. From Kingston we went to Colon on the Isthmus of Panama, then across the Isthmus, stopping at various points to view the canal. Our itinerary would have taken us next to Venezuela with a visit to the capital and Pitch Lake, but the plague had broken out there and we had to omit that and, instead, we went to Cartagena, the seaport of the Republic of Columbia, and to the island of Granda, then to Barbadoes and Martinique, visiting the ruins of St. Pierre and seeing Mt. Pelee still smoking; then along the south side of Porto Rico and between that island and San Domingo to Guantanamo, Cuba, where we had the pleasure of seeing and visiting our fleet of sixteen men-of-war, then to Havana, then to Nassau in the Bahamas, and from there to New York.

It will be impossible for me in the space I can devote to it to describe what I saw in the thirty-one days of this wonderful trip.

What our American soldiers and medical men have done in Porto Rico, Cuba and the Isthmus of Panama makes me proud that I am an American citizen. The work accomplished by the medical men is to my mind the most wonderful of all. While the building of the Panama Canal is a great engineering feat, it is one that only requires the skill of modern engineers backed by sufficient money to pay for the work. The Isthmus of Panama, Porto Rico and Havana and all Cuba were pest holes, reeking with yellow fever and other deadly tropical diseases. To-day they are as free from them and the death rates are as low as they are in the most favored northern communities.

While the whole trip was extremely interesting and instructive, I was most interested in—first, the Panama Canal; second, Pelee and St. Pierre; third, Santiago and the United States battlefields; fourth, Havana, which is a most beautiful city, and fifth, in our new possession, Porto Rico. Each one of these and all the other places I visited are worthy of long description and gave me much food for thought. At each place where we

stopped I tried to people it with their past history. As a G. A. R. man this was especially true of Nassau, which had so large a part in furnishing the South, during the War of the Rebellion by means of blockade runners, with arms and supplies, and even to this day has a strong dislike for any one from the North.

CHAPTER XXX.

Conclusions.

It is time I brought these reminiscences to a close, not from lack of material, for in looking back over the sixty-eight years of my life I remember a multitude of interesting events which I have entirely omitted from this narrative, but because to include them would make it too bulky.

The years I have lived have been years of history making, such as the world has never seen before. The whole world has changed. Not a civilized nation to-day occupies the same territory it did May 5th, 1843, and a large number of them have changed their form of government. Then, outside of the little Swiss Republic, which has never been taken into account, there was but one weak republic, the United States, with no outside possessions, and on principal, taking no part in European politics, so weak that it was scarcely counted by the European Powers as being in the family of nations, and having no effect upon their course of action toward each other or with relation to any nation outside of America. To-day the United States is a world power, consisting of forty-eight States, with large insular possessions and an empire in Alaska; having interests in all parts of the world, with trade extending everywhere. It is the richest and most powerful nation on earth and is increasing in wealth and power with marvelous rapidity. A nation whose consent is secured before other nations undertake any enterprise which would affect it.

Then, South America had but recently thrown off the yoke of the European Powers and the great country of Brazil was a monarchy. To-day, with the exception of the Guianas—British, Dutch and French—South America is independent of European control and is divided into republics. The empire of France and the kingdom of Portugal have also become republics and several other nations will, I believe, in a few years change to republican forms of government. Italy has grown from a lot of small, weak states into one powerful nation.

I remember very well when Commodore Perry opened up that hermit kingdom of Japan, and I have seen it grow into a great, progressive, up-to-date nation. I saw the Chinese embassy, under the lead of Burlingame, when they were received by the House of Representatives. This was really the commencement of the opening of China to foreign nations. The embassy was sent to negotiate treaties with the United States and other nations by which their country would be thrown open to trade. Now this great giant is awaking from his sleep of centuries. What will happen when he is thoroughly awakened is beginning to trouble thinking men. Since writing the foregoing, China has thrown off the yoke of the Manchus, and has proclaimed a Republic. She apparently has awakened from her sleep of centuries, and is preparing to take her place in the work of the world. Thinking men believe that great things are in store for her in the future. I saw the first embassy ever sent by Korea to any foreign nation. Before that no Korean could leave his country on pain of death. The same law has been in force in Japan.

At that time slavery existed in many nations, especially in Russia and the United States. Now there is not a slave on the globe except those held surreptitiously in Africa. Then and for many years afterward the whole of the Great Western Plain of the United States was marked on the maps as "The Great American Desert." Now that Great American Desert is divided into many populous States and the desert produces abundant crops which go far towards furnishing food for the world. In my lifetime additions have been made by treaty or purchase to the territory of the United States, adding more than three times the territory contained in the thirteen original States, not taking into account Alaska and our insular possessions.

All manner of fun and much criticism was made of Secretary of State William H. Seward for the purchase of Alaska. It was said that it was nothing but a great iceberg. The wisdom of its purchase has been abundantly shown and it has repaid its cost of seven million two hundred thousand dollars many times over. I happened to be in the warrant room of the Treasury Department when the warrant was being drawn for payment of the purchase price to the Russian Ambassador, and as a matter of curiosity took it into my hands and examined it.

Then, while railroads had been built, they were few in number

and each road covered only a short distance, and their equipment was so crude that trains could only run at a very low rate of speed. Passengers changed cars at frequent intervals, as no cars ran over other roads. Only a very small part of the country could be reached by railroad and most of the travel was done by stage coaches or on horseback. The first through train entered Chicago in 1852. To-day one can travel at a high rate of speed in splendid Pullman cars to every part of this broad land and into adjoining countries, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific, without change, and can dine as luxuriously while traveling at full speed as though in a first class hotel. The first road to the Pacific was completed in 1869 and now there are many such roads.

Then, while Fulton's *Clearmont* had navigated the Hudson in 1807, travel by steamboat was in its infancy, and most of the ocean travel was by means of sailing vessels. To-day, since the change from paddle-wheels to propellers and from the crude engines of the days of 1843 to the triple expansion or the turbine engines of to-day and the building of the palatial steamers, all travel and most of the transportation of freight is done by them and sailing vessels are almost driven from the seas. What will result when the flying machine is perfected I will not attempt to even surmise.

Then, most of the nations of the world were unknown to outside visitors, first, because of lack of means of transportation, and, second, because such visits were forbidden in many countries. Today, railroads are being built through the "Dark Continent," from the Cape of Good Hope to Cairo, in Egypt, and from the United States to Cape Horn in South America, and all nations, even Thibet, are open to travelers. The first electric street railroad in the United States was opened in San Francisco in 1887, and now there are few rural communities to which the electric roads do not penetrate, and many steam roads are being equipped in part at least with electricity.

The first telegraph message was sent between Washington and Baltimore in 1844. I saw the first telegraph line to the West being erected through Fort Wayne in the latter forties, the exact year I do not know, but it was before 1850; and now, by means of land wires, deep sea cables and wireless telegraph, messages can be sent to any part of the world and to ships on the high seas, and the reader sees in his morning paper news from every

nation, and passengers at sea have daily bulletins. The first deep-sea cable was laid between Calais and Dover in 1851 and the first Atlantic cable in 1866.

Then, the light for the great mass of the community was furnished by candles, but some used lard oil and whale oil; but whales were becoming so scarce that it became a serious question how lights were to be produced when they were all killed off. Petroleum had not been discovered except in the form of a scum which formed on the water of certain springs, and was gathered and sold in small bottles under the name of "rock oil" as a sure cure for ailments of many kinds. Candles were usually of home production and I have helped my mother make them many times. Now petroleum not only furnishes lights used in all parts of the world, but the various by-products are used in hundreds of different industries from the gasoline used in our automobiles and in many other machines, to paints and drugs. Now, electricity provides brilliant lights for our homes, lights our streets, cooks our food, heats our houses, runs our street and interurban cars, runs our automobiles, provides the light for our lighthouses and for searchlights on every kind of vessel, and signs of business houses. New uses are being found for it daily, so that it is impossible to imagine where the end of its adaptability for man's help will end, especially as the rivers all over the world provide the power to make it, so cheaply. All these wonderful results from the use of electricity have been discovered since 1887, only twenty-four years ago.

Then, matches had been recently invented and were almost unknown. I do not remember ever to have seen one in my early years. Fires were made from live coals, care being taken never to let the fires go out. To start a fire, either live coals were secured from a neighbor or it was kindled by the use of flint and steel. I have been sent after live coals many a time.

Then, such a thing as sending the human voice over a wire was not thought of. The telephone was first exhibited at the Centennial in 1876. Now, it is a necessity in every business house and government office, and very few families, either in city or country, are without it. The phonograph was first shown one year later, in 1877.

Then, all sewing was done by hand and ready made clothing was unknown. Much of the cloth used was also woven at home. In 1846 Silas Howe secured his first patent for a shuttle sewing

machine. Now, while there is a sewing machine in every house, most garments for men, women and children are bought ready made, and the business of their manufacture employs an army of men and women, and a vast number of machines. Sewing machines are also used in the manufacture of boots and shoes and all other leather goods.

Then, all writing was by hand. To-day, the typewriter is to be found in every office and store and no business man would think of writing his own letters.

The power press, that wonderful means of duplicating the printed page, by means of which the poorest laborer can have abundance of the best literature, has revolutionized the printing of books and newspapers, and has so cheapened literature as to bring the best books within the reach of all, and the Bible, which in old times could be bought only by the well-to-do, is now printed in many hundreds of languages, and is the most extensively circulated book of all literature, and its influence is universal.

Then, the farmer cultivated the soil and reaped his crops by the hardest manual labor. He plowed the land with the help of oxen or horses, sowed his grain broadcast, reaped with a sickle or a cradle, and threshed much of it with a flail. Contrast that with gang plows run by steam, sowing by machinery, cutting his grain by a reaping machine which not only cuts it, but threshes it and puts it into bags which are dropped from the machine along the route, and which the farmer carries to market over modern roads in a large automobile run by gasoline. Were it not for modern methods of farming, grain enough to feed the world could not be raised.

While all these instruments of peace and many others have been either made available or have been invented during my lifetime, two other equally as important instruments for the good of mankind have not been neglected and have made as great advances. These are the healing art and instruments of war. It may be thought strange that I have named instruments of war as being for the good of mankind, but I believe that the United States has used, and will continue to use her modern guns and men of war for the good of humanity, and that a well trained army and a strong navy not only stand for peace and hinder attacks on her, but make her intervention heeded and keep other nations from war. So I thoroughly believe that in the hands

of a nation governed by Christian principles, instruments of war are a benefit to mankind.

In 1843 the principal treatment of disease was by bleeding and the favorite medicines were calomel and quinine. Anaesthetics in surgery, vaccination, and the various antitoxines were unknown and diseases were allowed to run their course. Then, an injury to the cavities of the body was sure death. Compare this with the antiseptic treatment and the use of the X ray in the surgery of to-day and see what wonderful strides have been made.

Think of the time when yellow fever, cholera, the plague and typhoid fever had no known cure or remedy; to-day these diseases are almost blotted out. Remember how during the war of the Rebellion more died from typhoid fever than from the bullets of the enemy, and of the multitudes who died in camp of the same disease during the Spanish-American war, and contrast that condition with that of our army during the summer of 1911 when strung along the border of Mexico and Texas under conditions more severe and trying than existed in our army in 1898, only two died from typhoid fever, as I have been informed. Remember that from January 1st, 1896, to the present time not a single person has died from yellow fever in that former pest hole, the Isthmus of Panama, whereas during its occupation by the French the deaths from that disease numbered many thousands, twelve hundred having died in one hospital. The same results have been achieved in Cuba and Porto Rico.

Contrast the armament of the army and navy in 1843 with that of 1911. Contrast the breechloaders and the machine guns of 1911 with the flintlock, muzzle loaders of 1843. Contrast the skill of the men who serve the modern guns and the distance the shots are effective with the hit-and-miss firing and limited range of the old guns. Contrast the speed and efficiency of the modern ironclads of the navy with the old wooden sailing vessels of the navy of 1843. An example of this difference was shown when, in April, 1911, the *Delaware*, one of our most powerful naval vessels, dropped anchor in Boston harbor after having steamed from Valparaiso, Chile, through the Straits of Magellan, with but one stop, and was on arrival as prepared to continue her trip as when she left Chile.

No less progress has been made in the moral uplift of the

nation than has been made in its material advancement. This assertion may cause many denials and claims that the present day is more given to Sabbath breaking and all manner of sins than any other age of the past. I think, however, that a little careful thought will prove my assertion to be absolutely true. Then duelling was the universal way to settle disputes, even over very trivial matters, and I remember well the last duel arranged between members of Congress. In this case a member from the South felt aggrieved at something that Mr. Potter, a member from Wisconsin, said in debate and sent him a challenge. Mr. Potter was a very mild tempered man and the last one who would be expected to accept a challenge or fight a duel, but he accepted and chose bowie knives as the weapons, the duel to be fought in a dark room. The challenger claimed that the proposition and the weapons were barbarous and refused to fight and that ended duelling in Congress. There was a well-known place near Washington, known as the Bladensburg duelling ground, where many duels have been fought within my memory. To-day duelling is called murder, and most, if not all, of the States have strong laws against even sending challenges.

Then, gambling and lotteries were universal, even the money to erect some of the public buildings in Washington being raised by means of lotteries. To-day both are prohibited under severe penalties in all the States and the express companies are prohibited from carrying lottery tickets.

Only a very few years ago, drinking was the rule, even among ministers, and no marriage, christening or gathering of ministers took place without the presence of liquors. One of the first things the parishioners did when the minister made a parish call was to give him a glass of wine or other liquor. I need not say that all this is abolished and all the best elements of the nation are engaged in a mighty fight against the awful evil of intemperance, and this fight against intemperance is not in the United States alone. England, where only a few years ago drinking was universal, has done wonders for temperance, and Germany has taken up the fight, as have also some of the other Continental countries of Europe.

In those days there was no such thing known as a humane society and no attempt was made to protect animals or children from cruelty. There were no laws limiting the age at which children could be put to work. In a thousand ways this age

has awakened to the fact that we are our brothers' keepers and responsible for their education and moral and physical protection and uplifting.

How wonderfully this age is carrying out that idea by its hospitals, its asylums and its educational institutions by which orphans, the neglected ones and the children of the poorest are cared for and given an education.

In those days the insane were kept in confinement in jails and poor houses, usually being chained like wild beasts, with no comforts and no care, and similar neglect was shown to the idiotic and weak-minded. Compare such treatment with the care given by the State to such cases to-day and consider how quickly the community would be aroused should it discover that anyone was being treated as was then the universal custom.

While it may possibly be that to-day a large number of our citizens have no thought of, or desire for a religious life, yet when we compare the conditions which existed at the commencement of the last century, when atheism was rampant among the leaders of the nation and religion, in large part, was mere formalism, with the earnest evangelism of to-day which is reaching out to every part of this country and throughout the world, seeking to carry the gospel message to every human being, we must conclude that there is a great change for the better, and that as a nation we are on a higher religious plane than in 1843.

In 1843 each religious denomination had great barriers around it to shut out all others, and there was no concord or harmony between them. No minister was allowed to preach from the platform of another denomination. To-day, all these middle walls of partition are broken down and all act together in their great work for humanity and Christ. To-day, the different denominations in our country are working together in the Young Men's and the Young Women's Christian Associations, the Salvation Army and the many gospel missions and the Christian Endeavor Societies, and are doing work that cannot be done in the churches. It is a day of intense Christian activity. In 1843 earnest prayers were constantly offered that heathen lands might be opened to the gospel. To-day all are open and the prayers are for men and money to take possession of the open fields. The spirit of the gospel not only permeates individuals, but the nations,

and has brought the time when national disputes are settled by arbitration or by a trial at the Great International Tribunal sitting at The Hague, and I am glad to record that the United States is a leading spirit in pushing arbitration and that this country was the means of settling the disputes between Russia and Japan and bringing peace between them. What a change from the past, when all disputes between nations were settled by the arbitrament of war.

To-day our dependence upon God is fully recognized, not only by individuals, but by the nation as a whole. The Supreme Court of the United States has held in an opinion delivered by it that the United States is a Christian nation, and each year the President of the United States, by solemn proclamation, calls upon all the people to assemble in their places of worship on the last Thursday of November and give thanks to Almighty God for his blessings during the year just passed. No such National Thanksgiving Day was observed in my youth, although the Governors of some of the New England States appointed a day of thanksgiving. Presidents Washington, John Adams and Madison had appointed such days, although some of them, like those of President Madison, were more like fast days than thanksgiving days. The last proclamation had been issued by President Madison in 1815 during the second war with England. The next was issued by President Lincoln in 1862 and his example has been followed ever since, and Congress has made Thanksgiving Day a legal holiday.

When in the past did any nation ever interpose between a strong and a weak power to help the weak unless there was some great gain to be secured? But in 1898 the United States with no other interest than that of humanity and the desire to stop the perpetration of a great wrong, went to war with Spain in behalf of Cuba, and after rescuing it, returned it to its citizens without any compensation and without asking for or receiving any part of the expense such intervention caused to her, and then intervened a second time when anarchy seemed likely to occur without her help. Then the return to China of many millions paid by it to the United States as indemnity to her citizens on account of damage done during the Boxer troubles because there had been an overpayment, is another example of the nation's growth in righteousness.

Are more instances needed to prove my statement that no less

progress has been made in the moral uplift of the nation? What will be the growth and improvement of the sixty-eight years to come with the help of the wonderful inventions and improvements already consummated no one can foretell. We have just begun to find out what electricity can do. What the end will be the Maker of All alone can tell; and the same is true of other great inventions. Neither is it possible to tell what work in His great plan for the world God has yet for the United States to do, but that it is great there can be no question. We can see His hand in every part of our national history from the first settlement of the Pilgrims at Plymouth Rock down to the present moment. At times He has punished us severely to purge us from our national sins, but each time we have become stronger and better. It may be that He will have to punish us again for our Sabbath breaking and forgetfulness of Him and for our drunkenness, but if He does it will be for our good. He wants us to be ready to do His work when the time comes.

I am glad that I was born and have lived through this wonderful period. I can see God's guiding hand and His protection from great dangers throughout my life. I have tried to live so that the world might be made better for my having lived in it, and to honor His name, for I know that I will "only be remembered for what I have done."

My time here must be short, but I want to keep in the harness until the Master calls me, and then I shall go hence trusting in the merits of Christ for my salvation.

FINIS.

ADDENDA.

Since giving my manuscript to the printer I have made my third trip to the West Indies, leaving New York January 27, 1912, on the steamer *Prinz August Wilhelm,* of the Hamburg-American Line.

Our first stop was at Fortune Island, in the Bahamas, to leave the mail and to take on stevedores for the trip, as each ship carries its own stevedores. We then went to Santiago, staying there long enough to visit the city and go over the battlefields. The weather was much cooler than when I was there before, and the natives said that it was the coolest day they had had for years. As a result of the cooler weather I was enabled to walk over the battlefields of San Juan and El Caney and visit the old Spanish fort at El Caney in comfort, which I could not do when there before.

From Santiago we went to Kingston, Jamaica, where we spent two days. At Santiago we took on board one hundred first-class passengers for Jamaica, and as the ship had her full complement of passengers they had to sleep in the ladies' cabin, the smoking room, and in steamer chairs on deck, and eat at a second table. On our return a much larger number was taken on at Jamaica for Santiago.

A party of us went in an automobile forty-two miles into the mountain region of the island, passing through Spanishtown, the ancient capitol of the island, and over Bog Walk, and through numerous banana plantations. The road was very fine, and the mountain scenery grand. We took lunch at an English hotel in the heart of the mountains and returned to Kingston by another way, making our trip ninety-two miles in all.

When I was at Kingston two years ago the effects of the earthquake of January 14, 1907, were to be seen on every side; but in February, 1912, most of the ruins had been replaced by structures made of concrete, as it was claimed concrete structures were earthquake proof. The new buildings erected by the government were fine structures three stories high, as were many of the business blocks.

At Jamaica we took on board a large number of negro deck passengers who were to work on the Panama Canal. They were packed on the open deck under an awning in the forward part of the ship. The ship provided their transportation only; they furnished their own food and sleeping accommodations. Many had home-made camp chairs in which they stayed during the one day and two nights of the trip. They had no room or chance to walk around. The day they spent on the ship was Sunday, and in the afternoon the ship's band went down on their deck and played to them for an hour or more, which I thought a fine thing to do. The passengers seemed to enjoy the music very much.

We reached Colon February 5th, and remained there until the 7th. I had a letter from General Oliver, Assistant Secretary of War, to Colonel Goethals, the chief engineer in charge of building the Canal, and every facility was given me to see the Canal in every part. I spent the first day in viewing Gatun locks and dam, and that night I went to Culebra, stopping at the Young Men's Christian Association and taking my meals at the Commission hotel. The meals served were of the best material, well cooked and plenty of it, and the price was only 50 cents a meal. I enjoyed them as well as though I had been to the higher-priced Tivoli or Washington hotels. At seven the next morning, February 6th, I was taken in a railroad automobile with a guide to every part of Culebra Cut, and to Pedro Miguel, and Miraflores locks, and along the railroad between. I was also shown the plans at the Administration building in Culebra and had full explanations made of every part. My trip was not only full of interest, but very instructive. The buildings along the line of Gatun Lake had been mostly removed, and water was being turned into the lake, as twenty-five miles of it had been completed.

My trip at Gatun was also taken in a railroad auto. After viewing the Cut and locks I took a train for Panama and spent some time in seeing that city and visiting the Pacific Entrance of the Canal at Balboa and the beautiful grounds of the hospital at Ancon. I then returned by a late train to Cristobal, and was met at the depot in Cristobal by Rev. Carl H. Elliott, U. S. Chaplain at Cristobal, who had arranged for a trip up the Canal from Cristobal to Gatun in a Government launch. As I had had no dinner I went first to the Y. M. C. A. building and got a sandwich and cup of coffee. The trip across the bay to the

entrance of the Canal was very rough, as the breakwater which will protect the harbor from the sea has not been completed. The trip was to have been a moonlight trip, but unfortunately the moon did not rise until just before we landed on our return. The party making the trip with me was Rev. Carl H. Elliott, his wife and two sons, and his father and mother, the Rev. John C. Elliott and wife, and three others. The trip was enjoyable, if it was dark. When we started to return from Gatun it was found that a rope had wound around the propeller, and it was removed with great difficulty. We sailed for Port Limon, Costa Rica, the afternoon of the third day, and spent the time before sailing viewing Colon and Cristobal. I took lunch with Rev. and Mrs. Carl H. Elliott and his father and mother. Mr. Elliott is the brother of Mrs. Paul R. Hickox, our pastor's wife.

We sailed for Port Limon, Costa Rica, at 2 o'clock p. m., February 7th, and reached there the next morning. There was a very heavy sea, so that we could not dock as the landing-place was exposed to the full force of the waves. After a time small boats were lowered and the passengers taken on shore, but the ship lay at anchor until the next day. The delay made us miss the regular train for San Jose, the capital of the republic, 103 miles away. Shortly after we landed a United Fruit Company steamer came in with passengers for San Jose, so a special train was put on and we left shortly after 2 p. m. The first part of the trip was along the sea and through large cocoanut groves. The rest of the trip was through plantations of bananas and coffee, with considerable cocoa. The road is a narrow gauge and the rails and other equipments very light. After leaving the seashore we followed upward along the course of a mountain torrent which in its downward course was a constant succession of falls and rapids, very little of it being smooth water. After leaving the river we struck into the mountains, our course being constantly upwards until we reached the height of almost 6,000 feet above the sea, then we went down about 1,000 feet, making that descent in about 5 miles, to the plain right in the heart of the mountains on which San Jose is situated. The whole country is volcanic and earthquakes are very frequent. San Jose was severely shaken by one a few days after I left, and on our trip there we passed through a city, shortly before reaching San Jose, which was totally destroyed and thousands of its inhabitants killed only two years

before. It was being rebuilt with cement houses. It is situated only five miles, from an active volcano. An American whom I met in San Jose told me he had been there less than a year and had felt six or seven earthquakes in that time. The city is well built, after the Spanish mode, and would be a delightful place of residence were it not for the earthquakes, for it is so high that the thermometer never goes above 78° or below 65°. The railroad to San Jose is the most dangerous road I ever saw. After leaving the seashore it is almost a continuous curve, and much of the way is made by digging a trench along the side of the mountain which makes a most insecure roadbed. Large bodies of workmen are employed constantly to detect and repair breaks in the road. I saw scores of places where there had been recent slides in which the road had gone bodily into the depths, and I saw others where the mountain above the roadbed had slid down, taking everything with it.

One of those torrential rains to which that country is so subject, or even a slight earthquake, puts the road out of business. The superintendent told one of our passengers that when a train started he never knew whether it would get through or not, and our engineer said he had gone with his train into the depths three times. There is another danger. The engines are so light that frequently on the very steep down grades the train runs away with them. On all such places a spur is built running up the mountains, and upon signal from the engineer that he has lost control of his train, a switchman throws it onto the spur and it is speedily stopped. Our ship was to sail from Port Limon Monday afternoon, but I came down the mountains Saturday, not taking any chances by waiting longer at San Jose, for I learned that frequently passengers were unable to rejoin their ships on account of accidents to the railroad and were left behind.

All the immense banana shipments from Port Limon are made on the steamers of the United Fruit Company, which has the monopoly of that trade, and our only cargo from there was coffee. At Jamaica we shipped 6,000 bunches of bananas and at Santiago a large quantity of molasses. We landed at New York on Wednesday forenoon, February 21st.

On April 14, 1912, with five other Past Department Commanders of the G. A. R. from this Department, I was a pallbearer at the funeral of Miss Clara Barton, who had died at the ripe age of ninety years, having given most of her life to doing good

throughout the world in what is known as Red Cross Work. Her name is known and honored everywhere.

On the night of April 14th occurred the disaster to the steamer *Titanic* which shocked and astounded the civilized world.

I find that I have omitted from these memoirs a historic event of great interest, to wit: the part taken by the Grand Army of the Republic in the raising of the flag for the first time over the new Department of Commerce and Labor. I was invited by Hon. George B. Cortelyou, the Secretary of Commerce and Labor, to be present with my staff on that occasion, and we attended in full uniform. The account of this pleasing incident is to be found on page 22 of the History of the Department of Commerce and Labor, written by Hon. George B. Cortelyou, and is as follows:

"On the morning of June 17, 1903, under the auspices of the Grand Army of the Republic, the Nation's flag was raised for the first time over the new Department, and its headquarters was formally placed in commission. The entire personnel of the Department assembled at the flagstaff on the roof with the committee of the Grand Army of the Republic to witness the ceremony. The brief address of Judge I. G. Kimball, department commander, G. A. R., on this occasion was as follows:

"On behalf of the Grand Army and my old comrades of the war, I want to thank you for the invitation you have given to us to be present at this ceremony, the hoisting of the flag over the new Department. It shows your appreciation of the old soldiers; it shows your appreciation of the flag and all that it means. And it is especially appropriate today, just after Flag Day, and today the anniversary of the first great battle of the Revolutionary war—the battle of Bunker Hill—that the old soldiers should assist in this inauguration of the service of putting up the flag over this Department, which is not a department of war, but a department of peace—one that we hope will take into all the world the commerce of our country and reap those results which the soldiers, by their fighting, helped to accomplish—I mean the placing of this country in the forefront, not only in war, but in peace."

Secretary Cortelyou replied as follows:

"Commander: It is altogether fitting that under such auspices as these the flag should be raised on the new Department. In asking you to participate in this simple ceremony we were influ-

enced very largely by the reasons you have given in the very appropriate address you have just made. I thank you for being here, with your staff and others, representing the Grand Army of the Republic, and I need hardly assure you that in the work of this Department it will be our constant hope and purpose that nothing shall be done unworthy of that flag."

The flag was raised by a comrade of the G. A. R., all present standing with uncovered heads.